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DIARIES AND LETTERS OF  
FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M.D.

WITH A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE



A BRIEF HISTORY AND GENEALOGY  
OF THE FAMILY OF WELD

BY


SARAH SWAN WELD BLAKE



PRIVATELY PRINTED

BOSTON

1925



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FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

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*Francis M. M.D.*

1883







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Published May, 1925



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LOVINGLY DEDICATED TO  
THE MEMORY OF  
MY MOTHER AND MY FATHER

—S. S. W. B.



ADDENDUM

\*

DIARIES AND LETTERS  
OF

FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M.D.

--\*-

Since the publication of this biography, I have seen, affixed to an old deed of the Joseph Weld Family, a seal which carries the WELD coat of arms.

Further information on the subject will be issued in leaflet form for insertion in the genealogical section of this book.

S. S. W. B.

Pasture Hill  
Kittery Point, Me.  
March 8, 1926.





## FOREWORD

THIS biography is a tribute to my father and a loving attempt to acquaint my nieces and nephews with the life and personality of their grandfather, Dr. Francis Minot Weld, whose pleasant voice and beautiful diction they never heard. He will, however, seem to them to speak from many of the following pages, and I hope they will learn to know as well as love him.

My father's friends have kindly supplied the background for my description of some of the events of civic life in which he was an active participant. These reveal his unfaltering constructive energy.

On board the monitor *Nantucket*, we share with him the uncertainties and the discomforts of a strange, new fighting vessel. In his army diary and his army letters we read what is probably the only complete history of his regiment, the *27th U. S. Colored Troops*, and we follow him in the dangers and vicissitudes of a surgeon's duty in camp, on long marches and in battle,—all of which show his constant courage.

"Deo volente!" he remarked to me one day, when we were discussing a plan. Then he added, "But we can never do anything without Him." This abiding faith strengthened his nature, and his merry heart—like that in the song of Autolycus—carried him all the way.

S. S. W. B.

Pasture Hill  
Kittery Point, Maine  
May, 1925



## CONTENTS

CHAPTER	Page
HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL	xiii
I. BOYHOOD.....	3
II. AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY .....	70
III. CIVIL WAR—IN THE NAVY .....	83
THE MONITOR NANTUCKET, THE FRIGATE WABASH	
IV. CIVIL WAR—IN THE ARMY .....	149
THE 27TH U. S. COLORED TROOPS	
V. PROFESSIONAL AND HOME LIFE .....	207
APPENDIX	237
INDEX	243



## ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
<i>Francis Minot Weld, Frontispiece</i>	
<i>Francis Minot Weld, Age Eight</i>	4
<i>Photographs of Letter Written at Age of Eight</i>	8
<i>Home of Mrs. William G. Weld</i>	18
<i>Francis Minot Weld, when at Harvard University</i>	72
<i>Francis Minot Weld, Assistant Surgeon on the Monitor Nantucket</i>	86
<i>U. S. Monitor Nantucket</i>	96
<i>Weehawken with Torpedo Raft. Iron-Clad Keokuk</i>	98
<i>Bombardment of Fort Sumter by the Monitors</i>	112
<i>Map of Charleston Harbor, S. C.</i>	114
<i>U. S. Frigate Wabash</i>	138
<i>U. S. Wabash, Deck View</i>	142
<i>Direction of Recoil of Guns Shelling Charleston, S. C.</i>	145
<i>Francis Minot Weld, Surgeon of 27th U. S. C. T.</i>	150
<i>Sketch of Fort Fisher and Surroundings</i>	183
<i>Letter Written by Dr. Weld on Blank Page of Con- federate Letter</i>	186
<i>Page of Letter from Alexander Agassiz</i>	228
<i>The Home of Dr. Weld in Jamaica Plain</i>	232





ADDENDA FOR BIOGRAPHY OF  
FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M.D.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE FAMILY OF WELD

JOHN WELD, LIEUTENANT

A correction is necessary in the genealogical chart for family of Weld in Suffolk, England and New England. John Weld, 1623-1691, was a Lieutenant in the Pequot war and should have that title.

LEWIS LEDYARD WELD

*Supplementary Data*

Lewis Ledyard Weld (see p. xiv), born May 13, 1883, died from exposure on the field of battle at Point of Rocks, Va., January 10, 1865. Graduate of Yale, 1854; Secretary of Territory of Colorado under President Lincoln. He was Lieut. Col. of the 41st Regt. U. S. Colored Troops. His ancestry traces back to Edmund Weld of Sudbury, Suffolk, England, as follows: Edmund Weld — Rev. Thomas Weld — Thomas Weld — Edmund Weld — John Weld — Rev. Ezra Weld — Rev. Ludovicus Weld — Lewis Weld — Lewis Ledyard Weld. This establishes his title to this motto.

*Sudbury, Suffolk County, England*

In December, 1930, the Town Clerk of Sudbury, Suffolk, England, sent to me some additional information which C. F. D. Sperling, a genealogist, had given him. The data which follow may be of interest:

Edmund Weld was a Churchwarden of St. Peter's in 1598, and again in 1603, and was chosen as one of the Overseers to assess the parish in 1599. This Edmund Weld was the father of Daniel (the schoolmaster), Thomas (the minister), and Joseph Weld (the merchant, later captain in the militia), all of whom emigrated to New England as indicated in Table II.

Thomas Weld (linen draper) was licensed to eat flesh during Lent, 1590. N.B. These dispensations from the legal obligation to abstain from meat during Lent are found in many parish registers. Permission was granted to a sick person on a doctor's certificate.

Thomas Weld, widower, was buried April 8, 1597.

*Long Melford, Suffolk County, England*

During a brief stay in England in 1930, I visited Long Melford. In Holy Trinity Church I found in one of the old parish registers the following entry: "Baptized July 1651. Elizab., daughter of Roger Wolde." I lacked time to examine all the volumes of parish records of that beautiful old church. No doubt there were other entries that gave evidence of the existence of the Welds in Long Melford for many years previous to that date. "Weld," "Wesld," "Welde," and "Wolde" were some of the inconsistencies in the spelling of the name.



## ETHELRIC; EDRIC, EARL OF MERCIA; EDRIC, "THE WILD"

In Weld Collection by Charles Frederick Robinson, 1935, finished by Lincoln H. Weld, 1938, attention is called to the genealogical table in the Biography of Francis Minot Weld, M.D., published 1925, — TABLE I. Weld of Cheshire and Devonshire — and it is stated that "Ethelric down to and including Edrie Sylvaticus" cannot be substantiated as authentic. Therefore, those names should be omitted. The genealogist Ormerod gives William (Temp. Henry III.), Edward and John as the great grandfather, grandfather and father, respectively, of William, the Sheriff. I have heard that John (Temp. Richard I.) was recorded in a will. Personally I have no data on William (Temp. Henry I.). We have reliable proof of the remaining names in old English wills and in English history.

## THE WELD SEAL

In the New England Historical Genealogical Society, Boston, Massachusetts, is a very good impression of the seal ring of the Joseph Weld family, affixed to a deed, given by Daniel and Mary (Weld) Harris of Middletown, Connecticut, in 1652, to John Weld of England and Roxbury. The seal carries the Weld coat of arms.

In regard to the seal a correspondent wrote the following: "The bearings are identical with those in the First Church, Roxbury (brass, illuminated in colored enamel), commemorating Rev. Thomas Weld, minister there 1632-41. Matthews American Blue Book (ed. 1907) has the same blazon for the arms of Captain Joseph Weld, 1595-1646, of Roxbury 1635. See page 80 in the Armorial Addenda: 'Captain Joseph Weld, 1595-1646, from Sudbury, Suffolk, England, to Roxbury, Massachusetts, 1635. Arms Azure, a fess nebulee between 3 crescents ermine. Crest, a wyvern sable guttee, dueally gorged and chained or.'" This makes clear the right of the New England family of Weld to bear these arms.

## WELD COAT OF ARMS AND MOTTO IN MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A.

The data gathered in these Addenda regarding use of the Weld seal by Rev. Thomas Weld and Captain Joseph Weld make it evident that they inherited the coat of arms from their father, Edmund Weld, Sudbury, England. The right to bear arms exists without the record by virtue of inheritance. Absence of a record in the College of Arms in England is evidence of nothing more than the refusal of one's ancestors to pay fees. Revolutionary pillaging and burning destroyed many old records of lineage, wherefore we shall probably never be able to trace accurately the armorial bearings and the motto from Edmund Weld back to the Welds of Eaton and London. The fact remains that on this continent we find the old Weld Coat of Arms and the inspiring Motto:

*"NIL SINE NUMINE"*

S. S. W. B.  
Rolling Lane,  
Natick, Massachusetts.  
September, 1947





## A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE FAMILY OF WELD

THE family of Weld is a very old one in England. Research by reliable authorities has established the existence of Welds in two distinct major localities. A Weld family of ancient origin, of the landed gentry, and entitled to bear arms, has had its seat since about 1350 at Eaton, County Chester, or Cheshire.

According to some students of the history of the armigerous or arms-bearing family of Weld, the line is said to trace back to Ethelric, the grandfather of Edric Silvaticus, who was surnamed the Wild. Edric was a Saxon of great renown in the reigns of King Harold and of William the Conqueror. He was noted as a free-booter, a fighter, and he held Wigmore Castle on the Welsh border.

Although the early records of the Saxons in England probably contain many errors and misstatements, sometimes intentional, often inadvertent, yet without doubt they give us a fairly accurate, certainly a vivid, fascinating account of the times. Those were the days of rough living and of rough morals. The old records tell of deeds of violence, of ruthless disregard of family and of friend, with occasional mention of acts of noble purpose and of remarkable chivalry. From our point of view our early Saxon ancestors were barbarians, but, while we may deplore their characters, we may take a sort of pride in their power.

A point of discussion in regard to the Weld line of descent in the 14th century is a statement said to have been found in an old Catholic book. This relates that William de Welde, sheriff of London in 1353, had two younger sons "who forsook the faith of their fathers and settled in Bucks and Suffolk." This statement in regard to their change of religion may be true. During the second half of the 13th and the first half of the 14th centuries a revolutionary fever seized upon the spirits of men. These two younger sons may have been indeed among





## A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE FAMILY OF WELD

those in various countries who began to doubt the right of the Church of Rome to unquestioned rule over their religious life. It seems significant that the Cheshire family of Welds always was, and I believe still is, Roman Catholic, while the Suffolk family and its New England descendants have all been Protestant.

I have heard that there is a Weld family in Buckinghamshire, and the Suffolk County records show a flourishing family of Weld from as early as 1500. Most of the early records of St. Peter's Church in Sudbury, Suffolk County, were lost or destroyed in the general disorder and tumult of Cromwell's occupation. This increases the difficulty of tracing the ancestors of Edmund Weld, who attended St. Peter's.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, John Weld of Eaton in Cheshire—then head of the family—applied on April 10, 1552, to Sir Gilbert Dethick, Garter King of Arms, and had confirmed to him the following arms: "Azure, a fesse nebulé between three crescents ermine." This indicates that John Weld satisfied Sir Gilbert that he was entitled to these arms from ancient hereditary usage. On the same day of this confirmation, Dethick granted to this same John Weld of Eaton, and to his descendants, the following crest: "A wivern with wings endorsed sable, gutté d'or, collared and lined (or gorged and chained) or." The crest was, therefore, a new feature in the family arms, and this proves that it belongs solely to the direct descendants of John Weld of Eaton, to whom it was granted. His fourth son, Sir Humphrey Weld, adopted the motto, *Nil Sine Numine*, "Nothing without Providence."\* In 1641, Sir Humphrey's grandson, Humphrey Weld, bought the manor and castle of Lulworth in the county of Dorset. This estate has ever since been the main family seat.

The second major locality in which the name of Weld is most often found in old records is in the county of Essex, adjoining Suffolk. Mr. J. Gardner Bartlett, a well-known authority on genealogy, reports that he has found the name Weld to be frequent among the yeomanry in Essex from about 1300 to 1650.

\* At the time of the Civil War, during the absence of the governor of Colorado Territory in the East, his secretary, Lewis Ledyard Weld, a descendant of Rev. Thomas Weld, became Acting Governor. He did so well that the largest and richest county was named in his honor, and the state incorporated in its seal the old Weld motto. It would be interesting to trace Mr. Weld's title to this motto.



## A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE FAMILY OF WELD

"In the early tax lists, or subsidies of Essex, in 1327," says Mr. Bartlett, "the persons are termed 'atte Welde,' signifying locality of residence, as 'John atte Welde.' Weld or Wolde is a form of the old Anglo-Saxon Wealde or Wolde, meaning a forest. Therefore, John atte Welde was so termed from dwelling in a forest. The 'atte' disappeared by 1400. In my opinion, it is very likely that the Massachusetts Welds (who we know came from Sudbury in Suffolk) derived earlier from these ancient yeoman Welds of Essex."

Although Mr. Bartlett has never found anything to indicate the descent of these yeoman Welds from the armigerous Welds of Cheshire, London and Dorset, yet he says that it is not impossible that further search might reveal such a connection. On examining the chart of the Weld family, which includes both the Eaton in Cheshire and the Suffolk County families, we see that the earliest date to which we can trace unquestionably the ancestry of the American line is to that of John Weld of Long Melford, County Suffolk, who was born about 1500, died 1551. John Weld of Eaton of the Cheshire line had the coat of arms confirmed and the crest granted to him in 1552, after the death of the earliest known of the Suffolk County line. Unless the ancestry of the Welds of Suffolk can be traced back to William de Welde, sheriff of London in 1352, neither they nor the Massachusetts Welds, their descendants, are entitled to bear the old Weld arms.

On the other hand, I have been told that the Weld seal was used by the ancestors of the New England Welds—by Edmund in England, and by the Reverend Thomas, Captain Joseph, etc., on wills or deeds of conveyance. I have not been able to verify this statement. If it can be established as a fact—that they used the Weld crest and coat of arms at a time when it was a felony to do so unauthorized,—then it is reasonable to believe that this line branched off from the Cheshire family of Weld.

In my own research I have found the name of Weld in the Parliamentary Writs and Writs of Military Summons by Sir Francis Palgrave, Vol. II, Div. 3, page 139. In 1323 Thomas de Welde was a sergeant of arms of the Sheriff of London, and in 1324 John de Welde and William de Welde are both recorded thus: . . . "manucaptor





## A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE FAMILY OF WELD

of Rogerus de Weston, Knight of the shire, returned for Somerset. 17 Ed. II." Henricus de Welde was prominent in 1316 and 1318 in York.

This proves the existence of Welds in other sections of England besides Chester and Suffolk Counties.

In working on the Weld history it is necessary to note the inconsistencies in the spelling of the name. For instance, in the will of John Wealde, the elder, of Melforthe (Long Melford), dated February 22, 1551, he mentions his brother, Thomas Weld, the executor of his will—to whom he gives "a cow for his pains." In the transcript of the records found in St. Peter's Church in Sudbury, Edmund Wylde married Anne Brewster, but his eldest son, Daniel, was baptized, "Welde, son of Edmund Weld."

The first Weld to set foot on the shore of New England was the Rev. Thomas Weld, in 1632. His brother, Captain Joseph Weld, came over about 1635. Both settled in Roxbury, Mass.

Captain Joseph Weld, the direct ancestor of Francis Minot Weld, was born in 1598 in Sudbury, County Suffolk, England. He came to New England, not an adventurer, penniless and outcast, but a Puritan who left behind him in old England, home, comfort and prosperity, and sought in the new land freedom for conscience. He became a free-man of Roxbury Colony on March 3, 1636, and acted as representative for the Colony from 1637 to 1645. He was well trained in arms, and when he was chosen captain in the service of the Colony in 1641, he proved a valuable aid to Governor Winthrop in military affairs and fought in many engagements with the Indians. In 1641, Captain Joseph Weld was one of the commissioners appointed to settle the boundary between Roxbury and Boston; and in 1643, he served with Governor Winthrop on the commission which made a treaty with the Pequot Indians. In this year the Colony gave him a grant of several hundred acres of land, which estate is now known as West Roxbury Park and the Arnold Arboretum. He lived on Roxbury Street.

Captain Joseph was one of the earliest friends of Harvard College, to which he was a donor in 1642, and the first bequest in his will is to that college . . . . "Being visited by the hand of the Lord . . . . my spirits being restless and out of quiet because my house is not set



## A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE FAMILY OF WELD

in order," he begins quaintly, . . . "I do therefore make this my last will and testament as follows: *Imprimis*, I give to the college in Cambridge Ten Pounds to be paid in 5 years,—viz: 40 shillings per annum, to the help and furtherance of such in learning as are not able to subsist of themselves." . . . Savage states that at the time of his death in 1648, Captain Weld was the richest man in the Colony. His will was one of the first on record there, and is extremely interesting in its details of family matters. It also shows the close relationship that existed between himself and the Apostle Eliot, who was his best friend.

When Anne Hutchinson was tried for heresy and sentenced to banishment by the Massachusetts Bay Colony, she was quartered as prisoner in the house of Captain Weld until the sentence could be carried into effect. It was then winter, and the Indians and wolves were abroad. Captain Weld was at that time a magistrate of the Colony, but not as was his brother Thomas, on the court which tried Mrs. Hutchinson. Regarding her sojourn in his house from November, 1636, to April, 1637, Anne Hutchinson said that, except for the fact that she was obliged to have a companion when she walked out, she would have thought that she was an honored guest in his home.

As we follow the direct line of descent from Captain Joseph Weld, we find in nearly every generation a Weld prominent in civic or military affairs. John Weld fought against the Pequot Indians in 1676, in King Philip's War, and both his son and his grandson were officers in the service of the Colony.

In the fifth generation Eleazer Weld was as distinguished as his ancestor, Captain Joseph of the first generation. Eleazer, a man of unusual talent, began his public career as a country justice, and later he became a judge. In addition to his legal duties he served his town in various notable offices. In March, 1770, Eleazer Weld was on a committee which reported to an assemblage of the inhabitants of Roxbury its approval of the patriotic and self-sacrificing "Merchants and Traders of the Town of Boston and almost all the Maritime Towns on the Continent" who entered into an agreement not to import British Goods, as "Tea, Glass, Paper, Painters Colours, Oyl, etc."





## A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE FAMILY OF WELD

In the same month and year Eleazer was one of a committee that waited on Gov. Thomas Hutchinson in behalf of Roxbury, with a petition which expressed their concern at the inconvenience occasioned by the quartering of the King's troops among the inhabitants of the Town of Boston, and their indignation at the barbarous action of a party of those troops in firing upon a number of unarmed inhabitants. The petition also requests that the Governor "exert his authority to remove all the troops out of the town immediately."

When it was reported on April 19, 1775, that the British troops were on the march and threatened the seizure of the stores that belonged to the Americans, Eleazer Weld set off at once to secure the protection of the Continental munitions of war. He was appointed Lieutenant Colonel. Throughout the Revolution he was attended by his faithful black servant, Prince. When the Continental army was stationed in New York in 1780, Lieutenant Colonel Eleazer Weld furnished from his regiment the guard which conducted Major André to General Washington. The Massachusetts Revolutionary Rolls and several original manuscript receipts give evidence of Lieutenant Colonel Eleazer's services in the "First Regiment, Suffolk" from 1776 to 1778, and of his acting as paymaster in Washington's army when it was stationed at Cambridge in 1777 and 1778. After the war Eleazer retired to his farm on the old homestead in West Roxbury Avenue, and, loving the classics, devoted his time to fitting young men for Harvard College.

His son, William Gordon Weld, also manifested the energetic qualities of his ancestors. He became a ship owner, loaded his own ship, and sailed for foreign ports. While in command of his armed ship *Jason*, off Tunis in 1802, he fought and beat off an Algerian pirate vessel, one of the terrors of the sea, and recaptured two American brigs with their crews. In July, 1812, he returned from Spain in his ship *Mary*, with a valuable cargo of wine and Spanish silver dollars. He did not know that war had been declared between the United States and England, and when he sailed into Boston Harbor he ran right into the English frigate *Spartan*, thirty-six guns, and was captured. His vessel, crew, and cargo were sent to Halifax. The



## A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE FAMILY OF WELD

commander of the English frigate proved to be an old friend of his, by name Brenton, who did not imprison William Weld, but allowed him to escape. He reached his home almost penniless.

I have chronicled briefly here the ancestry of the Welds of England and the fortunes of a few generations of the New England line. On the unwinding scroll of time, the coming generations of this virile stock will write their own eventful histories.



TABLE I

## Weld of Cheshire and Dorsetshire

*Sovereigns of England*

Ethelred II, 978-1016  
 Edmund II, 1016-1017

Canute, 1017-1035  
 Harold I, 1035-1040  
 Hardicanute, 1040-1042

Edward III, 1042-1066  
 Harold II, 1066-1066  
 William I, 1066-1087  
 William II, 1087-1100  
 Henry I, 1100-1135  
 Stephen, 1135-1154  
 Henry II, 1154-1189

Richard I, 1189-1199  
 John, 1199-1216

Henry III, 1216-1272

Edward I, 1272-1307

Edward II, 1307-1327

Edward III, 1327-1377

Richard II, 1377-1399

Henry IV, 1399-1413  
 Henry V, 1413-1422

Henry VI, 1422-1461

Edward IV, 1461-1483  
 Richard III, 1483-1485

Henry VII, 1485-1509  
 Henry VIII, 1509-1547

Edward VI, 1547-1553  
 Mary, 1553-1558

Elizabeth, 1558-1603

James I, 1603-1625

Charles I, 1625-1649  
 Cromwell, 1649-1660

Charles II, 1660-1685

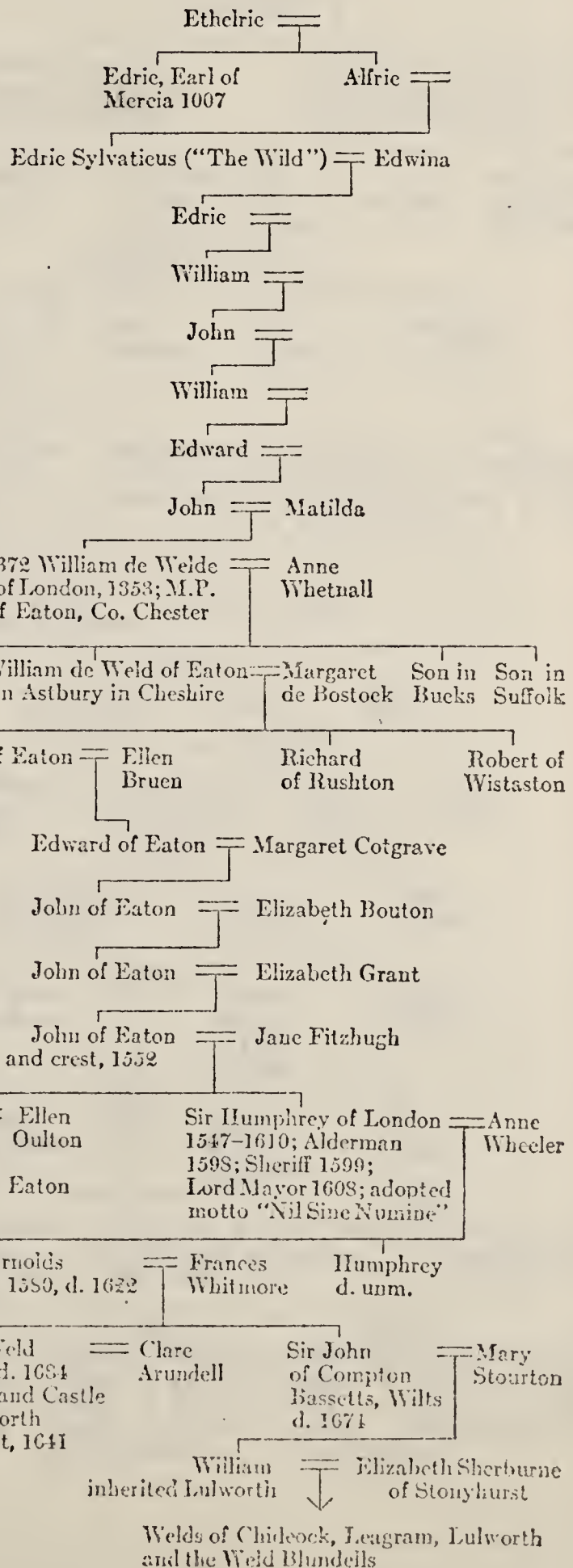


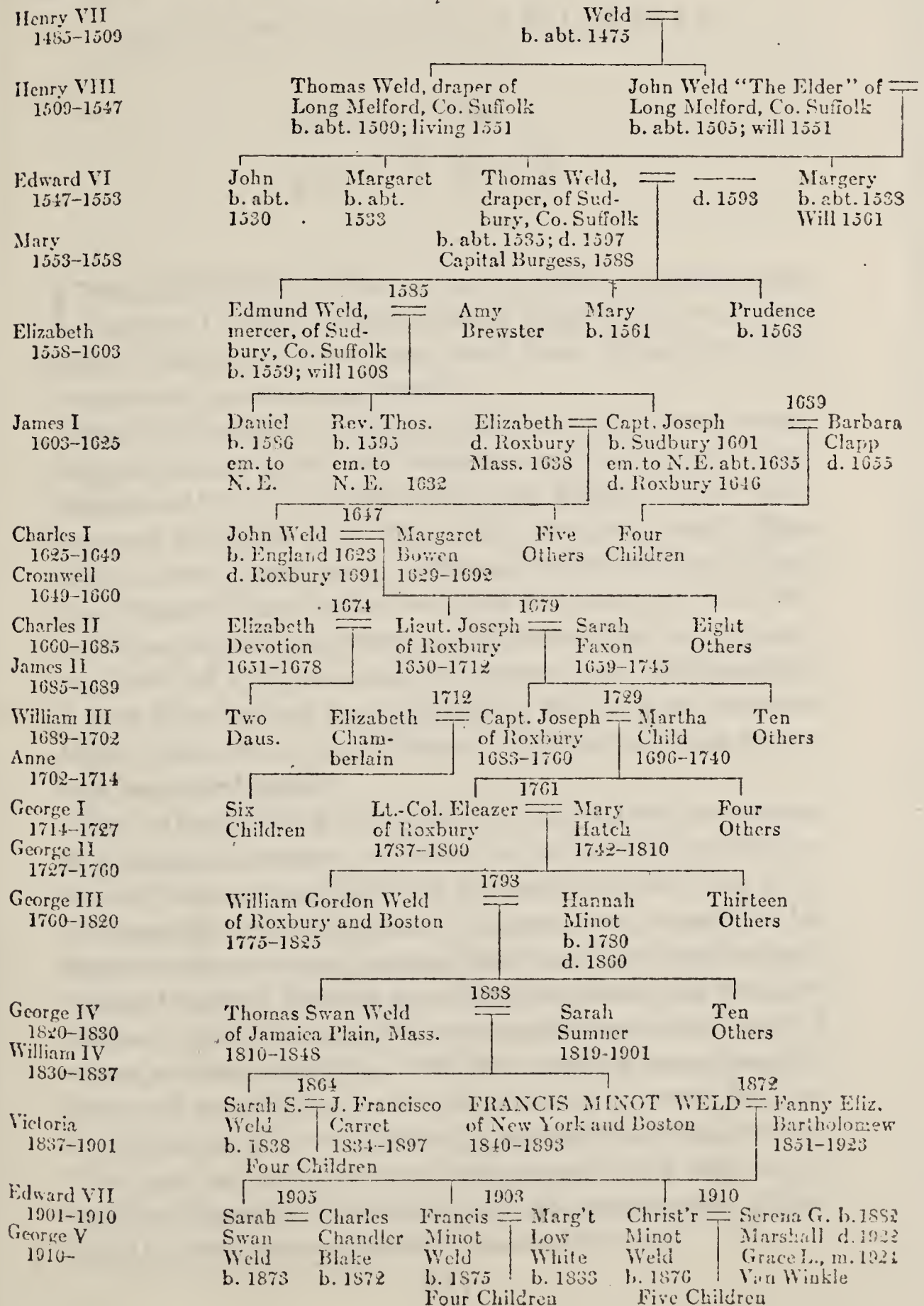




TABLE II

*Sovereigns of  
England*

# Weld of Co. Suffolk, England, and New England







# FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

## HIS LIFE, DIARIES AND LETTERS

### CHAPTER I

### BOYHOOD

FRANCIS MINOT WELD was born in Dalton, New Hampshire, January 17, 1840. He was the son of Thomas Swan and Sarah Sumner Weld and he had a sister, Sarah Swan. Between these two always existed a loving companionship.

Frank's father died in 1848. About three years later it was decided, largely on account of the better schooling he would thus receive, that Frank should live with his grandmother, Mrs. William G. Weld, whose home was in Jamaica Plain, Mass., which was then a small village situated about six miles south of Boston. Not far from the old grey stone Unitarian church in that town there still stands, on a wide elm-arched road named Center Street, a white double house with a pointed roof. Each half of the house has a railed piazza and a small grass plot in front. In the left half lived Grandmother Weld with her unmarried daughter Margaret, or "Aunt Margie," and with them Frank spent a large part of his boyhood.

Here he found himself in the midst of a host of young cousins who were congenial playmates, with whom, as well as with his older relatives, he lived very happily. School and home duties filled busy days, as is shown by his diary written at the age of fifteen. In addition, his beauty-loving nature and inquiring mind turned his thoughts into a variety of channels. He loved music, both instrumental and vocal, and anxious to study the former, he saved up his pennies and bought a volume on piano instruction. With what absorbed interest must he have pored over the first lessons and picked out the notes! But alas, his grandmother discovered whither his ambition was leading him, and to his great and never-forgotten disappointment, took away his beloved book, declaring, in accordance with the general opinion of those days, that music was too effeminate a pastime for boys!



## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

Behind the house was a pretty, old-fashioned garden, often mentioned by Frank in his diary, in which grew apple and cherry trees of good size.

On rainy as well as on fine days a barn made a splendid playground for Frank and his cousins. It was a tradition among the children that if they could not find some longed-for object in Auntie's top drawer, it could surely be found in the big barn chamber. Near the entrance to the barn they hung their swing from a strong beam.

At the foot of the garden a board fence separated Grandmother Weld's land from that of Stephen, one of her seven sons. The children pulled off a board and squeezed through the fence to play in Uncle Stephen's big field, or to amuse themselves in various ways on the little pond, which was not large enough for a row boat to be of much use. Many were the joys that pond provided, from running "titlies" in winter to building rafts on it in summer. In later years, during the Civil War, when Frank was on the monitor *Nantucket*, the younger children realistically reproduced the battle of the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* with small home-made models.

From the pond the land extended toward the corner of Center and South Streets, where, in a large roomy house shaded by handsome trees, lived kindly Uncle Stephen. At Monument Square opposite the old Unitarian Church, where the business section ends and the residential portion begins, Center Street turns westward in a wide curving sweep. It passes old places which in their day were beautiful estates, and continues in the same general direction until it reaches the foot of Bowditch Hill. Here, on the right hand, there was once a small sheet of water called May's Ditch. At this point the road turns sharply to the left, southward, up hill and down, past more old estates, and through woodland tracts, the remainder of Allandale Woods. Here the boys used to hunt and lay their snares for rabbits, refreshing themselves at a spring of delicious cold water. In this section, on the left hand side of Center Street, is now the Arboretum which in about 1643 was the property of Frank's ancestor, Captain Joseph Weld.\*

Grandmother Weld, a woman interested in all that went on about her, was keenly observant of the politics of the stormy period during

\* See Historical and Genealogical.





*Francis Minot Weld at the age of eight*





## BOYHOOD

the middle of the last century. The rising tide of sharply drawn differences of opinion gathered more and more strength throughout the country, and finally swept Frank and many thousands of other young men into the great physical struggle of two opposing factions, each of which made its deeply-rooted beliefs a matter of life and death.

The scene described below was always an amusing memory to Frank, and it illustrates vividly Grandmother Weld's dominant character.

Many an evening when Frank was comfortably seated reading, his grandmother would remark, "Frank, just run over to Uncle Stephen's and tell him that I want to see him."

Frank would accordingly take the message to his uncle, return with him and settle down again to his book. After a short lapse of time Grandmother Weld would exclaim, "*I must* see Uncle William and Uncle Minot also, Frank! Tell them we want to talk over such-and-such a matter with them."

It would not be long before Grandmother Weld would have all her seven sons gathered about her, and soon Frank's book would be forgotten in listening to an animated political debate led by his grandmother, while usually one of his uncles would pace the floor too much stirred by the gravity of the question under discussion to sit still. Thus it was that Frank must have become familiar with many of the important issues which preceded and culminated in the Civil War.

It seems advisable to give a short sketch of the political situation of that period, in order that the times in which Frank lived and the events to which he occasionally refers in his letters and diaries may be clearly understood.

When New Mexico and California were acquired from Mexico in the year 1848, the Southern States objected strongly to the proposal to exclude slavery from all new lands acquired by the United States. The Southerners considered that these new territories belonged to the South, and demanded the adoption of slavery or some compromise that would assure Southern equality. Assuming that the negroes were slaves by nature and that the attitude of the North against slavery was due to prejudice and ignorance, the Southern States felt themselves to be the aggrieved party and threatened secession.





## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

The two principal political parties were the Democratic and the Whig. In defining their aims, it may be said in general, that the Democratic Party wished to give the state as much power as possible and restrict the Federal Government, while the Whigs desired the Federal Government to have greater authority than the state.

In both the Democratic and the Whig parties there were many members who favored the so-called Wilmot Proviso, an amendment to a bill submitted to Congress to appropriate money for the negotiation of peace with Mexico. The amendment contained the clause: "Provided that there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any territory on the continent of America, which shall hereafter be acquired or annexed by the United States." Both parties had Southern members who refused to support the Wilmot Proviso in Congress and in consequence the large number of prominent Democrats and Whigs who did favor the amendment, especially in New York, Massachusetts and Ohio, seceded from their organizations and in 1848 formed the Free-Soil Party which Frank mentions in his amusing political letter. In 1856 this organization was merged into the new Republican Party.

The South so strongly objected to the proposal of the Wilmot Proviso that slavery should not be allowed in New Mexico and California, that it never became a law. Nearly all the difficulties of the nation in these times had their root in the dispute over slavery and finally, in the attempt to pacify all the parties in this and other discussions, Henry Clay drew up a bill which was passed and was called the Omnibus Bill or Compromise of 1850. Instead of pacifying, however, it stirred up greater controversies. One section of this Omnibus Bill did more than anything else to increase the number of anti-slavery men in the North, for the reason that fugitive slaves, when arrested, were not allowed to testify in their own behalf, in consequence of which there were many cases of cruelty and injustice.

During this period, in 1854, there sprang into existence the short-lived Know Nothing Party of which Frank speaks in his diary written in 1855. It was so named because its members were sworn to keep its proceedings secret. On account of European troubles, immigration



## BOYHOOD

into the United States had increased greatly, and the central idea of the Know Nothing or American Party was to prevent foreign-born citizens, of whom many were very ignorant, from holding office, and even from voting, unless their citizenship was of long standing. The slavery issue, however, soon overshadowed the question of foreign citizenship, and in 1856 the party died out.

In 1854 the increasing number of settlers in Kansas and Nebraska made it necessary to form for them a Territorial Government and at once the question of whether or not slavery should be allowed in these settlements became a point of violent discussion. Thus the dangerous subject of dispute was brought forward again, and widened more than ever the rift between the North and South. After the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act which left the question regarding slavery to be decided by the people of those territories, everyone in the North who opposed slave-holding, no matter whether a Democrat, Whig, Free-Soiler, or American, dropped his party at the following election and all united against the upholders of the new bill. At first they were called the Anti-Nebraska men but, later, took the name of Republican Party, which name is still retained.

Hearing all these disputes concerning slavery, it was natural that Frank, while still a lad, should have had his attention strongly drawn to the negro, and that later he became an ardent Abolitionist willing to fight for the colored race.

*The first record we find of Frank's own views of things and people is the following letter, written at the age of eight. A "caravan" was evidently what we call a circus.*

TO MR. FREDERIC SUMNER

*August 31, 1848, Dalton.*

DEAR UNCLE FREDERIC:—I went to the caravan at Littleton on the 24th and had a pretty good time, but there was such a crowd, that I could not see a great deal, but Mr. Joseph Taylor who went with us and drove us down was very kind to the children and myself. I saw the Grisly Bear Lion a few Leopards and Tigers an Elephant Elk two





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

eagles one vulture a Zebra deer two fawns a goat and another animal that I did not know its name but mama thinks that it was an hyena. I did not see the Rhinoceros the Cape Town cow and one or two other animals although they were there. I wanted very much to see the Rhinoceros because mother said that elephants are his mortal foes so I wanted to see how big he was. I thought that if he could fight the elephant he must be so big that they could not carry him in a cage. The Grisly Bear was as big as a lion but I think that the bear was a very rare specimen and the lion was a rather common one the Bear had a very large leg and tremendous great claws. I should like to know if the Grisly Bear comes from the Rocky Mountains I think he does but I do not know. Through your means I have obtained a book by your kindly introducing me to a Colonel Stark who wrote me a very handsome letter and the book was as good a one as I ever read. I was not so completely engrossed with my correspondence with Colonel Stark as you imagined for I have not written for some time but 3 or 4 weeks ago I wrote to him and I have not received my answer so I have been expecting it during which time I could have written to you and my relatives I write to Grandmother Weld and a shorter note to Aunt Minot but I rather dislike writing but I must confess that I do not feel any repugnance to writing now. They have raised a barn for the public house it is a very large one sixty feet by eighty. I did not see the Elephant "draw a caulk from a bottle" as Col. Stark did, mamma fears that this animal is not so wise as he used to be—

from your affectionate nephew, F. M. WELD.

Please give my love to Mr. Joseph Taylor and tell him that tsa is very sick and they don't expect he will ever get well. Well, mama has used my paper or I should like to write some more.

*The following letter was written to his grandmother at the age of eleven.*

TO MRS. WILLIAM G. WELD

*Dalton, Feb. 16, 1851.*

DEAR GRANDMAMA:—Mother is rather provoked that I am such an inveterate Whig when I know nothing about politics but I tell her



October 31 1848 Dalton

Dear Uncle Frederick

I went to the canyon at "Tilt-  
bladen" on the 14th and had a "foddy" good  
time, but there was such a crowd, that I  
could not see a great deal, but in September I  
was there with my wife. There we saw  
very kind to the children and myself.  
I saw the Gaily Bear Lion, five Leopards and  
Tigers on elephants. All two Eagles on rollers  
as I believe did two bears a goat and another  
animal. That I did not know its name  
but the woman thinks that it was an hyena.  
It did not like the children. The Gaily Bear  
Lion and one or two other animals watched  
day were there, I noticed very much to  
me. The children were because another would  
eat. The lions are his mother goes to  
sometimes. It was very big. He was I thought  
that if he could fight with the white-  
phantom. It made us in high that they could  
not carry him in a cage. The Gaily Bear  
was as big as a lion but I think that  
the Gaily Bear was a very weak specimen and

Letter by Francis Alfred Wedd

the other with a rather faint one the same  
kind and size large leg and to mention  
of fat clear, & slightly like to some of the  
Goulds I have come on. the body of which I  
think we does not & do not know of through your  
interest & that otherwise we look by near  
kindly introducing me to others that who near  
his very handsome & better one in body  
and we are now on our way to  
I was not so completely engaged with  
my correspondence with Colonel Grant as  
you imagined for I have not written for  
some time but 3 or 4 weeks ago I wrote  
to him and I have not received my an-  
swer yet I have been expecting it long during  
which time I could have written to  
you on my relations I did write  
to Grandmother and an short one  
to Edward Abbott & I & rather dis-  
liked writing but I must confess that I  
do not feel any reluctance to writing  
now they have raised the sum for the public house  
it is a very large one & they are by obliging  
of them we are in debt and I am now from near  
that we do not want more from that the animal  
is not so much as the used to be.

Thine affectionate nephew  
Yours &c  
Wm Lloyd Garrison

*Written at the age of eight*





## BOYHOOD

that father was a Whig and as he was a very good man I don't think that he could be mistaken so I shall be a Whig. I have a cent in my possession which has for its motto, "Millions for Defence but not a cent for Tribute." I thought it was in Daniel Webster's speech about the "War of 1812" "The Godlike Daniel", I mean, but I found I was mistaken. The Democrats and Freesoilers have cut up a pretty caper in the "Old Bay State" but I don't believe they can do it next year. I don't believe the pretensions of the Democrats to standing alone, driving everything before them, and all that, for this very year when they knew they could not do any more without the aid of the Free Soilers against the election of ex Governor Briggs than so many hogs, they ran round the country scraping up all the Free Soilers, demagogues, low Scamps of every description, Democrats etc to vote for George S. Boutwell but they can't do it another year I know.

*The only specimen of Frank's school work that has been preserved is the following composition on the horse, which was written at the age of twelve.*

### THE HORSE—COMPOSITION

The horse is a noble animal in his natural state but he is worked and cuffed and kicked about by man till he is no more a specimen of a *real* horse than he is of a cow, so that few of even the finest horses we have here are to be compared to those of the Western prairies of the United States. The horse is so much a domestic animal however, that, (even when having lived all his life on the broad plains beyond the Mississippi and Missouri he is captured and made to obey the impulse of another's will when formerly he was free to roam at his pleasure) he is soon reconciled to what would be to us a sad change indeed. He may well be called the "friend of man" for how should we even in these days of steam and electricity get along without him, to be sure we could "get along" but it would be inconvenient and unpleasant and we should be deprived of a great deal of innocent pleasure. But how much less could our ancestors have even lived comfortably without him in the rude state in which civilization was, say, 300 years ago. *They* had no steam



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

or electricity to assist them, they had only the horse and he was everything to them. From this we may well imagine what the state of our forefathers would have been without the horse. And when we contemplate what immense advantages we have which they never had, we may perhaps be more enabled to comprehend what a deprivation it would have been to them to have lost the attachment and services of the horse. And it is a remarkable fact that most uncivilized nations wherever they have been found have been *inferior* when they have not had the horse and on the contrary have been quite superior when they have had the good fortune to possess him. Now to prove that the horse has some influence on civilization or at least on the development of the noblest traits of character; take for example the Indians of the West, who almost live on horseback, nobody will deny that they are specimens of "Nature's noblemen" although I will admit that they are blood-thirsty and revengeful, still they possess many noble traits of character and are superior to most other uncivilized nations. For example on the opposite side of the question take the aborigines of Australia who probably never heard of the horse much less ever saw or used him they are rude degraded and often live on the most disgusting food such as grubs, worms etc., and they are infinitely inferior to the Indians.

*Dec. 27th, 1852.*

FRANCIS M. WELD.

Frank's words, "In these days of steam and electricity," make us pause to consider how far the application of these forces to means of transportation had advanced by the year 1852. The steam locomotive was, of course, in general use, but we wonder whether Frank was correct in linking together electricity and steam in the same field of usefulness in the time in which he lived. On investigation, however, I find that in 1837 a Scottish engineer, Robert Davidson, had succeeded in propelling a car on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railroad by an electric magnetic engine with a galvanic battery to supply the current, and in 1851 an electric locomotive, invented by Dr. Page, drew a train of cars from Washington to Badensburg at the rate of nineteen miles an hour. Dr. Page patented his invention in 1854. Electricity was still in its





## BOYHOOD

experimental stage as applied to transportation, whereas its use in the telegraph had been successfully established. If Frank knew that this progress had been made, he showed a keen appreciation of the history of his times. If he was not aware of it, his mind was unusually alert and he had an imagination able to grasp practical possibilities in a way not common to boys as young as he.

*In the following diary, which was written by Frank when he was fifteen years old, he gives us an interesting account of his daily life in the fifties. To a certain extent we are enabled to watch his mental development and we catch an occasional glimpse of events which were of some significance in moulding his character.*

*Monday, January 1, 1855.*—This is the New Year 1855. I procured this diary at John P. Jewett's, 117 Washington St., Boston. Last year I kept a diary in a very much smaller book about one-quarter or one-fifth as large as this, but this year I thought that I would get a nice one so that I should have some pleasure in looking over it in after times. I had several presents today and Christmas. Uncle Stephen gave me a beautiful pair of skates just before Christmas for a Christmas present and Uncle Doctor gave me another pair. Stevie gave me a stone bottle of ink Mr. and Mrs. Allen gave me a case of instruments, my Sister Saily sent me a glass ink bottle with a metal screw top and a beautiful pen wiper and a silk bow. Uncle Doctor also gave me another volume of Lingard's History of England, Roddy gave me "The Forest Exiles" by Capt. Reid, Aunt Isabella gave me "Richard the Lion-hearted," Mr. Jarvis gave me "Franklin's Select Works," Georgie gave me a very nice portmonnaie, I had two packages of candy.

Today, we all went into town to Uncle William's. We started at five o'clock P. M. and had a very nice party. The family had two omnibusses (one large, and one small) especially for the occasion. We arrived about half past five, we danced and had a cake with a ring in it, cut up, and a lottery for a beautiful glass globe and four gold fishes. Came home at 10.30. Beautiful weather.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

*Tuesday, January 2nd.*—Had to go back to school again. It seems very dull after having been at such a nice party, but I shall soon get to liking it as well as ever. We had four feet of hard wood come to-day, so there is some work for me, I suppose. Cloudy all day. Hope it will not storm, as it will spoil the skating.

*Wednesday, January 3rd.*—Cloudy still, but no storm. Aunty went to town to-day, and did not come home till afternoon. Went to school again. Begin to get a little more accustomed to school, although it seems still rather dull. Whittemore, the boy with whom I study Greek Reader, went home quite sick to-day.

*Thursday, January 4th.*—Tomorrow is declamation and composition day it is my turn to read composition. Each one is obliged to read his own composition. The school is divided into two divisions of equal number, and one writes and the other speaks, every Friday, so that each boy writes one Friday and speaks the next.

*Friday, January 5th.*—To-day Auntie wanted me to go into town, so I did not go to school in the afternoon, but went to town in the two-o'clock omnibus, and bought "Rollo on the Atlantic," for Lucy, and changed one or two books for Aunty. I also bought this diary. I kept my diary for the first day or two on a sheet of paper.

*Saturday, January 6th.*—Yesterday I went to Uncle William's and Aunt Susan and Aunt Minot said that they could not think of anything to give me for a Christmas present so they would give me a dollar and I might get what I liked. So I went to Ticknor's and got "The Boy Hunters." Today I sawed twelve sticks of hard wood, skated on Jamaica Pond. Flurry of snow.

*Sunday, January 7th.*—Went to church all day. Aunty was going to church in the afternoon, but Grandmother, who is sick, growing rather worse, she was afraid to leave her, and so I went. Mr. Reynolds preached in the forenoon. Mr. Sewall in afternoon.

*Monday, January 8th.*—Splendid skating. I went down to Jamaica Pond after school, and skated till half past five. Had a beautiful time.





## BOYHOOD

I was rather impatient with Grandmother to-day. Will try not to be so to-morrow. Clear and sunny.

*Tuesday, January 9.*—The skating was not quite so good to-day as the weather was rather warm and the ice was rather soft. Got to the 18th dialogue in Greek Reader. There are only twenty-seven in all. Georgie came out of town to-day to skate. He, Jimmie Haughton, and I skated around the pond this afternoon in nine minutes and one-half, taking a rest of a minute.

*Wednesday, January 10.*—Went to school to-day. Beautiful skating, but very windy. Georgie was on the pond again today. I left the pond rather early to-day. Went down to Aunt Harriet's and got Susan to come up and help Aunty take care of Grandmother. Went to the lecture. It was by Prof. Agassiz.\* It was about the different strata of rocks on our earth.

*Thursday, January 11.*—Got my piece to speak to-day. We speak to-morrow. Went skating again. It was rather nice, but it snowed and so it will soon be spoiled. We shan't have any more for some time, probably. Georgie did not come to-day. They made a great fire of four or five tar barrels and then put it out with a Fire Annihilator.

*Friday, January 12.*—It did not snow any to speak of last night, so that it did not spoil the skating, but the rain to-day did. It made it so soft that you could not skate without sinking in an eighth or a quarter of an inch. Spoke to-day. Felt rather cross toward Aunty this afternoon, because she would not let me go skating till I had split my wood. When shall I be good?

*Saturday, January 13.*—To-day I split my wood in the morning, and Stevie and I went off with the carry-all and horse, at half past eleven,

\*Louis Agassiz was born in Switzerland in 1807. In the year 1846 he was invited to the United States to give a series of lectures in the Lowell Institute course at Boston. The success of these established his reputation and led to his appointment as professor of natural history in the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard. Through his untiring and unselfish labors, he succeeded in building up the Cambridge Zoological Museum till it attained the position of the most extensive and scientifically useful institution of its kind in the world.





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

and went up Allandale street, and tied the horse to a tree, and went off into the woods to set snares for rabbits and partridges. We carried our dinner with us, and made some paths, and set three snares. Came home at five. Wheeled over one load of hard wood to Uncle Gardner's.

*Sunday, January 14.*—To-day I went to church forenoon and afternoon. Mr. Reynolds preached two very good sermons. Stevie and I walked up to our snares this afternoon. Found nothing in them. Found some splendid rabbit paths. Clear, cold windy.

*Monday, January 15.*—Went to school as usual. In the afternoon Stevie and I rode up to our snares but found nothing in them. Made one snare in that nice rabbit-path I spoke of. Cloudy all day, with a flurry of snow.

*Tuesday, January 16.*—To-morrow is my birthday. I shall be fifteen years old and yet I am only four feet, eight inches in my slippers. But I am growing considerably now. Went down on the pond but as it has snowed fast since one o'clock, the skating was very poor and I soon went home. There is every prospect of a very severe snowstorm. Pretty cold.

*Wednesday, January 17.*—Snow-storm still continues, with one or two lulls. Went to lecture in evening. Prof. Agassiz gave his second lecture. Only one more by him. It was about "The Animal Kingdom." All animals are divided into four great classes, 1st Radiates, such as star-fish, sea-urchins, &c. 2nd Mollusks, such as Clams, Oysters &c. 3rd. Artieulates, such as Serpents, Worms, &c. 4th Vertebrates, such as fish, quadrupeds, men &c. This is my birth-day. I will try to be better next year. Snow-storm.

*Thursday, January 18.*—To-day we scanned in the third book of Virgil and are getting quite expert in it. We have only scanned two or three days. The snow turned to rain, and it has rained heavily all day, almost entirely melting away the snow of which there was four inches and it still continues. To-day the Gardners three brothers at Uncle Stephen's gave me some sweetmeats and a pocket full of nuts, they having just received their semi-annual box of goodies from their father.



## BOYHOOD

*Friday, January 19.*—To-day it turned to snow again and snowed heavily all day. About one foot and a half of snow fell. We had a single session to-day, on account of the storm. As there was but little time after the girls came up, we had a spelling-match, instead of the regular exercise. Our side was beaten by 11 to 10 bad marks, because two of our side whispered.

*Saturday, January 20.*—To-day I sawed and chopped my wood, and then went coasting. The boys wore a splendid coast on Mr. Greenough's land, and I coasted almost all day. The snow storm has stopped and there is excellent sleighing everywhere, although, of course, it will be much better when it is worn a little more. Little George came up this afternoon and read and coasted.

*Sunday, January 21.*—Went to church in the morning. Mr. Reynolds preached. In the afternoon I rode over to Cambridge with Stephen who went to carry Aunt Mary Lane for a visit of an hour or so. It rained slightly coming home. I saw Henry Mackintosh.

*Monday, January 22.*—To-day we had a very violent storm of wind and rain. It blew off the scuttle from the top of the house, and when we had some more glass put in, the wind blew out two panes of that. We had a single session to-day on account of the storm.

*Tuesday, January 23.*—Went to school to-day. Very good skating on Jamaica, although not quite as good as it often is. I got a bad fall on the ice, which made me dizzy for a moment or two, and gave me a bad headache, but a good night's sleep made all right. Since Aunty talked to me last Sunday, I really have tried to refrain from grumbling at doing anything, and have tried to be cheerful and ready to oblige.

*Wednesday, January 24.*—To-day is lecture day. Prof. Agassiz delivered his third and last lecture. It showed that nearly the same species of animals have always existed, which now live, only they have gradually from age to age become more perfect. It is scarcely as good as the preceding one which was the best of all three. Skated on May's Ditch in the afternoon, after school.





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

*Thursday, January 25.*—Went to school, as usual. Began the last dialogue in the Greek Reader it is five pages long. We got the first two pages to-day. The dramatis personæ are Jupiter, Momus and Mercury. After school I went down to May's Ditch, and carried an old broom, and swept off considerable of the snow, and we skated a good deal.

*Friday, January 26.*—To-day was the declamation and composition day. I had a composition on "Robbers and Robbery." Mr. Hagar performed some experiments with an air pump. We had a very nice time. It has snowed hard all day, and towards evening, turned first to hail and then to rain. The skating, of course, is entirely spoiled. It has been very stormy this winter, but still it has been a very comfortable winter, on account of the rain which has melted the snow.

*Saturday, January 27.*—To-day I skated a little, although it was very poor. Georgie, (Aunt Harriet's George) came up to-day and stayed till after supper. We had a very nice time. It rained last night a little, and then froze, so that there is quite a hard crust on the snow, and splendid sleighing. I was going with Stevie to set snares, but as I went over to Uncle Stephen's to find him, he came over here to find me, and so I missed him, and he went without me.

*Sunday, January 28.*—Mr. Hill preached all day here. His sermons were excellent. I studied very hard indeed. I reviewed the first three books of Geometry, and some in Greek Reader. Excellent sleighing. Cloudy.

*Monday, January 29.*—Last night it rained heavily, and washed away nearly all the snow. After school Stevie and I rode up to our snares. There was nothing in them. It is very muddy and rainy, but is beginning to clear off.

*Tuesday, January 30.*—It froze last night, and to-day we had excellent skating. I skated about an hour and a half after school. To-day Mr. Hagar told me to copy my composition on "Music" to read at examination day after to-morrow. I also have to speak. So I have a great deal to do on that day. We finished the last dialogue in Greek Reader. It was five pages and took three days.



## BOYHOOD

*Wednesday, January 31.*—To-morrow is examination day. Mr. Hagar told us to invite our parents to come; and all the trustees are coming, and so we shall have quite an assemblage. I have studied very hard lately to prepare myself well for the examination.

*Thursday, February 1.*—To-day the first day of the month we were examined. There were in all at different times, between thirty and forty spectators, but not more than twenty-seven or eight at a time. Recited Geometry, Greek Reader, Virgil and read my composition. All went off very well indeed. It is said that it is the most successful examination that the school has ever had. I went skating, and Georgie came out. Flurry of snow.

*Friday, February 2.*—School did not keep to-day. I sawed seventeen sticks of hard wood. Went skating in the afternoon. Yesterday my skate cracked, the wooden part, of course, nearly the whole length, and to-day I carried it down to the blacksmith's, Mr. Neil, and he put two little iron bolts through it, for nothing. Lent my hockey to a Boston boy for an hour and got fifteen cents, for the use of it, and had my hockey back.

*Saturday, February 3.*—To-day I sawed a dozen sticks of hardwood, and then went skating. Skated till twelve o'clock, and then came home. After dinner I taught Georgie and Hattie to go forward and back in cotillion, and then we went skating. It was so cold that Georgie came home, and I skated till little after four and then came home. Several flurries of snow, but finally it cleared up. Bright moon.

*Sunday, February 4.*—Heard Mr. Reynolds all day. We had very fine singing. Miss Twichell (one of our quartette) is one of the first and best of the Handel and Hayden society. Very cold indeed. Clouding up, and a storm is probably coming on.

*Monday, February 5.*—Quite a snow storm but cleared off in the morning. Uncle and Mr. Wellington had some of the snow cleared off the pond. Went skating but it was not very good. Very cold indeed. Cloudy.





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

*Tuesday, February 6.*—Went to school as usual. Snowed again. I caught a very bad cold, and I cough all the time. It is very cold indeed. The thermometers in Boston and in the neighboring towns are from ten to fifteen below zero. There is very little snow on the ground. Georgie came out of town with Sarah and Anna. He is to sleep at Uncle Stephens.

*Wednesday, February 7.*—Yesterday evening we were invited to go over to Uncle Stephen's to see some tableaux which the boys have got up. There were twelve or fifteen of them. They were very well played. We had cake and ice-cream, and closed the evening with dancing. It was so cold that the thermometer was twenty degrees below zero on the Plain. The papers say that it has not been so cold for twenty years.

*Thursday, February 8.*—To-day my cold had taken such a hold upon my eyes that I could not go to school to-day, and I was also debarred from going to the lecture last evening. It was by George H. Russell, of this town. The subject was "The Politician" but I have not heard anything about it. The weather has moderated very much. It has snowed very hard, about a foot and a half.

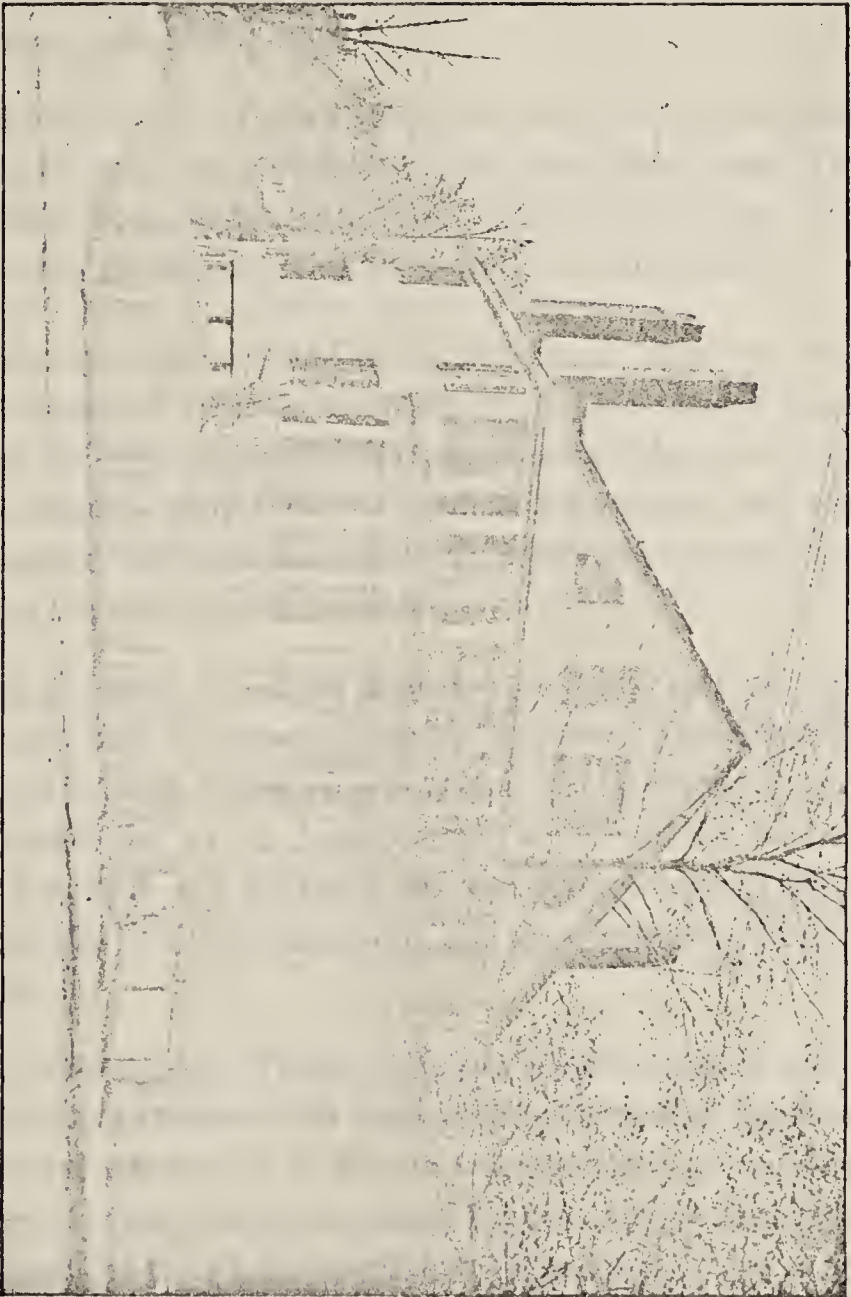
*Friday, February 9.*—A heavy snow-storm. About nine inches fell last night, and five during the day. It cleared off in the afternoon. As Mr. Hagar was quite sick and it was very stormy, we had a single session. We had compositions, but, as there was not time to speak, and it was my turn to do so, I did not perform any exercise. We are little more than half through the 6th Book of *Æneid*.

*Saturday, February 10.*—The weather has moderated very much, the thermometer being about 30° above zero. The sleighing is gradually becoming better. Sawed my customary dozen sticks of hard wood. Alice came over to dinner, and staid all the afternoon. We played backgammon, checkers, tricks with cards, marriage and speculation. Sarah and Anna went home to-day at ten o'clock A. M.

*Sunday, February 11.*—Heard Mr. Reynolds all day. In morning text was, "They come to you in sheep's clothing." He said that every







Photographed 1914  
By S. S. W. Blake

*Home of Mrs. William G. Weld*



## BOYHOOD

vice was cloaked over, and made to appear much better than it really was. Thus anger was called indignation, against the opposers of truth. In afternoon "The woman beguiled me and I did eat." We must not put off the responsibility of our sins onto anyone else, he said. The singing was truly splendid to-day.

*Monday, February 12.*—To-day I went to school. Very nice skating to-day. Uncle Stephen had the pond partially freed from snow. There were from 300 to 600 people on the pond. Roddy left his coat on the pond but we went directly back for it, and very luckily found it.

*Tuesday, February 13.*—Skated in the afternoon. There was about a foot and a quarter of snow on the pond before Uncle had it cleared. We are nearly through the 6th book of the Aeneid. There were about two or three hundred sleighs on the pond this afternoon, and about fifteen hundred or two thousand people. It looks rather stormy, and I am afraid that the skating will be spoiled.

*Wednesday, February 14.*—Last night it rained and melted a great deal of the snow, and of course the skating is spoiled. Yesterday Aunt Margie sent me to Aunt Minot's house, which was empty now, as they are up at Leominster, to get Aunt's knives and forks, for fear they should rust. I went in and got them, but coming out, when I tried to lock the house, the lock went very hard, and the eye came off. I got an iron piece put on.

*Thursday, February 15.*—To-day it rained heavily all day, and the streets and paths are flooded. We finished the 6th book of the Aeneid to-day. There are 900 lines in it. We went through it in seven lessons. We are going to review it in three lessons, 300 lines a day. I study very hard now. From the time I get up till four o'clock except one hour at dinner, I am hard at work, and sometimes I study till half past four or five.

*Friday, February 16.*—To-day the rain continued. It was Dec. and Comp. day. I had a composition on "Cats." My mark was twenty-four for comp. and twenty for writing. It is the highest mark I have





## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

ever had. Twenty-four is the highest possible mark that can be obtained. We had a spelling school after the dec. and comp. were over. I think it will clear off.

Declamation and composition day naturally varied very much in interest, but a cousin relates that whenever it was reported that Frank was to appear on the platform, the scholars hailed the news with delight. The word would pass from classroom to classroom, "Frank Weld is going to speak to-day!" and the children would crowd to their seats with great interest expressed in their faces.

One day Frank mounted the platform and began, "My composition to-day is on 'Cats!' "

A ripple of laughter ran around the big hall.

"There are," continued Frank, "a great many different kinds of cats. There are white cats, and black cats, grey cats and cats with stripes. There are cats with long tails, cats with short tails and cats—with no tails at all!"

A certain irresistible tone in his voice, as he announced the last type of cat, drew from his audience merry peals of laughter, which were repeated at intervals until he finished reading his composition.

*Saturday, February 17.*—Just a month since my birth-day. I am fifteen years and one month old. "Tempus fugit." Celerrime, I might add. To-day I did my customary Saturday's work. Then I went down to Uncle Stephen's pond and ran titlies, and sailed round on cakes of ice. I wet one leg. Stevie came to tea. He is growing like everything. Cloudy with a little rain.

*Sunday, February 18.*—Heard Mr. Merrick of Walpole to-day. He preached two very nice sermons. "Be ye faithful unto death, and I will give you a crown of life" and "Can ye gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles" were the texts. Went up to Mr. Adams' new house with Roddy.

*Monday, February 19.*—Went to school to-day. Got along very well. Played ball a little while over at Uncle Stephen's. The pond froze some



## BOYHOOD

but Auntie did not think it safe so I did not go. Pleasant. There were from 50 to 150 people on the pond.

*Tuesday, February 20.*—Finished the review of the sixth book of the Aeneid. Begin the seventh book to-morrow. We take about one hundred and fifty lines when in advance, and when taking review, we get about three hundred lines. I went down upon the pond this afternoon, but the skating was poor. I shall not go again till it improves.

*Wednesday, February 21.*—To-day I went down on the pond skating, after school, Very poor indeed. I met Georgie there, and had a very nice time. He was to go in town in the six o'clock omnibus, but we missed it, and so he came here to supper and then we studied Virgil together a little while, he then went in at seven o'clock. Dr. Gannett lectured, but I forgot to go.

*Thursday, February 22.*—Nearly through the fourth book of Geometry. It is very difficult to remember but easy to learn. "Easy learned, easier forgotten." Went skating but it was so poor that I took off my skates and played hockey ball on foot. It is gradually growing warmer. It is sunny and in the middle of the day quite warm. Thermometer from 32° to 40° above zero.

*Friday, February 23.*—To-day I spoke the piece on the five hundred and forty-seventh page of Sargent's Standard Speaker, which is the crack speaker now-a-days. Uncle Frank gave it to me a year ago last New Year's. There are about five hundred pages in it. I skated on the pond a little while. It was a great deal better than yesterday.

*Saturday, February 24.*—I went to Uncle Stephen's pond which melted the first part of the week but has frozen the last two cold nights, and ran titlies a little, although I was rather prudent. The thermometer stands from 7° to 12° above zero which is 25° lower than it has been lately. Stephie came over this afternoon, and we made some molasses candy. Had a very nice time.

*Sunday, February 25.*—Went to church all day. Mr. Reynolds preached in the morning. Mr. Miles of Lowell in the afternoon. "We





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

cannot gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles," was the text of the latter. Mr. Reynolds is our settled minister. He is a very good, excellent, worthy man, and sometimes writes very good sermons, but as a general thing is not a very interesting preacher. Quite pleasant, but cold.

*Monday, February 26.*—Went to school, as usual. Got along very well indeed. Went down on Unele Stephen's pond to skate. Both Aunty and Cousin Jane are learning to skate. Aunt Margie put the skates on, and walked right off just as if she were taking a walk. It has been pretty wearisome to them. They are as sore and lame as can be.

*Tuesday, February 27.*—To-day I wrote my composition and partly copied it off. We are obliged to hand in our compositions Tuesday night, to be corrected before Friday, when we read them before the school. If we do not have them ready Tuesday, we lose five credits, that is five good marks are deducted from our mark for composition, whatever it is. Skated a little. Beautiful weather.

*Wednesday, February 28.*—Last day of winter. To-morrow we shall finish the seventh book of Virgil. Went skating on U. S.'s pond. This evening Cousins Sarah and Lavinia Lane called here, Cousin S asked me what I was writing, "an album?" "No marm," said I, "a journal." "Well," said she, "I hope you will write that we called here." "Certainly," said I. So I have. Weather has been beautiful for some time. Growing quite warm.

*Thursday, March 1.*—First day of Spring, first day of the month. To-morrow is composition day, and I am not prepared yet. My composition is on "Cats concluded." I heard a week ago yesterday that my cousin Willie who was married a year ago last January, had a little son. The weather is pleasant, sunny and warm in the middle of the day. The ice is melting fast.

*Friday, March 2.*—Comp. and Dec. day. Read my comp. on "Cats, concluded." Last Wednesday was the last lecture this winter. Mr. Lincoln, the Baptist minister, lectured. Unc. Stephen, and friends were afraid that if they left the selection of a Lecture-Committee till





## BOYHOOD

next winter, the Know-Nothings would get it, & so Unele got up, and proposed that the old committee be reinstated for the next winter, and the motion passed without a dissenting voice, for the Know-Nothings were so unprepared for this game, that they were completely taken by surprise. Fine weather.

*Saturday, March 3.*—No school to-day. Stevie and I took Brownie and the chaise, and went up near Unele William's summer residence, and were going to tap a tree, and get some maple sap but our auger was so dull and rusty that we could not do anything with it, so we had to give it up this time. Aunt Margie went skating on Jamaica Pond. She is learning very fast indeed. Skating is almost gone. Cloudy.

*Sunday, March 4.*—Heard Mr. Reynolds in both morning & afternoon. In the morning the text was "It is enough if ye be as the Master." In the afternoon it was "Woe unto them that call evil good." It was very cloudy in the morning, but cleared off beautifully in the afternoon. It is growing lighter every day now. We took supper without the gas for the first time for three or four months. It is also much warmer.

*Monday, March 5.*—Went to school. Finished the seventh book of Virgil to-day. We are to review it in two lessons. It is eight hundred and seventeen lines, which is four hundred and eight or nine lines a lesson. We shall finish the Cyropaedia in Felton's Greek Reader to-morrow. We take about two pages a day, sometimes a little more. The weather a little rainy.

*Tuesday, March 6.*—To-day it cleared off and was quite pleasant, although last evening it rained quite hard. Yesterday we were placed in the Geometry class. I was No. 4. Before I was No. 5. I should have been No. 2, and I was as far as recitation went, but, I got three marks for whispering which put me down two places. I mean to try to get up higher next time.

*Wednesday, March 7.*—Finished the review of the seventh book of Virgil to-day. Stevie and I went up near Mr. Motley's\* to tap some

\* John Lothrop Motley, 1814-77. Author of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic."



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

trees. Stevie having said that he had found some maples but we found that he had been mistaken, one of the trees being a beech and the other some tree whose name I do not know, but it was not a maple. Weather cloudy and chilly.

*Thursday, March 8.*—To-day we began the eighth book of the Aeneid. We also commenced the Anabasis in the Greek Reader. In the evening I went over to Uncle Stephen's. Aunt Margie, Cousin Jane, and Grandmother went there to tea, but I took tea at home and passed the evening there. Stevie and I played cards a little while, then heard the old folks talk. We had nuts, raisins, apples, oranges, olives. Weather pleasant.

*Friday, March 9.*—Declamation day. I spoke a piece of John J. Crittenden's. It was about the extravagance of the Government in 1838, against granting the second "ten millions of Treasury notes." I played marbles a little, although I think that I am getting a little too old to engage in such sports. Weather rather pleasant but cloudy. Expect a storm shortly.

*Saturday, March 10.*—To-day I went to the Boston Theatre for a wonder. Simpson, one of Uncle Stephen's men is the adopted son of Mr. Barry, the lessee of the Boston Theatre. He invited Uncle Stephen to bring all his boys\* to the theatre, and I went with them. We sat in the First Tier, 50 cents a seat. The plays were "Opposite Neighbors," and "The Invisible Prince." It was the second appearance of the former in America, and the seventeenth app. of the latter at this theatre. Georgie, Cousin Sarah and Uncle William were there. We had a private omnibus with four horses.

*Sunday, March 11.*—Mr.—— preached to-day. I was present morning and afternoon. He preached two excellent sermons. But his manner is pompous, disagreeably so. He also talks a great deal too loud. But the household thinks he has a great deal of talent. In the morning the text was, "What, could ye not watch with me one hour" Math. 26, 40. In aft. "Try the Spirits". *Where* it is I don't know.

\* Uncle Stephen kept a boys' school in his house.





## BOYHOOD

*Monday, March 12.*—To-day we had a proposition in Geometry, uncommonly hard, and so Mr. Hagar offered 6 marks to every boy who would recite it perfectly. 3 is the highest generally. I got 6. Two other boys did also. There are fifteen in all, I believe. Very cloudy with a slight flurry of snow, in the morning, but cleared off beautifully in the afternoon. Played marbles a little.

*Thursday, March 13.*—To-day we had another proposition for which we had 6 if we said it right. There was only one other boy to-day who had 6. Yesterday the two boys besides myself who got 6 were Horace T. Rockwell and Francis W. Evans. The boy who had 6 to-day was Daniel S. Meserve. Light snow storm this evening. Hope it will turn to rain.

*Wednesday, March 14.*—Aunt Anna Allen came this evening about six-o'clock. She started yesterday morning at four o'clock, took the stage to Frankfort, 14 miles down the Penobscot, then took the steamboat to Portland. Staid there all night, then took the railroad to Boston, then the omnibus to Jamaica Plain, then her feet from the Station to our house. Snowstorm, two inches deep.

*Thursday, March 15.*—To-day we finished the eighth book of the Aeneid. Snowstorm in the morning. Turned to rain in afternoon. Played ball at recess and a few minutes at noon. Half through the Anabasis in the Greek Reader. Jim —, the butcher's son, ("an obstinate and stubborn butcher") as David Copperfield says, has followed me lately, and I want to get rid of him as he is rather a bad boy.

*Friday, March 16.*—To-day was dec. and comp. day. Had a composition on "Nil sine magno Vita Labore dedit mortalibus."\* Mr. Hagar gave it to me as a subject. I mean just the other way. I omitted to write the diary for this day and am writing this on Sunday which is a splendid day, and so I made this mistake. Played ball.

*Saturday, March 17.*—No school to-day. Worked in the barn sawing and splitting wood, nearly all the morning. In the afternoon as Mr.

\* "Nothing is granted to mortals in this world without great labour."—*Horace. Satires 1, 9, 59.*



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

James was selling off his stock very low, I got me a cap at 87½ cents. Common price of a cap is about \$1.25. Had a nice pair of best thick pants made by Mr. May the tailor. They were finished to-day. Rather unpleasant, and raining a little. Snow, flurry.

*Sunday, March 18.*—Heard Mr. Reynolds all day. His text was in Numbers, & was something like, "Let me live the life of a holy man, and I shall die the death of the righteous," or "He who lives the life of the holy will die," etc. Walked over to Uncle Frank's with Roddy to see my cockerel. He is a splendid fellow. Took tea at Uncle Gardner's. Aunts Margie & Anna & Cousin Jane were going so I went. Had a nice time.

*Monday, March 19.*—Began the review of the eighth book of the Aeneid, to-day. We took four hundred and fifteen lines. Played ball in the afternoon. It was rather muddy, but we had a very good time. It is very pleasant indeed. The sun has shone all day. I hope we are going to have a pleasant spell of weather now. Snow almost entirely gone.

*Tuesday, March 20.*—Very cloudy in the morning, so that we thought that we were going to have the equinoctial storm, but it cleared off very pleasant. Finished the eighth book of the Aeneid to-day. Shall finish the Anabasis this week. Played ball in the afternoon after school. Aunt Minot is going to have her house shingled by Mr. Armstrong.

*Wednesday, March 21.*—Beautiful day. Played ball after school. Got a foot-ball to-day, or rather Fred. Brown got it. I put in ten cents. We kicked foot-ball a while. To-day I got only zero in the Geometry class. The first day this month that I have not had 3, the highest except twice, when I had 3 extra. I am sorry enough.

*In pleasing contrast to Frank's chagrin at his poor record in the Geometry class on this day, is a letter which he received eight years later, in April, 1863, from one of his girl cousins. In it she says:*

*"I hear that Mr. Hagar told his school that you were the best scholar he ever had and praised you up at a great rate."*





## BOYHOOD

*Thursday, March 22.*—Uncle Stephen and the rest of my uncles are going to try to beat the Know-Nothings this next election. It comes next Monday. It is only Town-Meeting. The County Treasurer is also to be chosen. Went over to Uncle Frank's in the evening. It was an old folks' party but Stevie and I were invited. Had ice-cream, Oysters, & Cake.

*Friday, March 23.*—Declamation and Composition day. I was going to speak a very long piece, but I could not get it ready, and so I spoke the piece about "Live while you live, the epicure would say," etc. It is only six lines long, or rather short. Mr. Hagar was quite surprised at my speaking such a short piece, but I told him the reason. Weather pleasant.

*Saturday, March 24.*—Weather pleasant in the morning, but had a flurry of snow and rain in the afternoon, but it cleared off at sunset. Georgie (Auntie Harriet's George) came up in the afternoon, and we went down to James's store and got a pair of boots, of bootees, and a cap for him. (Aunt Margie with us of course) and a pair of bootees for me, Bootees and Boots, \$1.00 a piece.

*Sunday, March 25.*—Heard Mr. Briggs of Salem all day. He preached two very good sermons. Went over to Uncle Stephen's after church in the afternoon and saw the tickets printed for to-morrow's election. The Whigs and Democrats have combined against the Free-Soilers and K-N's (Know-Nothings). Aunt Margie has been quite seriously ill to-day. Grandmother slightly so.

*Monday, March 26.*—Town-Meeting to-day. The Whigs and Democrats combined against the Know-Nothings. They headed their ticket, "Old Board Citizen's Ticket." Some were headed "Farmer's Ticket." The Know-Nothings tickets were headed with an eagle, and "American Ticket." The citizens Ticket carried the day by one hundred and eighty majority, having about three hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty-five.

*Tuesday, March 27.*—Been to school all day. I got Uncle Stephen's horse and chaise and carried a trunk and a lot of bundles over to Aunt





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

Minot's, and then carried Aunt Minot over. She is going to live in her house now. The horse acted badly, but I got Aunt Minot over safely. It was Brownie who is generally very steady. Wheeled eight wheelbarrows full of ashes into the street.

*Wednesday, March 28.*—To-day I went to school as usual. Kicked football about an hour. Then I went over to Aunt Minot's brought in a couple of hods of coal, sawed some wood, brought a great tin pail of water from the next house, for her pump is out of order, went to get a man to get in her coal, went on errand to Uncle Gardner's got the paper, wheeled out two wheelbarrows of ashes into the street. Pleasant.

*Thursday, March 29.*—To-day I went to school all day, and kicked football after school and then went down to Aunt Minot's to see if she had any errands for me. I got a pail of water for her. They have lost a ring somewhere and they think it has been lost here. Got up early and went down to Aunt Harriet's, and nailed and tied up an auctioneers flag and four notices before breakfast. The auction passed off in the afternoon. Nobody would bid more than \$1000. Grandmother gave \$2100. for it some years ago, and so it was not sold.

*Friday, March 30.*—Dec. and Comp. day. I was not prepared with a composition, but Georgie had come out at noon, and Auntie wanted me to attend to the moving of Aunt Harriet's furniture from her house into our barn, and so I did not go to school in the afternoon. We walked three miles here and there, and got the express to bring up all the things and we helped put them in the barn.

*Saturday, March 31.*—Went into town to-day. Auntie and little George went in, and I with them. Got two new suits for George and a new jacket for me. All came to \$18.00, \$4.00 for me, and \$14.00 for little George. Big George and I saw Aunt Anna and little George into the Worcester cars to go to Northborough, where Georgie is to stay a year at school at Mr. Allen's.

*Sunday, April 1.*—Staid all day yesterday and last night at Uncle William's. Shall probably stay to-night. Georgie and I went to church



## BOYHOOD

in the morning to Mr. Clark's in Indiana Place. He preached a beautiful sermon. In the afternoon we staid at home and read. Had a severe pain in my stomach last night. Kept me awake two or three hours. Came again to-day. Had a headache and ate no supper.

*Monday, April 2.*—Got up at six this morning, and eat a little breakfast, and came out in the seven o'clock omnibus. Went to school, but at about ten-o'clock my eyes and head began to ache so, that I procured permission of Mr. Hagar to come home, and I remained at home the rest of the day. The next day I hope my eyes will be better. Covered several of my books, among them, four of my Lingards.

*Tuesday, April 3.*—To-day my eyes were troublesome, but I went to school in the morning, but did not study any. In the afternoon I staid at home and worked splitting wood till it was time to let out school. Then I came into the house and covered some more of my books, and drew up a list of all of them.\* I drowned two of our kittens to-day. Hated to, but had to.

*Wednesday, April 4.*—To-morrow is fast-day, and so there will be no school. To-day my eyes were a great deal better, and I was able to study all day. Got along very well indeed. We are about one third through the Hellenica. We have lost three lessons on account of my eyes, but Uncle Doctor has given me some medicine which has helped them very much. Weather rather pleasant.

*Thursday, April 5.*—To-day was Fast-day. No school. Georgie came out of town, and we had a very nice time. Roddy came over in the afternoon. We played ball out in the street front of the house. It rained a little in the afternoon. We came into the house and played and read and played marbles. Georgie went over to Uncle Frank's to sleep. Aunt Anna made some vinegar candy. Two cups of sugar, one of vinegar, boil as molasses candy.

*Friday, April 6.*—Comp. and Dec. day. I had a composition on the Aeneid. Kicked football after school, till 4 o'clock. Very pleasant

\* See end of diary.





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

indeed. Cloudy once or twice, but cleared off pleasantly. I was vaccinated with Georgie by Unele Doctor a week ago to-day, and it has taken. It is the second time it has taken on me. Only fifteen out of a hundred generally take it a second time.

*Saturday, April 7.*—To-day I wheeled three wheelbarrows of ashes out into the road, and as my arm troubled me a great deal, I did not do any more of that, but left it till my arm gets better. I chopped a little wood and staid in the house most of the day. Stevie and I went trouting, but caught nothing. We saw five or six trout but could catch none. Went up to Mr. George Minot's on an errand. Saw a peacock but he wouldn't spread his tail.

*Sunday, April 8.*—Went to church in the morning and afternoon. Mr. Reynolds preached. The singing was rather flourishy for church music, but was very good indeed. Lucy is here. Mattie is going to live here, and as soon as I go to college Georgie will come here. Aunt Margie seems to have some children to look after.

*Monday, April 9.*—Went to school as usual. Nothing particular occurred. Mr. Leverett was absent. He has had a bad cold coming on, and he is probably so sick that he cannot come to school. We have been put back a good deal in Greek reader, by my eyes first then by a severe sick headache, and then by Mr. Leverett's absence.

*Tuesday, April 10.*—We are expecting Saily to come next Friday or Saturday. She will probably come and spend an hour or two on the Plain, and then go up to Bridgewater to the Normal School. She is a week behind the beginning of the term, but Aunt Anna thinks they will admit her. I hope so.

*Wednesday, April 11.*—I am getting very anxious to see Saily. I hope she will come. Perhaps she will not have time to come out here. If she can't I shall probably go in town to see her and go round shopping with her. I can't see her long anyway. The weather this month has been uncommonly pleasant for April.



## BOYHOOD

*Thursday, April 12.*—To-morrow or next day in all human probability Saidy will be here. I hope she will be here to-morrow. Aunt Anna expects her to-morrow night or Saturday morning. We are getting along very well in Virgil. We are in the tenth book of the Aeneid. It is very interesting indeed.

Felton's Greek Reader was a compilation of extracts from the Greek writers upon which students applying for admission to Harvard were examined. The dialogue mentioned by Frank in the following entry was by Lucian, a clever Syrian who lived about 120-200 A.D. and who won immortality as a satirist. He learned Greek and spent part of his life in Athens where his graceful and amusing writings were best appreciated. In Dialogues of the Gods, Dialogues of the Dead, Prometheus, etc., Lucian satirizes the absurdity of retaining the old gods when the Greeks had lost their faith in the old belief. The words quoted in the diary below are from a dialogue between Apollo and Hephaestus (the Greek Vulcan). Hephaestus begins with the remarks of which the first words are these: "You have seen, O Apollo, the child of Maia, lately born, a handsome one, who smiles upon us all, and indicates already that he is going to be something great."

*Friday, April 13.*—Composition and Declamation day. Whittemore and I spoke a Greek dialogue, the third in the Greek Reader—Felton's beginning: 'Εώρακας, ὦ Ἀπολλων, τὸ τῆς Μαιας βρέφος τὸ ἄρτι τεχθέν; etc. I took Vulcan's part, Whittemore Apollo's. It went off very well. We had our parts very well committed.

*Saturday, April 14.*—This morning I went into town in the five minutes before eight train. I went up to Uncle William's expecting to see Saidy, but I found she had not come. The papers said the river broke up Thursday and so they probably waited to come down in the boat. Uncle had Dr. Nolan fill a tooth for me, one he filled in the side before. Charge \$2.00. The first filling cost \$1.50.

*Sunday, April 15.*—Went to church. Mr. Lust of Quincy preached





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

two very beautiful sermons. He is a very agreeable and talented preacher. Mr. Allen has some idea of leaving the ministry and resigning his parish at Bangor, and setting up a private school in New Bedford. Hope he will if there is a good chance of success.

*Monday, April 16.*—Went to school. We hope to finish the Hellenica in the Greek reader this week. We have four lessons this week and have about 13 pages to go yet before we come to the end. We shall easily do it. Pleasant weather. Don't know when we had so little rain in April.

*Tuesday, April 17.*—Aunt Anna expected that Saily would come to-day and so I went in town by the five minutes before eight train and went to Uncle William's and there she was, sure enough. I was delighted to see her, and I flatter myself so was she to see me. Went round with her shopping. Found a five-cent piece in Court Street. Came out at noon in the omnibus and went to school in the afternoon. Saily went up to Bridgewater at two o'clock.

*Wednesday, April 18.*—Went to school to-day. Five more pages left of the Hellenica. We are determined to finish it this week. If we can't take the whole five pages in to-morrow's lesson, we are going to take an extra lesson Friday, so that we can begin the "Sicilian Expedition" on Monday the first of the week. I hope to see Saily oftener now, since she is so much nearer. She will spend all her vacations at the Plain.

*Thursday, April 19.*—Began to give up entirely eating any butter. Am quite fat and have a little humor about me. I told Aunty, and she said it was a good plan. Finished my composition to-day. I ought to have had it ready Tuesday, we lose five marks, and as I have delayed two days this week, I shall lose ten marks. I shall try in future to be more punctual, for it don't pay at this rate, to procrastinate much. Very pleasant day. We must have a storm before long now, since it is April.

*Friday, April 20.*—Comp. and Dec. day. Did not read compositions at all, and only had two or three declamations, as the time was limited,





## BOYHOOD

and Mr. Rockwell the father of a boy at school, was going to deliver a lecture on Phonography. It was very interesting indeed. It is very simple indeed, and with a little practice could easily be acquired. Had a severe rain, Aunt Anna and Susie went to Bangor to-day.

Phonography, as it was called in Frank's time, is the art of shorthand, or stenography. The word phonography is derived from two Greek words signifying *sound* and *to write*. Peter Bales (1547-1610), an English writing-master and stenographer, was the first to invent a system by which he proposed "to write as fast as a man speaketh treatably."

*Saturday, April 21.*—Very pleasant,—cleared off in night. Probably won't last. Had a real working-day. Whitewashed Bridget's room all over, and also the China-closet in the dining room. The white-washing occupied me about two hours and a half. I helped get a bedstead down from the barn-chamber into Bridget's room. Tacked down a little carpet there, dug up part of my garden, planted beets—peas—squashes. Split wood for to-morrow and next day. Feel quite tired.

*Sunday, April 22.*—This morning the Sunday-School was organized. I am in Mr. Dodge's class. He is the teacher of the Grammar School and I used to go there, and I was fitted by him for the High School. He is very pleasant and gentlemanly. We did not have our books given us, as they have not yet been decided upon.

*Monday, April 23.*—Went to school began the "Sicilian Expedition" by Thucydides in Greek Reader. Beautiful day. Have had a letter from Saily, she says she is very happy in Bridgewater. That the people are all very kind to her, and that she has no doubt she will be contented. All this was good news to us.

*Tuesday, April 24.*—To-day we took another lesson in the "Sicilian Expedition." We are going to finish it this week if possible. We only have four recitations a week. There are six pages, which we could easily get, if it was in the Hellenica, but this is much harder. Pleasant day, with wind. Evidently a storm is brewing.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

*Wednesday, April 25.*—Went to school as usual. Got along very well. Cloudy but it did not rain any of consequence. We are in the eleventh book of the Aeneid. It is very interesting. Lucy and Mary Allen came to-day at one o'clock. They have been at Northboro, and are going to spend a week or two here. Mary is very cunning.

*Thursday, April 26.*—To-day we tried to finish the "Sicilian Expedition" but it was so hard that we could only get two pages, leaving two pages more to the end. But we shall probably take an extra lesson to-morrow, for the sake of beginning on something new Monday morning. Cloudy and chilly with rain towards night. A little thunder and lightning.

*Friday, April 27.*—Comp. and Dec. day. My turn to speak, but I have had no time this week to prepare a piece I have been so busy helping Aunty about the "Spring Cleaning" so Mr. Leverett excused me. But Mr. Hagar told me to read a composition which I gave him last week to correct, and which he forgot to give to me last Friday to read. So I performed an exercise after all. Finished the "Sicilian Expedition." Pleasant, but windy.

*Saturday, April 28.*—Worked in my garden a little, got the saw filed and set for a quarter of a dollar. Sawed ten sticks of hard wood, three of them real busters, more than I could lift—beat out the woolen for the two pair of stairs, to put under the stair-carpets, and made myself useful generally. Next Tuesday will be May-day. I hope Aunty will give me a quarter, & let me go down to Roxbury Fair. The admission fee is 12-1/2.

*Sunday, April 29.*—Went to Sunday-School. Mr. Dodge wanted us, at first, to study in a book of "Questions on the Bible", but I wanted the one I used to study, "Palestine, and the Hebrew People", and so, when Mr. Dodge went to get some books, I stirred up the rest of the class, to prefer "Palestine, &c.", so, when Mr. Dodge came back, he said he should put it to vote, and owing to my activity, we voted on my side unanimously. He then said that he thought "Palestine" was perhaps the best.





## BOYHOOD

*Monday, April 30.*—Went to school as usual. Whittemore was absent to-day. I am afraid he is sick. Got the first page and a quarter in the "Funeral Oration." It is very interesting indeed. Playing football this afternoon I tore Weekes's jacket a little. I got the tailor May to mend it and it cost ten cents. Cloudy all day.

*Tuesday, May 1.*—May-day. I sawed and split up five large sticks of pine-wood. Started in the afternoon for the May-fair, but I met Georgie coming up, and so I thought I would not go. It was at Webster Hall, Roxbury. I guess it was not very good. Cloudy all day, but tried to clear off. Total eclipse of moon to-night at half past nine. No school.

*Wednesday, May 2.*—Went to school, as usual. Last night it was so cloudy that we couldn't see the eclipse of the moon. Getting along very well in Greek. Hope to begin the Euterpe by the middle of next week. That is the last before the poetry. When we get to the poetry or rather, after May vacation, we shall begin to review till August.

*Thursday, May 3.*—To-morrow we have compositions and declamations but I am not yet prepared. It is my turn to read composition. I have only to copy off part of it, I have it written the first time but of course it must be changed a good deal before it is fit to read. Pleasant, rather.

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*Friday, May 4.*—Did not read my composition to-day, for we had experiments with electricity, and so no compositions were read. Pleasant and rather warm. Nearly through the Funeral Oration, quite difficult, but very interesting. To-morrow I shall have a busy day. I shall probably be occupied in Aunty's work till noon, and have much of my own.

*Saturday, May 5.*—Raked over the front yard, and the grass in the garden,—wheeled five wheelbarrows full of ashes out into the street, sawed and split up five large sticks of pine wood—sawed five sticks of hard wood,—carried Auntie Minot's silver over to her house—raked up her part and carried away the rubbish—finished raising the border of my garden.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

*Sunday, May 6.*—Went to church all day. We have as beautiful singing as we used to have, I suppose, but in some way, it did not seem as beautiful as it used to, to-day. I suppose I have got sort of used to it, so it does not strike me so freshly as it used to. Mr. Reynolds is rather dull still, but he is improving, people think.

*Monday, May 7.*—Went to school as usual. Get along pretty well now-a-days. Am studying very hard now. I have been very industrious all winter. We have got along amazingly in Greek Reader. As soon as we get through the Euterpe, which is the last prose in the book, we shall review, and go right through.

*Tuesday, May 8.*—Finished the Funeral Oration. It is very difficult but interesting. The season is very backward indeed. Even the grass has not fairly become green yet. I don't know when the fruit trees will blossom. I have planted beets and melons. The former have just peeped up.

*Wednesday, May 9.*—Still very chilly and damp. We have now and then a warm day, but the damp and unpleasant predominate. Little Margie said, "First we have a cold day, and then a warm day, and then two or three cold days." It is really warm and pleasant only "semi-occasionally".

*Thursday, May 10.*—Things are beginning to sprout up a little. The trees are beginning to bud a little, and *only* a little. I hope the Spring will come before long. We are getting along fast in the Euterpe, which is much easier than we expected. It is one of the best pieces we have had yet in Greek. Whittemore and I have determined to enter Sophomore a year from next Commencement.

*Friday, May 11.*—Comp. and Dec. day. My turn to speak. I was prepared to speak "Sargent Buz-fuz" speech in the case of "Bardell vs. Pickwick", but as we had no time for declamation, I very luckily was not required to speak, and so it will do for next time. It is a very long piece. Everything seems to be going on very well. Have to keep a fire in the stove nearly all the time.





## BOYHOOD

*Saturday, May 12.*—No school to-day. In the morning when I began to saw my customary stock of wood my headache which I have had a good deal lately came on so severely that I had to come into the house and lie down on the bed, and I felt quite sick all day. I couldn't do anything all day, and eat hasty pudding for dinner. Went to bed early.

*Sunday, May 13.*—Went to church in the morning. In the afternoon I had a bad headache, and it rained heavily in the afternoon, so I did not go in the afternoon. Studied three hours and a half on my Greek. Went to Sunday School in the morning. Mr. Dodge, as I think I said before, is my teacher. He is very pleasant, and explains everything, and so he makes the exercises very interesting.

*Monday, May 14.*—Was lying on the bed all day. Got up about twelve and had no breakfast. Eat a small bowl—two teacups—of gruel for dinner. Went to bed early. Had about two square inches of dry toast for supper and had tea. Altogether I had a very miserable day. I had a dreadful headache all the morning, which I found to be much relieved by a wet cloth round my head.

*Tuesday, May 15.*—Felt quite smart to-day. I was rather weak, but in no pain. I am so unaccustomed to sickness that I regard a headache of two days duration as something very formidable. I'm sure I get starved enough. Went to school all day. Got along very well indeed. Pleasant and at mid-day unpleasantly warm. Summer is coming.

*Wednesday, May 16.*—Went to school all day. Getting along in the Euterpe very well indeed. We like it very much indeed. We are beginning to have some pleasant days now, although the majority are very damp and unpleasant. The season is very backward indeed, but things are beginning to do something in the way of growing.

*Thursday, May 17.*—To-morrow is my turn to have a composition. I have none prepared but guess I shall get off, as, Mr. Hagar has been sick some time; and has not been to school, and Mr. Leverett, the assistant, is not so strict as he is. At any rate I can rewrite an old one





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

on "Obstinacy" which I have never read before the school, and that will do just as well.

*Friday, May 18.*—Mr. Leverett told us this morning that Mr. Hagar told him to tell the boys to hand in their compositions as usual, and when he got well, he would correct them. So I rewrote the old one, and did not have to read it. Almost every day is unpleasant. My beets and peas have grown like everything, and I expect I shall be very lucky this year in my garden.

*Saturday, May 19.*—No school to-day. Sawed some wood but not as much as usual. Did not feel very smart. Took out all the flowers which we keep in the house in winter. Sunk or transplanted them. Got some flowers in at Uncle Doctor's, and set them out in my garden. He gave me some dahlia bulbs, among other things. Carried some flowers to Aunt Minot's and set them out for her in forenoon.

*Sunday, May 20.*—Mr. Reynolds preached all day. Not very extra. Get along nicely at Sunday School. We have not had any books yet from the Library. The books have been covered, but not arranged yet. Probably, they say, we shall have them next Sunday. I don't believe we shall have them, so I shan't be disappointed.

*Monday, May 21.*—Whittemore and I hope to get to the Cyropaedia in review this week. Last Thursday we finished the Euterpe, and as that completes the prose of the Greek Reader, we began to review this morning. We took the fables to-day and we hope to take the Dialogues in three lessons, or at least in four, and take the last lesson on Friday. Next week is vacation.

*Tuesday, May 22.*—We took the first seven dialogues to-day. The weather is becoming warmer but we have fire a great deal of the time. We have burned a great deal of hard wood, and two or three times the usual quantity of pine wood, which comes rather hard on me, as I saw and split all the wood we use winter and summer, which furnishes a never-failing occupation.

*Wednesday, May 23.*—Went to school as usual. Only two more days of school before vacation. I feel the need of it very much, we have had



## BOYHOOD ,

such a long term of school. We have had no vacation since Thanksgiving. This afternoon we heard that we were to be examined Friday, so that has stopped our review. We have got to look up considerably, and fly round, having so little time to prepare.

*Thursday, May 24.*—Worked hard at my books all day. Hope I shall not be examined much. We are going to be examined by the Grammar-School Committee. This is the first year they have had anything to do with us. Our school is supported almost entirely by a fund left by the apostle Eliot for that purpose.

The Eliot School, according to an old record found among some time-worn books and papers, had its beginning on October 2, 1676, when thirty-eight inhabitants of Jamaica, or Pond Plain, donated £14,11s, to be paid annually for twelve years for the support of a school, "the sum according to subscription to be made in corn, the half Indian corn & ye other half in English, at the current prices among us." To this subscription Joseph Weld donated 10 shillings and John Weld £1. The annual payment of the sum donated by the thirty-eight subscribers was made to John Weld, Senior, Edward Morris and John Watson, who were the first Feoffees or Trustees. The Feoffees were impowered to contract with a master to teach the children. "The place where the school is agreed upon to be kept," says the old record, "is between William Davis' and Nath. Garie's." It was named the Jamaica School in Roxbury. Several pieces of land were donated to the school, possibly either for the income that might be derived therefrom, or for building purposes. The first donation "for the use of the school only," was made by John Ruggles and consisted of the triangular piece of land in front of the meeting-house, 3rd Parish of Roxbury, where Soldiers' Monument now stands. The deed is dated October 16, 1676. One such land gift was a parcel of salt marsh "measuring about two acres or thereabout little more or less," situate upon an island, bounded northerly by the Great Creek" etc., etc. "The Rev. Mr. John Eliot (who excelled them all) in Land" gave 75 acres on July 10, 1689, as stated in "a catalogue of memorable donors."





## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

Mr. Eliot's property was conveyed by deed to John Weld, John Gore, John Watson and Samuel Gore. In 1727, Joseph Weld, the only survivor of this body of men, memorialized the Legislature, and "prayed that three other persons be appointed as trustees, with power to fill vacancies as they may occur by death or otherwise." The prayer of this memorial was granted, and Nathaniel Brewer, Jr., Caleb Stedman and John Weld joined the memorialist as Trustees.

In the minute record book is a note made at a meeting of the Directors on May 21, 1787: "Voted, to build a new schoolhouse," Ebenezer Weld, Esq., Moderator. The old records show how deeply the members of the Weld family were interested in the school, for their names appear frequently as trustees, or moderators of meetings. The present brick schoolhouse on Eliot Street was erected in 1831.

John Eliot, "the Indian Apostle," was a graduate of the University of Cambridge, England. He landed in New England, 1631. After two years' study of the Indian language he preached a long sermon in the native dialect at Nonantum. With his colleagues, Thomas Weld, who was the brother of Frank's ancestor Captain Joseph Weld, and Richard Mather, Eliot prepared an English metrical version of the psalms, the "Bay State Psalm Book" (Cambridge 1640) which was the first book printed in New England. He wrote several religious works, but the one by which he is best known is his translation of the Bible into the tongue of the Algonquins, the Massachusetts tribe of Indians. The Rev. Thomas Weld was the first pastor of the First Church of Roxbury, and John Eliot was his assistant.

*Friday, May 25.*—We were examined to-day by the committee consisting of the Rev.'s Mr. Reynolds, Lincoln, Laurie and Dr. Seaverns. The latter is just from college and on that account is very sharp. I was examined in Virgil and Greek Reader. We did not get along as well as we did last time, not having so much time.

*Saturday, May 26.*—I worked till quarter past eleven, nearly all the forenoon, levelling off the front yard and burying old leaves. After dinner I worked till quarter before three, digging up the weeds in the



## BOYHOOD

avenue and sawing wood. Then I played marbles over at Uncle Stephen's the rest of the day.

*Sunday, May 27.*—Mr. Andrew Peabody of Portsmouth preached all day. In the morning he preached very nicely indeed, and in the afternoon it was not quite so good. Went to Sunday School. We did not have our books to-day, so I was wise in not expecting them. Herbert Whitney played on the new Seraphina. He played better than the lady last Sunday.

*Monday, May 28.*—First day of the May vacation. It lasts till Wednesday of next week. We have Monday and Tuesday of next week because they are the days of the Teachers' Convention. I feel all tired out with study, and it seems very refreshing. Sunny and warm all day. Almost summer.

*Tuesday, May 29.*—Sawed some wood, played with Henry Mackintosh. He came over from Cambridge yesterday afternoon. He is going to stay till Thursday. We went up and got the clean clothes and drove up to Uncle William's on the way,—afterwards, over to Milton. Uncle has his clothes washed in Louder's Lane.

*Wednesday, May 30.*—After having sawed my usual quantity of wood, viz. five logs of hard wood, and enough pine to last till next day, I went over to Uncle Stephen's, and played with Henry Mackintosh and Stevie. We had a nice time, but the weather is very warm and debilitating. Quite dry.

*Thursday, May 31.*—We obtained Uncle Stephen's permission to make a raft on his little pond behind our house. We have made a raft—which bears two very well and three went quite well, but when we moved round much, the water came up. We rigged a mast and sail, and it worked beautifully.

*Friday, June 1.*—To-day we worked till eleven o'clock making a cut water to put at the front of the raft, as a substitute for the bows of a ship, to make it go easier. We made a new mast as I broke the other, by running ashore and a gust of wind came, and as it couldn't yield any





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

since it was resting on the bottom, it broke off. Cloudy, sunny, windy, cloudy, showery. Saily is coming tomorrow at eleven.

*Saturday, June 2.*—To-day my dear sister Saily came down from Bridgewater. She came in the cars to Boston, then in the omnibus out here. She arrived at the omnibus office, at about quarter before eleven, and I met her there. She likes the school very much indeed. She has a vacation of a week and then goes back. We had a very pleasant little party at Uncle Frank's.

*Sunday, June 3.*—Went to Sunday-School. Had books to-day from the Library, so I was agreeably disappointed. I got "Jonas' Stories" a book which I have long wished to get, but I find it is too young for me now. We hand in a list of three books from which the Librarian selects one which is in the Library. If they are all out we select three others.

*Monday, June 4.*—To-day was election-day. School does not keep to-day or to-morrow because the Convention of the School-Teachers of Norfolk County is held, on them. Stevie and I rode in town with Uncle Stephen, made some lemonade with Georgie, went to East Boston to see a ship of Uncle Wm's, came back, got an ice-cream, saw Governor, soldiers, cannon, got a bottle of beer, took supper, came home.

*Tuesday, June 5.*—Wednesday school begins. Finished sawing up the hard wood, and piled it up, swept up the barn, and made things slick generally. Am invited to go to Mr. George Minot's to-morrow evening. Grandmother went into town to-day in a carriage with Willie. She is going, by Uncle Stephen's request, to have her picture taken.

*Wednesday, June 6.*—This day school commenced. In the evening went to Uncle Frank's with the intention of taking tea there, and going up to the Minot's with them but when I got over there, I found that they had gone up there, and so I had no supper, I went up there and had nothing all the evening and walked half-way home, nearly three miles in all, without anything to eat.





## BOYHOOD

*Thursday, June 7.*—Went over to Uncle Stephen's to tea. This morning Uncle Stephen and Aunt Margie started off to be gone on a little journey about a week or ten days. Aunty needs some rest very much, she has been so confined all winter and now as Aunt Anna is here, she is able to leave Grandmother. Rainy, unpleasant.

*Friday, June 8.*—Staid as much as possible with Saidy. She is going up to school again to-morrow. We are to go to the Athenaeum to-morrow to see the paintings and statuary. I have never been yet and expect to enjoy myself very much. Shall not see Saidy again for eight weeks.

*Saturday, June 9.*—Went into town in the morning in the cars. Saw the paintings and statuary in the Athenaeum. Some of them were very handsome. But I don't think that I have much taste as a general thing for art. I saw the celebrated statue of the "Shipwrecked Mother and Child", by Brackett. Saw Saidy off in the afternoon at 4¼, Old Colony R. R.

*Sunday, June 10.*—Went to Sunday School. Mr. Dodge was absent (I believe he had gone to Dorchester to see his father or mother, I don't know which) and so Mr. Winslow, or "Hairs" (which is his popular designation, on account of his immense beard, which for the sake of humanity I am happy to say he has cut off) heard us. I happened to have got my lesson well, which was very lucky.

*Monday, June 11.*—Went to school all day. I feel rather lonely now. Saidy and Aunt Margie both are away, but I shall get over it in a day or two. Aunty probably will not be back till next Saturday, although she may return sooner. She is going to make a trip round in New York State somewhere, she does not exactly know where.

*Tuesday, June 12.*—As soon as I got home from school, I went over to Uncle Stephen's and made peasticks and planted them all the afternoon, while Stevie had gone to Boston to drive Aunt Anna Balch and Hannah. I worked after supper with Stevie at the same business till 9 o'clock, making in all 6 hours of hard work in a school day.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

*Wednesday, June 13.*—After school to-day I worked five hours, that is, till eight o'clock with Stevie, fixing peas. We want to get them finished very much, before Uncle Stephen gets home. He may come any moment now, and so we want to finish them as quick as possible. We have got about two-thirds of them all fixed now.

*Thursday, June 14.*—To-day by five hours more hard work we finally finished the peas. There were seven rows each about forty rods long, and we had to break up all the brush nearly, from large branches. In the evening Uncle Gardner asked if peas needed to be sticked, as he had some. I offered to stick them for him. He offered me ten cents a row, and of course I refused any compensation.

*Friday, June 15.*—Went to school all day. Spoke a piece in the afternoon. It was the speech of Sergeant Buz-fuz' in the case of Bardell vs. Pickwick. It is over two pages of Sergeant's Standard Speaker. However, I got through it without any trouble. Got a few lettuce plants to set out, at Uncle William's place.

*Saturday, June 16.*—Went to work upon Uncle Gardner's peas at five o'clock in the morning. Worked hard till three o'clock, and when I came home to get some more brush I found Aunt Margie had come home. She has had a very nice time. Talked an hour with her, then finished the peas. Got through at a little before five. Hardest day's work that I ever did in my life.

*Sunday, June 17.*—Went to Sunday School and got "Private Purse", I returned "Beechnut", which I had last Sunday. A Mr. Putnam just from Harvard Divinity School and originally from North Danvers preached all day. He had very fine sermons, and bids fair to become a very talented preacher. He is about to be settled over Mt. Pleasant Society, vice Alger resigned.

*Monday, June 18.*—Went to school as usual. Whittemore began to be absent this week on account of being obliged to work on his father's farm. He is taking the whole care of his father's farm this summer as Mr. Whittemore is undertaking a piggery in which he hopes to make some money. Good luck go with him.





## BOYHOOD

*Tuesday, June 19.*—Went to school all day. Very cold indeed. Got some tomato plants of Mr. Holbrook last week. He gave me thirty-five for fourpence, Uncle Stephen got some this spring and had to give sixpence a piece for them. I dug up a place and planted them.

*Wednesday, June 20.*—Begun the Anabasis in review to-day. Got about four pages, but when I had just begun to recite Mr. Lincoln, the Baptist Minister, came in, and began to examine me, and so I only could recite a couple of pages. I got along very well, although I was surprised.

*Thursday, June 21.*—This morning just after I had got to the school house before school began, Uncle Stephen and Stevie came to the school yard, and I went up to them to see what they wanted, and he said he was going to take me to Gloucester. I got excused at eleven, and dressed myself, and Stevie & I went in town at twelve & waited till Uncle Stephen came. We then went down to Gloucester by the Eastern railroad. We got there in an hour & a half. We caught fish & dug clams.

*Friday, June 22.*—Spent the night at Mrs. Wanson's, where Uncle always goes. Uncle killed (soberly and in all truth) over a hundred mosquitoes before he went to bed. Stevie and I got up at four-o'clock, and went to dig some clams, but the tide was too high. We got a few checkerberries and wild strawberries. Took breakfast & then we got a lot of clams and went fishing, but we couldn't get any fish, as it was low tide. Went over to some rocks, having first taken a bath, and saw the lighthouse in the afternoon. Uncle caught a rock-eod in the morning. We had a splendid time.

*Saturday, June 23.*—Got up at five o'clock, and took a bath in the sea. Fished and caught a few fish before breakfast. After breakfast we went out in the boat cod-fishing. Uncle Stephen caught a very good sized one, and Mrs. Wanson's boy, "Lazy Clarence", caught a small one. Stevie and I caught each a large pollock. Uncle caught an enormous skate. Started home at 9. Got here at one o'clock.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

*Sunday, June 24.*—Very tired after my spree. I shouldn't, however, have any objections to going on another. Went to Sunday School. Got for my book this week, "The Captive in Patagonia". Expected it would be splendid, but it wasn't. Went to the Baptist Sunday School Celebration. It occurs once a year. The children sang sweetly. There were about 75 children singing.

*Monday, June 25.*—Went to school. Studied very hard, *as usual*. I am thankful that I can add the "as usual" with sincerity and truth. I intend to finish the Anabasis this week. It will be about six pages a day, or not quite as much. I am keeping my garden in good order, and shall have a nice crop.

*Tuesday, June 26.*—Went to school all day. Am getting along pretty well. Play goals at recess generally when it isn't too hot. We haven't had any very warm weather yet. Hope we shan't—any uncomfortable heat,—although of course we shall. A week from to-morrow is the fourth of July.

*Wednesday, June 27.*—The fourth of July is a week from to-day. We shall probably go up to Uncle William's in the evening. I hope somebody will give me some crackers to fire off, as I don't think I can afford to buy any myself. Uncle Doctor gave some to us boys till last year, when he gave us none, probably forgetting.

*Thursday, June 28.*—There is going to be a big party to Punkapoag to-morrow. I expected to go, but Auntie said I couldn't leave school so soon again after I had been to Gloucester. But finally in the evening she consented to let me go. I expect it was on Susie's account, for she has never been and it wouldn't do to let her go and not me.

*Friday, June 29.*—Went to Punkapoag. Started in an omnibus (which Uncle hired) at seven o'clock in the morning. We got there about half-past eight. We went down to the Pond, and went out (to the number of twenty-three) in two big flat-bottomed boats. Had eight girls and women in our boat, who couldn't bait a hook. Mr. Geo. Minot spent all his time, and I half of mine, in waiting on them. Took dinner on shore. Mr. Minot gave me a splendid time. Got home at 6¾ o'clock.





## BOYHOOD

*Saturday, June 30.*—Went to Boston on one or two errands. Went in the 8.35 cars, and got a bottle of cologne for Grandmama, pair of bootees for myself—changed two jackets, missed the cars, and the omnibus, and got home at 12 o'clock. Went in bathing at the Pond. When I was at Punkapoag, I swam sixty-six strokes, without stopping. Best swim I ever made.

*Sunday, July 1.*—Went to Sunday School. Got a book named "Riches Have Wings." It is a very interesting one. Mr. Reynolds preached. If his delivery was good, he would make a fine preacher, for he really writes very finely. Let Mr. Putnam, Huntington or King deliver Mr. Reynold's sermon and they would produce an excellent effect. He is one of the very best of men.

*Monday, July 2.*—Fourth of July day after to-morrow. Georgie has given me a bunch of crackers, and I guess I shall buy a couple more bunches. I haven't much money but perhaps I shall have some given me. I expect to have a splendid time. We are all going up to Uncle William's in the evening.

*Tuesday, July 3.*—To-morrow's the fine day. Uncle Doctor used to give us boys some crackers, and serpents every fourth till last year, and then he didn't give us any, but gave me a ninepence. I hope he is going to give us some this year, for if he don't I shall be pretty poorly off, for an outlet to my patriotism.

*Wednesday, July 4.*—Got up at half-past five. Fired crackers with Stevie till breakfast. Uncle Gardner gave me forty-eight cents to spend and Uncle Doctor gave me half-a-dollar. I bought 10 double headed crackers, a cent-apiece, and gave half to Stevie. Then I bought a cocoanut & two small blue lights—cocoanut 8 cents, blue lights 2 cents and Stevie and I disposed of them. Went up to Uncle William's in the evening. Fired off a Roman candle—held it in my hand. Walked home at eleven. Had a splendid time.

*Thursday, July 5.*—The day before the Fourth Stevie and I got two bunches of crackers each five cents a bunch—and a paper of torpedoes





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

between us,—12 cents & two large serpents, and three small ones for a cent, and two pinwheels for a cent. Pretty good bargains, the two last. The large serpents are two cents a piece at the stores, and the small serpents one cent, so that makes seven cents worth for one cent. The pin wheels are at least two or three cents a piece.

*Friday, July 6.*—My turn to have composition, but I got excused on account of my eyes. Aunty told me that she thought of letting me go up to Dalton to spend my vacation. She said that first I must have everything in good order, must saw & split up all the wood, and then I could go. So I am going to work with a will.

*Saturday, July 7.*—Sawed and split a good lot of wood. I must split enough to last six weeks. I have two weeks to do it in. I shall have to dip out the drain at least twice and wheel out the ashes into the street the same number of times. I have considerable before me, and then I want to give my garden a thorough weeding.

*Sunday, July 8.*—Went to church. Mr. Reynolds preached. Did not go to Sunday School, as I had been feeling very badly, because Aunty said that I couldn't study at home and recite to Mr. Leverett, to fit for Sophomore but that if I could do it, and stay in school, I might. I doubt whether I can do this, but perhaps I can.

*Monday, July 9.*—Studied hard to-day at school as I usually do. This is the last I shall ever be at school with Ned Low and Bill Bond, as next Monday they will both be examined for college. I like them better than any other boys in school, and so I am very sorry that they are going to leave. But I hope to enter Sophomore next year and so I will be with them.

*Tuesday, July 10.*—To-day at dinner, Aunt Margie told me that I couldn't study with Mr. Leverett, and enter as Sophomore, for all my Uncles had talked it over last night, and decided that neither my general health, nor the state of my eyes, which for some years have troubled me a good deal, would allow me to study so hard, and because I should be obliged to study too much after I had entered, in order to keep up with my class.



## BOYHOOD

*Wednesday, July 11.*—Went to school as usual. Got along pretty well. I shall be very well fitted next year to enter as Freshman at any rate, that's *one* comfort. However, it is a great disappointment to me, but I must be thankful to be allowed the privilege of going to college.

*Thursday, July 12.*—To-morrow will in all probability be the last school day of E. G. Low and W. S. Bond—I wonder how I shall feel when my turn comes, which will be in a year. Ed. Low feels afraid he shan't get in, and Bill Bond, who is an inferior scholar feels just the contrary. He says he don't care anything about the examination. I shall be frightened enough next year. Aunty went to Gloucester to-day.

*Friday, July 13.*—To-day was my turn to speak, and I was in great tribulation about it, when behold Mr. Hagar said that we shouldn't have the exercises to-day, and so the lesson of the day would go on as usual, at which as may be supposed, I wasn't at all grieved. We all went over to Uncle Frank's to a great party this afternoon, and for a wonder we boys were not obliged by the host to dance, at which we felt much relieved.

*Saturday, July 14.*—To-day I got up at half past five and went to work to give the drain its first dipping out. I got it finished in just half an hour being through at six. I had to work pretty smart or I could not have done it. Then I sawed and split a lot of wood, weeded in my garden, swept up both the paths, and in the afternoon went hunting with Stevie Lowe (I think his name is spelt so,) and he shot three crows and a red squirrel, and then he let me take my first shot. I fired at a chitmunk squirrel, about, (I should think) thirty feet off. I shot him as dead as a nit. Afterwards went swimming. Cured the squirrel's skin as a trophy.

*Sunday, July 15.*—Went to Sunday School. Got two books, "Woodworth's American Miscellany" and "Rollo's Philosophy." Mr. Reynolds preached in the morning, and preached a very fine sermon. In the afternoon Mr. Wilson of West Roxbury preached from the text, "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." He preached finely about the formality of the Pharisees.





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

*Monday, July 16.*—To-day is the examination at college. Frankie Baleh and Victor Oliver are to be examined from Uncle Stephen's school. We are reviewing the Cyropaedia for examination on Friday by the Town-Committee, or, rather by the Sub-Committee appointed by it. Mr. Wilson, the Unitarian minister at West Roxbury is to examine us, and he is very capable, too capable of doing it.

*Tuesday, July 17.*—Worked hard at splitting wood. I have a good deal to do before the end of the week, I have to prepare a composition for examination. I am going to rewrite an old one. It will be a good deal of work. Altogether I shall have my hands full. I am going to start sometime the first part of next week. I guess I shall have a pretty good time. Homesick, perhaps.

*Wednesday, July 18.*—Nearly finished splitting the wood. I sawed the last big stick. It is all sawed now, and I have only about 20 sticks to split, and then it will all be done. I must clean out the drain, wheel out the ashes, sweep all the paths, and weed out the big path, before I can go. I shall be able to do it with considerable work.

*Thursday, July 19.*—Our examination very unexpectedly took place to-day, both Mr. Hagar and Mr. Leverett thought it was to come to-morrow. However, it went off very finely indeed. We did very well both in Greek and Latin, especially the former. We, that is Whittemore and I spoke our Greek Dialogue, which we have given before. It did very well.

*Friday, July 20.*—We did not have any regular lessons to-day, as it is the last day of the term, but had experiments of one kind and another, and speaking. Almost all the boys spoke better than they ever did before, most probably because most of them are going to leave, and felt spurred up by the reflection that it was the last speech they would ever make in school.

*Saturday, July 21.*—Rained hard in the morning. I was to meet Whittemore at the Toll Gate, and proceed to Muddy Pond with him, but Auntie would not let me go, it was so wet. In the afternoon I



## BOYHOOD

started off and by dint of inquiry I found the place at last, tired out, wet through, &c. But we caught some fish, and we found a wood-cock coming home. I let him go in our yard. Had a good time.

*Sunday, July 22.*—Went to Sunday School. This is the last time I shall be in this Sunday School for a long time, as I am going to start for Dalton on Wednesday if nothing happens to prevent. Mr. Ellis preached in the morning, Mr. Alfred Porter Putnam in the afternoon. Both very good sermons, but in the forenoon I felt rather sleepy, and did not attend to the sermon. In the afternoon I did, & liked it.

*Monday, July 23.*—Sawed up a little wood, or rather chopped, and weeded a little in the path, and then George came down, and wanted me to go up to Unele Williams, and so Aunty let me go, and I had a splendid time. We made a stew of raspberries and it was splendid, but George spilt most all of it. However there was as much left as was good for us, or as we could eat.

*Tuesday, July 24.*—In the morning weeded in the path, & in the afternoon at two o'clock I bid them all good-by, and started for Boston. Got there in safety, and in endeavoring to open my valise, the lock of which is "out of kilter" I broke off the handle, Willie pried open the valise at eleven when he came home, and gave me a dollar. Got to bed at twelve, and had a short night's sleep. Went to see Unele Frederiek, but couldn't find him, at his rooms or his office.

*Wednesday, July 25.*—Started for the Lowell depot at seven o'clock having thanked Willie for all his kindness, and, after having lost my way, and tired myself out, I reached the depot just five minutes before the cars started, half past seven. Procured my ticket through to Littleton, and after riding all day reached Littleton, at about five. Rode up to Lancaster in the stage, and got there about ten o'clock. I wanted to go straight to Dalton, but the stage went the wrong way.

*Thursday, July 26.*—Had an awful night on account of the mosquitoes, and bedbugs at the Coos Hotel, and got up about one-o'clock, and put on my coat, & laid down on my valise, and at four I dressed,





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

and carried my valise down stairs, in readiness for the stage at five.

My night's lodging cost me 25 cents. I did not eat anything. Got to Dalton at quarter of seven, fare  $\frac{1}{2}$  a dollar. My railroad fare was \$2.75. Total \$3.50 for my whole journey.

*Friday, July 27.*—Yesterday I fished and went in swimming, to-day I went in swimming & fished. Had very poor luck. But the first of next week we are going trouting and expect to have good luck. There is a gentleman boarding here by name Blakesly, who is very fond of fishing, and we expect to have a nice time. Am very tired, as I haven't got over the effects of my long journey yet.

*Saturday, July 28.*—Still stuck to our fishing. Did not accomplish a great deal. Mean to next week though. We are going to walk into the trout like blazes, I tell you. We are going to ride out to a brook in Whitefield, going to start very early, and stay all day. We expect to bring home a nice string of trout. That is much better fun than fishing in the river after perch and dace.

*Sunday, July 29.*—Went in the morning to the Democratic Church. Only about twenty at any one time in church, but thirty or so in all. Here they go out of church and come in at all times and seasons. The Know-Nothings turned the Democrats out of church, and so they worship in the town-house. Elder ———, an illiterate Methodist, preached. Many mistakes in grammar.

*Monday, July 30.*—We were going trouting to-day, but it rained all day at intervals. We went up in the steamboat to Lancaster, Mr. Blakesly, Jimmy, and I, and had a real nice time. We took dinner at Mr. Chessman's near the steamboat landing, and came down again in the afternoon. The steamboat went finely. Mr. Blakesly wounded a wild duck, but it crawled up into the bushes and we couldn't get it.

*Tuesday, July 31.*—Rainy in the morning, but at eleven o'clock the stage started for the Mountains, and we got aboard, hoping to get a chance to stop and fish a little while, but we met the other stage in a narrow place where it couldn't turn round so we had to get onto it,





## BOYHOOD

and come home. Jimmy and I were stage-sick, and went to sleep when we got home. Woke quite recovered.

*Wednesday, August 1.*—To-day Jimmy, Mr. Blakesly, and I went trouting to a brook out in Carroll. We were to stop at Lane's near the brook, and fish till the stage came back, but when it came back, it did not stop long enough for us to get up to the house, & so we were left. We went to fishing again. I had a poor hook, I only caught three. Mr. Blakesly caught fourteen, Jimmy seven, two dozen in all. I got a good ducking. They sent out for us at night, and we got home at half past ten.

*Thursday, August 2.*—The evening of this day about eight o'clock, as I was climbing up a rope in the barn, when I had got up about twelve feet, it came down and I fell down on the barn floor. Albert Hunt carried me into the house, and thought I had broken two or three bones in my foot. I had fallen on the outer side of my left foot, and bent it right under. The doctor was sent for, and everybody said I had broken some bones, but when he came he said that I had lacerated the annular ligament.

*Friday, August 3.*—Lay awake last night with severe pain in my foot. Very little better to-day. The doctor told me that I should not be able to go round on my sore foot for four weeks, but as no bone is broken I think it will get well sooner than that. It will be very dull indeed for vacation, but I am thankful I was not hurt worse. I might have broken my leg or something as bad, indeed it was almost miraculous that I didn't.

*Saturday, August 4.*—Last night I slept very little, but to-day I feel a great deal better. The swelling on my foot has gone down a good deal, and the pain has subsided in a great measure. I begin to think that I shall be able to go on crutches in a week. The doctor came again to-day, and said I should be well a great deal quicker than he thought I would the other night. Mr. Blakesly says he will make me a pair of crutches.

*Sunday, August 5.*—Did not sleep much last night, being kept awake by the pain in my foot, but to-day it is much better. In a week I shall



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

be able to ride, and hobble around on crutches. Mr. Blakesly was with me all day, and is going to make me a crutch, and Jimmy has *one* already, so I shall be able to get round very well. I am thankful I am not any worse off.

*Monday, August 6.*—Am getting along very well indeed. Hope by Wednesday or Thursday to be able to go round a little on crutches. Played cards all day long with Mr. Blakesly and Katie. Played backgammon also. We played Whistle Jack, and High, Low Jack, and the Game, or as I have heard it called in fun "High, Low, kick and the Jam." In very little pain.

*Tuesday, August 7.*—Mr. Blakesly was to make me a crutch to-day, but he went to Northumberland in the little steamboat. Katie and I played backgammon and cards all day long. Not a very eventful life. In the evening I received two letters from home, one from Aunt Margy, Aunt Anna, Susie, Hattie and Lucy, and the other from Georgie.

*Wednesday, August 8.*—This evening a man professing to be a ventriloquist & Magician or trick-player, performed at the town-house. I got up at about six-o'clock, & dressed myself, & went down in a wagon. My foot ached a good deal, and troubled me some on that account, but on the whole, had a very good time. The man was very skilful. Admission 15 cents.

*Thursday, August 9.*—I got up to-day and went round on an old crutch of Jimmy's. It seemed good to go round, & see how things were going on, but it is very hard work to go round with a crutch. Quite a number of chickens have been hatched since I have been sick. It is just a week to-day since I hurt my foot. I have got along faster than I thought I should.

*Friday, August 10.*—Went around on crutches to-day. Mr. Blakesly made me a beautiful one. If I only had another of the same size I should be set up. My foot is getting better. Katie has been very attentive to me, & has staid in my room nearly all the time. Jimmie has not been with me much. He has been out doors all the time so that I seldom saw him.





## BOYHOOD

*Saturday, August 11.*—Still hobbling round. My foot is slowly improving, & I hope in a week to be able to walk quite well upon it. I feel impatient to go round like the rest of the boys, but whenever I feel so, I think how much worse it would have been if I had broken my leg. I could not have got well for two or three months in that case.

*Sunday, August 12.*—Did not go to church on account of my foot. Jimmie & I went up to Lancaster in the morning for the sleight of hand performer Mr. Houghton, who was fined by a drunken doctor Lyman who had been made a justice of the peace by the Know-Nothings. We understood he had been fined fifty dollars, but found it was fourteen. Aunty invited him to stay a few days.

*Monday, August 13.*—Went up a little way on the boat, about four miles. It went very well indeed. This was a trial trip. To-morrow it is going up to Guildhall. Perhaps we shall go up on it. I have never been so far north before. It is thirty miles to Guildhall. The boat goes & comes back the same day. It is fifteen miles by the road, thirty by the Connecticut.

*Tuesday, August 14.*—Went up on the boat with Katie, Jimmie and Mr. Blakesly, & Mr. Houghton. We had a very nice time. We played Whist in the cabin. Mr. Blakesly and Katie against Mr. Houghton and I. They beat us three times, & we beat them once. The boat went up in a little over three hours against the current. We got on a sand-bank and broke an arm of the wheel.

*Wednesday, August 15.*—Mr. Houghton, Jimmie, Davy, (who came from Hartland with his father yesterday) & I went pickerel fishing to-day in the skiff. Mr. Houghton caught nine pickerel, & I caught one, the rest didn't catch any. Mr. Houghton went right into the water up to his knees. He pulled up one pickerel & dropped it, and caught it between his knees. Pretty quick.

*Thursday, August 16.*—My foot improved a good deal in the course of the day, so that I am now able to use it quite comfortably. I am obliged to be careful not to walk on it much, so as not to strain it. Yesterday as I was going across the entry, my crutch slipped, and I



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

fell on the end of the big toe of my lame foot, and sprained it so severely that it is painful to walk on it. Had it not been for this, I could have walked quite well.

*Friday, August 17.*—I eat so many choke-cherries yesterday that I had an awful stomach-ache. It lasted all the afternoon, and into the night till eleven o'clock, when I got to sleep. I had twinges all day, just enough to remind me I *had* had it, and to make me fear it was coming again. Made a new coop, and put a hen with chickens in it. We have about forty-nine chickens in all.

*Saturday, August 18.*—Made another coop in readiness for a hen, which is hatching. We have three hens setting. Two of them have begun to hatch, and the other will do so in about a week. Probably we shall have about sixty chickens in all. The weather is very cold and chilly. Many people are going away from the White Mountains on account of the cold weather. Aunty is going to take me there soon.

*Sunday, August 19.*—My foot still being lame, I did not go to church. Last night I received a letter from Aunt Margie. She consented to the plan which I proposed in my last. I desired to work on a farm this fall, as it would be a rest to my mind and eyes, and excellent exercise for my body. So I am going to stay in Dalton for three months and a half from this time. I shall be homesick enough before I go home.

*Monday, August 20.*—Took a hen with seven chickens just hatched, and put her in a coop. Boiled a kettleful of potatoes for the chickens. We boil about six or eight quarts of small potatoes every day for them. There are six hens and about forty-five chickens. Wrote to Aunty to-day, I wrote another letter to her yesterday. I have written since I came here, six letters to Aunty, one to George, one to Stevie and one to Nat Bradish. Pretty good practice.

*Tuesday, August 21.*—To-day we had a hen hatch sixteen chickens. We took the hen that had the largest chickens out of her coop and put this one in. We have nine broods of chickens. There are about seventy in all. To-day one of the chickens that we let out was stepped





## BOYHOOD

on by a horse and got its foot all crushed up. Then the other chickens pulled nearly all the skin off. We amputated the foot, did the leg up in a bandage and put him in a basket.

*Wednesday, August 22.*—The chicken is getting along very well. Last night we put him under a hen that is hatching. I have got so I can walk pretty well on my foot. Went fishing on the dam, and caught two dae. In Jamaica Plain they call them shiners. Went in swimming for the first time since I hurt my foot. Had a beautiful time. Went in again in the afternoon. It is a very nice place to swim in the mill pond.

*Thursday, August 23.*—Went into the water again. Had a very nice time indeed. I have not improved much in swimming since I came up here. In fact I haven't been in more than half-a-dozen times, as my foot has restrained me for three weeks. Next week is the last of my vacation. After that I am going hop-picking up at Free Beedee's, then to Squire Taylor's.

*Friday, August 24.*—Some people are here from Portland and Cleveland. There is one from Montreal and then Mr. Blakesly and his wife from Waterbury, Conn. In all there are about a dozen. Next Monday there is a circus, menagerie and Tom Thumb to be exhibited at Lancaster. I suppose we shall go. I desire to see Tom Thumb, but do not care much for the other exhibitions.

*Saturday, August 25.*—The chicken with one foot died to-day. It got along very well for two or three days, eat a good deal, and ran round pretty smartly, but to-day, it would not eat, and was stiff and shortly after it died. I felt sorry, for I expected it would live, but at any rate, we did a good deal of good, for we made him comparatively comfortable, and did all we could to cure him.

*Sunday, August 26.*—To-day Jimmie felt rather sick. He eat too many choke-cherries. Last night we went out riding up the river. The moon shone brightly and it was very pleasant indeed. We went to meet the steamboat. It came along, and looked splendidly. It went very fast, I guess I shall ride on it some more in a day or two.





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

*Monday, August 27.*—To-day we went up to the circus. The steamboat went up, and carried about fifty or sixty people. It started about half-past nine, and got up at half-past eleven. It is fifteen miles by the river, and it was delayed about half an hour. So the running time was an hour and a half. I saw Tom Thumb and got in for nothing, for Mr. Taylor got a ticket for me, and then could not find me, and so I went in. Afterwards I found out that Mr. Taylor sold the ticket to Sam Thompson when he couldn't find me. Got home at half-past seven.

*Tuesday, August 28.*—Played truck a little to-day. There don't seem to be much to do here. I hope we shall start for the Mountains Thursday but I don't expect to. I want to go up on the Mountain very much, and I hope I shall. It was very cold in the morning, but it cleared off very pleasant. We have very chilly fogs here in the morning, so that we often have great extremes of heat and cold in different parts of the same day.

*Wednesday, August 29.*—Aunt Katie intended to start for the White Mts. to-morrow, but to-night, she said she should not take us till Friday. I hoped she would start to-morrow, but I did not exactly expect it. The mornings are very cold and foggy here now, but the middle of the day is often very warm. If we have a fog in the morning the day is sure to be pleasant.

*Thursday, August 30.*—To-night Aunty said that she should not start till next Monday and finally put it off till next Thursday, a week from to-day. I expect we shall have a splendid time, if we ever get there, which by present appearances, seems very doubtful. Aunt Margie has written to me to come back next week but I hope I can persuade her to let me stay.

*Friday, August 31.*—Played truck a while. This game is played with a small wheel which is taken between the thumb and forefinger, and rolled as far as possible. There are two parties, which are stationed a little way, say four or five rods from each other, and each endeavors to roll the wheel by the other. Both are furnished with small sticks or boards to stop the wheel. The party driven must retreat to the place where the wheel finally stops and roll it thence.



## BOYHOOD

*Saturday, September 1.*—We went in swimming to-day. After we had swum around some time, we boarded a large log, and went up stream on it, but the wind took the head of the log and blew it round into the middle of the stream, where it is over my head and so we had to jump right into the water, and get to shore the best way we could.

*Sunday, September 2.*—Did not go to church. Guess we shall have a nice time at the White Mountains if we go. It is now fixed to go on Thursday but I think it is very doubtful whether we start. I do not care a great deal about going, unless we ascend Mt. Washington. That in my private opinion is the cream of the whole.

*Monday, September 3.*—Went gunning with Mr. Blakesly and Jesse Fay. Mr. B. shot five pigeons, and Jesse shot one. I did not carry any gun. I mean to borrow a gun of a man named Tyler. He has got one just right for me. It is a three dollar gun, so called, and will carry eight or nine rods which is a great ways for so small a gun as that.

*Tuesday, September 4.*—Borrowed Tyler's gun, spent two shillings for powder, shot and caps quarter of a pound of powder, pound of shot, box of caps, and went out gunning. I shot a squirrel, and a mark, that is a target. The rest shot some blue jays and Blackbirds. Bill and John Gordon went with me. We couldn't find any game worth shooting at.

*Wednesday, September 5.*—Lazed around and kept pretty quiet as I wanted to get rested for to-morrow. When we start I want to feel fresh, so as to enjoy it. We shall go out to the Mountains but whether we ascend Mt. Washington is doubtful. I hope we shall.

*Thursday, September 6.*—This morning we started off with Mr. Campbell for the White Mts. we rode along a very pleasant road for seventeen and a half miles, when we arrived at Brabrook's White Mountain House. We, that is Jimmie and I went trouting in a brook near the house. We had some bites, but caught none. After supper, we rode out on horseback. Our horses ran away with us for about half a mile, but no one was hurt.





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

*Friday, September 7.*—This day I had the best time I ever did. We started for the summit of Mt. Washington about eight o'clock. We rode about five miles in a carriage, or rather wagon, and then rode five more on our horses. We had a splendid time going up, and saw Ethan Crawford's rock where he slept the night before he reached the summit, and saw where he cut his name with a hatchet into the solid rock. "E. A. C. 1820". We had an average day with respect to weather. The view is splendid. Took dinner. Greasy ham, doughnuts, maple syrup, rice, coffee & tea without cream. Got a card of the Summit House. Descended safely.

*Saturday, September 8.*—Came home to-day perfectly delighted with everything. We also saw the Upper Falls of the Ammonusue yesterday. The whole stream goes through a hole worn in the solid rock. The hole is about the size of a flour-barrel, or perhaps a little larger. It is a splendid sight. Saw the prints of a bear's claws on a tree which he had climbed. Saw a site for a house which would take the wind out of everybody's sail. It would command all the travel.

*Sunday, September 9.*—Went in swimming to-day. Had a very nice time. This afternoon I engaged myself to John Blakeslee to pick hops. He gives two shillings a day, but two persons have to pick a box full of hops. Ordinarily three are allotted to each box. The boxes hold forty bushels. Two have to pick one full every day.

*Monday, September 10.*—Went to hop-picking for John Blakeslee at two shillings per day. Tip Simonds and I picked together. Two pickers gather forty bushels a day. Tip and I got our box full the first day. None of the others did. Eat dinner and supper there. At dinner Mr. Blakeslee asked me if I took "all kinds of saree", I said I did, although I did not know what he meant. I afterward found he meant vegetables.

*Tuesday, September 11.*—Still picked hops. Last night I stopped at Mr. Blakeslee's and had a dreadful dirty bed, and close loft. Shan't spend another night there. We got our box full third in order. There are four boxes in the field. To-morrow night I shall have earned a



## BOYHOOD

dollar. That is a great deal better than lying idle. Am going home to spend the night. That's certain.

*Wednesday, September 12.*—Got up at five and walked to Mr. Blakeslee's about a mile. Got our box full at about half past three. Mr. Blakeslee said that his daughter wanted to pick, and he had not any more boxes, and so he should have to discharge us. But he said that we had picked very well, and indeed everybody that came along, said that our hops looked cleanest and nicest.

*Thursday, September 13.*—To-day was stormy, and I did no work. Indeed I had none to do, and if I had had the weather would have prevented me from doing it. I shall try to get some work of Aunt Katie. We have had a very wet season, but lately it has been rather dry. Potato digging will commence soon, and then I shall have as much work as I can perform, I guess.

*Friday, September 14.*—I asked Auntie if she did not have some work for me, and she said that she wanted us all to go cranberrying. So we started off. We had a dreadful jaunt up in Lancaster Swamp before we found any, but at least, we found them thick enough, and brought home about twenty quarts. We intend to go again to-morrow, and stay all day.

*Saturday, September 15.*—This morning I had such a cold from having my feet wet all day yesterday, that I was afraid to go again. All the rest started off, and about noon the two girls and Jim came home with a dreadful bear story. Bidle Ewen came home in the afternoon, and gave them the lie about it. I suppose they thought they would tell a big story and folks would believe them. The liars!

*Sunday, September 16.*—Went in swimming in the morning. Went to church in the forenoon. Elder —— preached. He is a Methodist. Probably he is a very well-meaning man but certainly he is very dull and illiterate. Have no work engaged for this week, but I guess some will turn up. If I don't, I don't know what I shall do. I can find some probably.





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

*Monday, September 17.*—To-day Jim and I got two corn cutters and went to work clearing the bank of the raceway. We cleared nearly half an acre from brakes, raspberry bushes, and alders. It was as hard a day's work as I ever did. It is a very steep side hill. We went in swimming in the afternoon, after we had done our job. The water was delightful. Corn cutters are something like sickles but are straight, or nearly so.

*Tuesday, September 18.*—To-night Aunty thought of having Katie & Jimmie go down to Middletown with Mr. Wise, and go to school there. Oliver Ewen who carries on Uncle's farm, brought up a pumpkin-vine which was eleven inches wide at the tip-end, and forty-six feet long. It produced three hundred and seventeen pumpkins from the size of a bean to that of a hen's egg, and ten weighing from five to twenty-six pounds each.

*Wednesday, September 19.*—Jimmie and Katie were going tomorrow, but they put it off, as it was difficult to get ready. They seem to be very much pleased about their journey. It is quite an event for Jimmie, as he has never been so far before, but as Katie has been to Baltimore, she is not quite so much excited as Jimmy is.

*Thursday, September 20.*—Yesterday Tip Simons and I began to pick hops for Free Beedee, but it was so cold that we couldn't stand it but half-a-day, and so we told Mr. Beedee, that we would go home, and get warmer clothes, and "come again another day". To-day Jack George went with us, and we had quarter of a dollar apiece. Yesterday we had a shilling.

*Friday, September 21.*—To-day I asked Mr. Beedee if he would give us three, two shillings apiece if we would board ourselves, and he said he would. The first day there were only two of us, and we got two shillings a day, but as we only worked half-a-day we had only a shilling. The next day three of us were boarded and had a quarter. To-day we boarded ourselves, and had two shillings. In all seventy-five cents.

*Saturday, September 22.*—To-day Katie and Jimmie went off. I rode the first half mile with them, on my way to the hop-field. When I





## BOYHOOD

alighted, and saw them go away, I felt homesick enough. All the forenoon I felt very sorrowful and unhappy, but in the afternoon when we had got our box full, and came home I began to feel better. Good luck to the children. Hope they will be happy.

*No entry September 23.*

*Monday, September 24.*—To-day we finished off the hops. I shall never, probably, pick hops any more. I have earned two dollars and thirty-five cents picking hops. I shall dig potatoes next week for Oliver Ewen. I have no work engaged for the remainder of this week, but I hope I can pick up a little something to do in one way or another.

*Tuesday, September 25.*—To-day Oliver Ewen ploughed up a new piece, and I raked up thistles, and carried off stones & stubble for two or three hours. After that he said he had nothing more for me to do. So Mr. Blakesly and I played backgammon. I don't believe I can get any more work this week, for everybody is putting off potato digging on account of the rot.

*Wednesday, September 26.*—Went hunting with Mr. Blakesly. He killed one pigeon, & I killed two. In the afternoon we went again. He killed five, and I two. We had pretty good luck. He can shoot a pigeon flying, when I am as good a shot as he I shall feel quite satisfied. The probability is however, that I never shall be. Hunting is splendid fun.

*Thursday, September 27.*—This afternoon I went hunting again. I shot two more pigeons. I expect they will be going south pretty soon as they don't like very cold weather. If we have a very warm spell they will probably come back. The time for partridges is coming. Then I shall have fun. "There's a good time a coming boys, a good time a coming".

*Friday, September 28.*—I have been meaning to write to the Editor of the Coos County Democrat about the great pumpkin vine. To-day Mr. Blakesly and I walked up the river about two miles and a half, and crossed, & walked another mile to a great pigeon place, but they



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

were all gone. Came back to the river, and Mr. Blakesly shot five. Walked home, took dinner, and went out to Squire Taylor's, our common hunting ground. Saw one pigeon, which Mr. Blakesly killed. He also shot a partridge. We walked about sixteen miles, and I shot nothing.

*Saturday, September 29.*—This morning Auntie went to the White Mts. in company with Mr. Macomber, the President of the Mt. Washington carriage-road company. She took me with her, much to my surprise and delight. We went to the Ammonusuc Falls, and stopped at the Crawford House which is a miserably built concern. It is just boarded perpendicularly, and slats nailed over the cracks. The whole is then whitewashed.

*No entry September 30.*

*Monday, October 1.*—To-day I wrote to Mr. Jas. M. Rix, the editor of the Coos County Democrat about the pumpkins. I hope he will publish it. I had a splendid time out at the Mountains and shouldn't have any objection to going again. It is a beautiful place, and it almost seems as if I should be willing to spend my life there.

*Tuesday, October 2.*—Have not obtained any work yet. I was going to work on a threshing-machine but the dust is so bad for a person's eyes, that on account of the weakness of my eyes, I judged it better to be idle than to do such work as that, since the improvement of my eyes is my great object in staying up here.

*Wednesday, October 3.*—Still without work. I hope to get some work of Oliver Ewen soon, but, on account of the weather, he cannot dig potatoes at which business I am to aid him. I am going to pick up potatoes for him. I hope he will begin as soon as he possibly can, for I dislike very much to be loafing round when I ought to be at work.

*Thursday, October 4.*—It is nothing but rain, rain, Rain, RAIN all the time. We are having the equinoctial in reality now. It has rained the greater part of the time for a fortnight. The river is rising very fast indeed. If it continues to rain much longer the river will be nearly as high as it is in the spring freshet.





## BOYHOOD

*Friday, October 5.*—I guess I shall go out to the Mts. with Hod Campbell, to make a road upon the Mountain. I shall drive team, and go to the houses, viz. Brabrook's, and the Crawford House to get provisions, and so forth. Campbell says all he wants is a "yoke of oxen and some codfish and molasses." Pretty poor fare!

*Saturday, October 6.*—To-morrow is Sunday. I suppose I ought to go to meeting, but I can't bear to hear old Elder — palaver and talk through his nose. I do not believe that it does me any good to go to hear him, for I cannot help smiling at his odd expressions and grammatical errors, and that does me more harm than good.

*No entries between October 6 and 22.*

*Monday, October 22.*—To-day Biddle Ewen went out to cut some withes. He asked me if I didn't want to take my gun, and come with him, for perhaps we should see some partridges. I had been so many times, with no success, that I didn't expect any luck, but I had no work, so I thought I'd go. After we got the withes, we went up into the woods, on the road to the Crandal lot. When we had got about a quarter of a mile into the woods Biddle suddenly caught my shoulder and whispered, "There's one Frank", I trembled, I was so excited, for I had never shot a partridge before, but I looked where he pointed and I saw on a log about a rod and a half off a fine partridge. I couldn't have had a fairer mark, so I drew up my gun and fired in an instant for I was afraid she would fly away, for she was looking right at us. I knocked her over as dead as a *nit*. I was tickled enough. Biddle was tired so he sat on a log and took the partridge, and told me to go ahead and see if I could see another. I loaded up, and hadn't gone a dozen rods, before I saw another right in front of me in the path. She was a long distance ahead but she saw me, and so I didn't dare try to get any nearer, so I fired at her, and she rose and flew a few steps and lighted among some underbrush. I ran after her immediately for it was plain she was badly wounded, or she would have flown a great way. But I couldn't find her, for these partridges can hide so the Deil couldn't find



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

them. Nothing except a dog can find them. Biddle heard the report of my gun and so he came along to me, and he told me I ought to have waited, and let the partridge *Mog* off into the bushes, and then I could have crept up, and killed her. "Mog" is a word I never heard before. We couldn't find anything of the partridge, and so we went on farther. A little farther on I saw a partridge before Biddle did, and I drew up my gun and got a true aim, and fired so quickly that I was astonished myself. It wasn't four seconds from the time I saw the partridge, to the time when I fired. Biddle himself said, and he isn't apt to praise anyone, "You did first rate, Frank." I killed the partridge, and we went farther, but we saw nothing more, and so we came home. I was highly elated of course, at such good luck, and thanked Biddle heartily for leading me to such game. Biddle's real name is William, but when Jimmy was a little boy, he couldn't say Bill, but always said Biddle, so we have always called him so since.

*Wednesday, October 24.*—To-day I received a letter from Aunt Margie saying that I must come home so as to go to school Monday, so I must pack my things.

*Thursday, October 25.*—This forenoon I packed up all things ready to start for home to-night. In the afternoon although it was very wet, and almost raining, I thought I would take my gun and try to get a partridge to carry down to Grandmother. I walked out through the woods all the way to the Crandal lot, but couldn't see anything, and it was abominably muddy, and began to sprinkle, so I thought I had no chance to get anything and started for the house at a full run, for it was raining.

(Remainder under Dec. 5th.)

*What a pity that the "remainder" is missing. I searched in vain for it throughout the old diary, hoping to discover a record proving that he did find a partridge to reward him for his muddy tramp through the fields and woods. Much to my disappointment, there was no entry under Dec. 5th. Frank probably intended to complete his story of the day later, but was too busy to do it.*





## BOYHOOD

*The following list of his books, to which Frank refers in his diary on April 3rd, gives an interesting insight into the subjects about which he enjoyed reading and also shows the kind of literature that was accessible to boys of that period. The cash account tells us something about the cost of travel in those days, and we also learn how much Frank earned by his industry during his vacation.*

### FRANK'S BOOKS

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| Abbot, Vol. 1st.                       | Franklin's Works.                       |
| <i>Lent to Roddy. Returned.</i>        | Famous Men of Ancient Times.            |
| Abbot, Vol. 2d. <i>Lent. Returned.</i> | Famous Men of Modern Times.             |
| A Legend of Montrose.                  | Famous American Indians.                |
| <i>Lent to B. R. Weld. Ret.</i>        | Forest Exiles.                          |
| Anne of Geierstein. Vol. 1st.          | George Mason.                           |
| Anne of Geierstein. Vol. 2d.           | Guy Mannering. Vol. 1st.                |
| Antiquary Vol. 1st.                    | Guy Mannering. Vol. 2d.                 |
| Antiquary Vol. 2d.                     | Gilbert Go-a-head.                      |
| A Glance at Philosophy.                | Heroes of the Revolution.               |
| A Glance at the Sciences.              | Highland Widow.                         |
| Anecdotes of the Animal Kingdom.       | History of England: by Lingard,         |
| Black Dwarf.                           | Vols. 1-13.                             |
| Book of Benefactors.                   | History of England: by Lingard,         |
| Book of Literature.                    | Vol. 1st.                               |
| Boy Hunters.                           | <i>Lent to Sarah S. Weld. Returned.</i> |
| Castle Dangerous.                      | History of England: by Lingard,         |
| Clinton.                               | Vol. 2d.                                |
| Count Robert of Paris, Vol. 1st.       | <i>Lent to Sarah S. Weld. Returned.</i> |
| Count Robert of Paris, Vol. 2d.        | History of France.                      |
| Contentment is Better than Wealth.     | Holiday House.                          |
| <i>L. to G. W. Weld. Returned.</i>     | History of the Am. Indians.             |
| Curiosities of Human Nature.           | Ivanhoe Vol 1st.                        |
| Celebrated Women.                      | Ivanhoe Vol. 2d.                        |
| Daniel Webster.                        | Kenilworth Vol. 1st.                    |
| Desert Home.                           | Kenilworth Vol. 2d.                     |
| Enterprise, Industry and Art of Man.   | Life of William Penn.                   |
| Fair Maid of Perth. Vol. 1st.          | Little Henry.                           |
| Fair Maid of Perth. Vol. 2d.           | Land, Labor and Gold, Vol. 1st.         |





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

FRANK'S BOOKS—*Continued*

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| Land, Labor and Gold, Vol. 2d.          | Robinson Crusoe.                           |
| Lights and Shadows of African History.  | Rob Roy, Vol. 1st. Vol. 2d.                |
| Lights and Shadows of American History. | Reminiscences of the French War.           |
| Lights and Shadows of Asiatic History.  | Redburn.                                   |
| Lights and Shadows of European History. | Sandford & Merton.                         |
| Monastery, Vol. 1st.                    | Settlers in Canada.                        |
| <i>Lent to B. R. Weld. Returned.</i>    | Shakespeare, Vols. 1-15.                   |
| Monastery, Vol. 2d.                     | <i>Vol. 13 missing.</i>                    |
| <i>Lent to B. R. Weld. Returned.</i>    | St. Ronan's Well, Vol. 1st. Vol. 2d.       |
| My Uncle the Clockmaker.                | Surgeon's Daughter.                        |
| <i>Lent April 9th to Stevie.</i>        | Tales of the Kings of England.             |
| Manners, etc., of the American Indians. | The Betrothed.                             |
| Manners and Customs of Nations.         | The Boy Hunters.                           |
| Nigel, Vol. 1st.                        | The Bride of Lammermoor, Vol. 1st.         |
| Nigel, Vol. 2d.                         | The Bride of Lammermoor, Vol. 2d.          |
| Northern Regions.                       | The Desert Home.                           |
| Old Mortality, Vols. 1, 2, & 3.         | <i>L. to Roddy Apr. 8. Returned.</i>       |
| Peveril of the Peak, Vols. 1, 2, & 3.   | <i>Lent to F. Rice. Returned.</i>          |
| Philosophy in Sport.                    | The Forest Exiles.                         |
| Pirate, Vol. 1st.                       | <i>Now L. to Roddy. R. June 5th.</i>       |
| Pirate, Vol. 2d.                        | The Heart of Mid-Lothian, Vols. 1, 2, & 3. |
| Popular Tales.                          | The Talisman.                              |
| Parley's Christmas Book.                | The Travels of Rolando.                    |
| Plutarch's Lives.                       | True Stories.                              |
| Quentin Durward, Vol. 1st.              | The Young Voyageurs.                       |
| Quentin Durward, Vol. 2d.               | Waverly, Vol. 1st.                         |
| Red Gauntlet, Vol. 1st.                 | Waverly, Vol. 2d.                          |
| Red Gauntlet, Vol. 2d.                  | Woodstock, Vol. 1st.                       |
| Richard the Lion-Hearted.               | Woodstock, Vol. 2d.                        |
|   | Wonders of Geology.                        |
|   | World and Its Inhabitants.                 |
|   | Young Cadet.                               |
|   | Young Voyageurs.                           |



## BOYHOOD

Expenses incurred by my journey to, stay at, and return from,  
Dalton and receipts during the same.

<i>Expenses</i>		<i>Receipts</i>	
Fare to Boston by omni. . . . .	.06	From M. M. Weld. . . . .	7.06
Fare to Littleton by cars. . . . .	2.75	Pocket Money. . . . .	1.00
Fare to Dalton by stage . . . . .	.75	From W. G. Weld. . . . .	1.00
Knife. . . . .	.15	Wages for picking hops, J. Blakeslee. . . . .	1.00
Figs. . . . .	.10	Wages for picking hops, F. Beedee. . . . .	1.35
Postage. . . . .	.15	Wages going errand, W. Ewen. . . . .	.05
Circus. . . . .	.20	Wages husking corn, O. Ewen. . . . .	.17
Note-paper. . . . .	.05	Wages picking up pota- toes, O. Ewen. . . . .	.33
Candy. . . . .	.10	Wages picking up pota- toes, O. Ewen. . . . .	.17
Straw Hat. . . . .	.25	Wages husking corn, O. Ewen. . . . .	.33
Fish-hooks . . . . .	.04	Wages getting in corn, O. Ewen. . . . .	.67
Gave Jimmie. . . . .	.02	Total Rec. . . . .	13.13
Powder. . . . .	.13	Total Expense. . . . .	9.22
Shot. . . . .	.10	Balance. . . . .	3.91
Caps. . . . .	.10		
Shot. . . . .	.10		
Powder. . . . .	.10		
Powder. . . . .	.25		
Nuts and Raisins. . . . .	.05		
Bundle by Express. . . . .	.35		
Due from W. Gordon. . . . .	.12		
Caps. . . . .	.10		
Shot. . . . .	.05		
Nuts. . . . .	.02		
Lodging at Lancaster. . . . .	.25		
Ticket from Lan. to Bos. . . . .	2.50		
Cab. . . . .	.25		
Fare in omnibus. . . . .	.13		
Total Expense. . . . .	9.22		

I never before wasted so much for things to eat, but I was sick for five weeks, and so called more for it, than I otherwise should.





## CHAPTER II

### AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

**F**RANK entered Harvard College in the autumn of 1856, at the age of 16.

"My examination," says he in a letter written home about the middle of October, "took place last July 14th and 15th. The first day we had printed papers given us, with questions on them. They were questions on Latin Prose Composition, Greek Prose Composition, Latin Grammar, Arithmetic, Algebra, and Geometry. We were allowed an hour for each paper, writing down on letter paper, the answers to each question.

"The second day we were examined orally on History, Ancient, one hour, Greek Reader, Prose, one hour by Professor Felton; Greek Reader, Poetry, one hour, by Tutor Sophocles, a native Greek; Virgil, one hour, by Professor Lane; Cicero, one hour, by Tutor Chase; and Geography, Ancient and Modern, one hour, by Tutor Jennison. At 6½ P. M. the second day, we were called up to receive our papers, 117 of us; of whom one was withdrawn, 7 rejected, 69 admitted conditionally, and 40 admitted clear from conditions. Of the latter number I had the good fortune to be one. Stevie was also admitted clear at the same examination. At the second examination, July 27th and 28th, George was admitted, with slight conditions. So we are all three together. George and I room together, No. 1 Hollis, and Stevie rooms in the same entry in No. 3 Hollis with his Uncle Frank Baleh, a Sophomore. Our class is the largest that was ever entered. . . . With those that entered at the second examination it consists of a hundred and twenty-six. My average marks for the first month were, Greek 5½—Latin 6½—Mathematics 7¼—8 being the highest. My rank at present is 20th. Only one boy in the class got 8 all through; Arthur Wilkinson of Boston. He wears a jacket, so does C. W. Warren, the second scholar, only one other in the class wears jackets."



## AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

The jackets upon which Frank comments with such marked interest were very short and were usually termed Eton jackets. School-boys were accustomed to wear these in England, at Eton particularly, as well as in this country in those days. When the lads entered college, generally they hastened to shed the youthful attire and don the more mature coat of the collegian.

Reference to the Harvard University catalogue of 1856, mentioned by Frank in his letter, shows that the first term began August 28 and ended January 14 (1857). The second term began February 26.\*

Frank's old college friends tell of Frank's prominence in his class and of his great popularity among the men. One of the students, who was quite an athlete and who later became a well-known Boston physician, took so much pleasure in Frank's companionship that when Saturday came and they were preparing to go home for Sunday, he used to say: "Frankie, if you will walk into Boston with me, I will carry your bag!"

In order to save money for buying or for binding his books, Frank frequently walked from Cambridge to Jamaica Plain when he went home to spend Sunday. He was an excellent student, particularly in the classics, which he deeply appreciated, and he always retained the ability to quote from them.

"He was, as I remember," writes one of his classmates, Mr. John Torrey Morse,† "almost the youngest member of the class, and was, of course, a very bright lad. I do not remember his place in the rank-list, but I think that he stood high, tho' not quite among the first scholars. He was a very *faithful*, steady, conscientious worker throughout his college course. Many of us worked fitfully,—well in one term, lazily in another. He worked with even and sustained persistence and quite as hard as could be reasonably expected. I have a vague remembrance that we had an idea (which may, or may not, have been well founded) that by reason of the death of his father, financial resources were perhaps somewhat limited, so that he felt a peculiar obligation

\* See Appendix, page 237, for college calendar of 1856.

† Author of "Abraham Lincoln," American Statesman Series (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1893).





## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

to make the most of his collegiate opportunities. If in fact any such obligation rested upon him he was certainly honorably cognizant of it, and discharged loyally and fully the duty which it seemed to impose.

"I remember him as a sort of incarnation of youth, alike in manner and in personal appearance. He was rather short and plump of figure, with bright rosy cheeks, somewhat curly hair which he wore rather long, as was then the custom, and big black eyes, almost always brilliant with laughter. He seemed the most merry, cheery, exuberant creature I had ever seen; though he had also a respectful appreciation of the serious element in life and could become very grave on occasion. Yet even in these moments the merriment seemed not far beneath the gravity, and I remember saying to him that he was never so amusing as when he was serious. He was very genial and kindly in manner, and in real feeling also. Yet he was withal a keen observer and a shrewd reader of character. Certainly he had the gift of the born humorist for noting idiosyncrasies or odd traits, and he could find interest and pleasant entertainment in class-mates whom the rest of us found intolerably dull and ordinary. Naturally he was much liked, and without amalgamating himself with any special set or small clique in the class, he had the good-will and friendship of all. He and I were very good friends and at times saw a good deal of each other; yet we were never quite intimates in the closest sense.

"Frank's conduct throughout his college career was eminently reputable; he was never in the fast set, and always held aloof from dissipation; but his lively temperament sometimes rendered the allurements of mischief irresistible. I recall that he and I, with a co-conspirator whom I will call X, were at one time engaged in an enterprise which might well have had results serious enough to have affected even our future careers. It was a piece of mischief of a kind not uncommon in those days, regarded by the faculty as heinous to the uttermost point, and for which no punishment could be too severe, but held in proportionately high esteem by the students because of its extreme peril. Brilliant success was crowning our efforts, when an act of imprudence brought disaster. Suspicion was aroused, watch was set, and Frank was seized red-handed. Great pressure was put upon him





*Francis Minot Weld when at Harvard University*  
Freshman Year



*Francis Minot Weld when at Harvard University*  
Senior Year





## AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

to name his fellows in crime. With resolute loyalty he refused, but of course X and I surrendered ourselves. The learned professor, Frank's captor, now had the conspiring trio at his mercy. But the mercy was lacking. To our entreaties he firmly replied that it was his 'duty' to report us, and to our unutterable consternation he seemed conscientiously to hold this unreasonable view. The slow days lingered by without bringing a conclusion, until at last an hour for a really final hearing was set. Our quaking knees seemed hardly able to carry us up the stairs to the Professor's room in old Massachusetts. Before going we had carefully arranged our several roles. I was to endeavor to argue and to urge; Frank was to appeal, to seek to touch the sympathetic chord; X, less gifted of tongue, was simply to punctuate our remarks with words of approval,—as in parliament they cry 'Hear! Hear!' I recall the scene now with amusement. Frank played his part to perfection. He spoke with genuine pathos; his voice had a beseeching tremor; his gravity was supernatural; his eloquence was affecting, as he spoke of his future at stake, of his life already in danger of wreck just as it was beginning, even I myself, listening to his eloquence, was deeply moved, and felt that till that moment I had not fully appreciated the gravity of the situation. X meantime was somewhat overplaying his part, and producing alarmingly comical effects. He was a short youngster and plump; he had seen fit to plant himself sidewise in his chair with one leg thrown, not gracefully, over the other; he seemed to be aiming at a *dégagé* man-of-the-world attitude; and when Frank or I made what he deemed an impressive point, he gave forth unduly emphatic sounds indicative of approval, supplementing them, at moments not always discreetly chosen, with resounding slaps upon his leg. His conduct disquieted me much, but Frank appeared not to notice it.

"The Professor took our case under advisement. We went down stairs, solemn, silent, carrying an awful load of anxiety. But arriving at a safe distance from the room, Frank stopped short, turned to X and exclaimed, 'Oh, X! X! *How could* you behave so! I thought I should not be able to keep my countenance. Why did you grunt so? Above all, *why* did you keep slapping your leg?' And therewith he





## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

burst into peals of inextinguishable laughter. And here was Frank as he was in college; gravity and seriousness, laughter and humor rubbing elbows always and jostling each other in his vivacious nature. It may be added that the Professor let us go, at last; and said that his action was due to Frank's appeal. He ever after had loyal friends in us.

"Frank was really a very picturesque personality and very attractive. For one so young and unassuming he achieved a very noteworthy popularity. From all that I have heard and from the little that I personally saw and knew, the same could be said of him in later life."

In Frank's days college life was simple indeed. Such students as were well off usually hired a chore-man to black their boots, make their fires, and carry water, which everyone had to procure from the college pump. In the yard between Hollis and Stoughton was the only source of supply for the undergraduates. The majority of the students, however, did their own chores, and in the adherence to certain class customs, many a lively scene took place when the Freshmen went to fetch water. Frank used to relate with amusement his difficulties, when, during his first year, pail in hand, he sallied forth to the pump. It frequently happened that, no sooner had he filled his receptacle, than he would see an upper class man hurrying toward him with threatening mien. He knew that safety lay only in instant flight, and dropping his pail, he would rush for his doorway, leap inside and slam the door behind him—not an instant too soon! The bang of the door was always immediately followed by the sound of his own bucketful of water being dashed against his barricade by his pursuer. Woe to the unfortunate Freshman who was not alert enough to escape the undesired bath!

The college pump itself suffered at the hands of the students. When life would seem altogether too tame to some excitement-loving youngster, he would creep up to the pump under the cover of darkness, quickly and silently plug up its mouth and pack a charge of gun powder in the top. Then he would light a fuse and escape, while the explosion awoke the sleeping authorities to the realization that another of those peace-disturbing students had been up to mischief. In spite of



## AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

the fact that this deed invariably brought much inconvenience to the perpetrator, as well as to others, through the consequent cutting off of the water supply, the pump was blown up a number of times.

During his Freshman year at Harvard Frank roomed on the north side of Hollis, in room No. 1, looking out toward the green. The second year he was in Massachusetts dormitory, in No. 7, on the first floor. As a Junior, he returned to Hollis, being then in No. 6. During his last year in college he was established in No. 24 Holworthy, which building was reserved for the Seniors.

At that period it was the custom for a tutor to live in each dormitory, in a corner room on the second floor. In the room below him lived a student, usually a Freshman, who acted as messenger for him, summoned to him such students as required admonitions, carried communications to them, and in various ways assisted him. In return the Freshman received his room rent free, and was generally known as "So-and-So's Freshman"—referring to the tutor. The President, in like manner, had a Freshman messenger, who was termed the "President's Freshman." He had certain emoluments and privileges in return for his services.

The college buildings in existence in 1856 were University Hall, Holworthy, Stoughton, Holden Chapel, Hollis, Harvard Hall, Massachusetts, Dane Law School, the President's old house, and the old Library known as Gore Hall. Students went to chapel in University Hall, and here, in order to prevent fighting and pushing between the two lower classes, the Freshmen and Juniors were obliged to enter by one flight of steps and the Sophomores and Seniors by another.

The Reverend James Walker, a Unitarian minister, was President until 1859, when Cornelius C. Felton, professor of Greek, succeeded him.

Frank took his meals at a boarding house on Mt. Auburn Street kept by Mrs. Willard, a fine, cultured woman, who had an excellent table, for which she at first charged \$4 a week and later, \$4.50. Her table had the reputation of being the best in Cambridge. "She really gave us unusually good meals," Frank said many years later. "Her potted pigeons were delicious and a favorite dish with us hungry





## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

youngsters. So good were they, that, after she had served each of us with a whole pigeon, it was not an unfrequent occurrence for some of us to ask for a second helping. I remember that even then I used to think it too bad that we fellows were so greedy, when the good woman was actually out-doing herself in even giving us a chance at a whole bird each. It was no small task to provide sufficient food for our appetites. Oh, how we boys *did* eat!"

While he was in the army, Frank wrote regularly to Mrs. Willard, with whom he was a great favorite.

During the years in which Frank was at Harvard, the number of men in each course was small enough to make it possible for the instructors to come into personal touch in the class-room with each man. They had the inspiring instruction of such professors as Asa Gray, E. W. Gurney, Benjamin Pierce, C. C. Felton, Louis Agassiz, James Russell Lowell, Francis J. Child, and Frederick D. Huntington, and of such tutors as W. W. Goodwin, E. A. Sophocles, Charles W. Eliot, James Mills Pierce and George Martin Lane.

In 1856 an entering wedge was secured for the modern "Elective System" when French was made an elective subject in the Sophomore year; mathematics could be dropped in the Junior year; while as Seniors, the students were only required to take Philosophy, Physics, History and Logic, while they were offered nine electives. Nevertheless, they usually studied as advised. The final rank of each student was determined by the sum total of his recitation marks, from which was deducted the sum of the marks he had lost by his absences.

The College Choir, and the Harvard Glee Club, which were organized in 1858, provided the musical pastimes of the College. From the Choir good voices were selected for the Glee Club which gave occasional evening serenades.

In 1858 Dr. Follen's Gymnasium was established and much frequented. In addition to the in-door sports of boxing and fencing, the out-door sports of baseball, cricket, football and boating were very popular. The football of those days was, however, very different from that of the present. On the famous annual afternoon of the Foot-ball Fight the class of 1860 in its Freshman year won two out of three



## AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

games against the Sophomores, a record never made by any other class. It gave '60 a great reputation, which distinction was afterward maintained by a somewhat unruly and stormy career. "Of this renown we were not a little proud," says one of Frank's classmates, "and we rejoiced to hear that when we graduated, the Faculty breathed a sigh of relief at having got rid of the class which had given them more trouble than any other! We were young enough to regard this as a high encomium."

At that time the College Navy consisted of one four-oared, three eight-oared, and eight six-oared boats including the race-boat "Harvard," which won two first prizes in Boston regattas in the summer of 1857. There was a good deal of rivalry between the collegians and a set of Boston men, who had not gone to college. The latter established the Beacon Boat Club, afterward absorbed in the Union Boat Club, whose crews raced with the College crews. The races took place on the Charles River, and the start was made from a point about opposite Otter Street, to what is now Charlesgate East, where the boats turned around a flag  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the starting point. Having to turn was a disadvantage, but it served to show the skill of the crews and also enabled the spectators to have the pleasure of seeing both start and finish. The boat races were great events, festive, exciting, and usually satisfactory to Harvard. It was the custom of those living in houses with level roofs within sight of the course to invite their friends to view the race, and "roof invitations" were much prized. Harvard "*always*" beat Yale in those days, and the champion oar, Caspar Crowninshield, the hero of the Class of '60, who pulled stroke, left a reputation which survived through many years.

One of the regulations of the College was as follows: "On Sabbath, on Exhibition days and on all public occasions each student is required to wear in public a black coat with buttons of the same color." This explains some of the admonitions recorded below in the extracts from the records of the Parietal Committee.

In his report of the class printed in 1880, Dr. Weld speaks of the unusual confidence felt by the Faculty in the Class of 1860, in these words:





## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

"Among the many proofs of esteem shown the Class by the Faculty, perhaps the most remarkable was the intrusting to our care, in November, 1859, the Records of the Parietal Committee.\* That this confidence was not misplaced is shown by the fact that they have been carefully preserved up to the present time. The entries evince the unwearying attention shown us by our friendly rulers. A few extracts will be ample proof.

"September 20, 1858, Bradlee, Jarves, Morse, R. G. Shaw and O. F. Wadsworth were admonished for smoking and Magenis for talking from a window.

"October 4, Doe and Weed, for wearing speckled coats, Wade for being asleep in chapel, and Wetmore for dressing at prayers.

"October 11, Willard for smoking, and G. W. Weld† for wearing a light-colored coat.

"November 15, Copeland and Knapp for having a noisy room and throwing water, and Towle for shouting, and dressing at prayers.

"November 22, Haslett, Munson and Perkins for being late at chapel, and December 5, Driver for the same offence.

"December 13, Webber for snow-balling, and, January 3, 1859, Pringle, Cole and Eustis for following Webber's bad example.

"March 7, Howland polluted the college yard by smoking, and March 14, Crowninshield and Whittier were equally regardless of decorum.

"As the term goes on, Johnson and Clapp recline at prayers; Thomas and J. W. Hunnewell smoke; Niles and Hayden are noisy; Wade sleeps again in chapel; S. M. Weld‡ casts reflections into recitation rooms; Young and Weston make a noise in entries; Mills brings an umbrella into chapel; Spaulding and Wheelock group and sing uproariously; Fox, Phillips, Copeland, Munson and Palfrey group on the steps; while Whittier, Mudge, Morse, Spaulding and Woodward

\* The Parietal Committee consisted of the younger tutors and the proctors. A parietal admonition cost the unfortunate victim eight marks, and paved the way for the more serious "private" which cost thirty-six marks.

† Frank's cousin and room-mate, George Walker Weld.

‡ Frank's cousin, Stephen Minot Weld.



## AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

sit on the steps and call up to the windows; Shippen, Palfrey, Wetmore and Furness sing noisily; and F. M. Weld, Palfrey and Pringle, shout loudly in the yard.

"The next term begins with smoking by Willard and H. L. Abbott, and throwing of water by B. F. D. Adams and Doe; which Russell and White followed by singing late in the evening.

"Then many engage in a procession, while S. M. Weld exhibits Chinese lanterns from his windows; Mackintosh is noisy, and Wheelock plays in study hours; Copeland and Parsons yell; and Mills wears a parti-colored coat.

"These meagre extracts from a vast fund of information give a clear idea of the contents of these interesting volumes. *Ex uno disce omnes.*"

It is interesting to note that this lively class in later years furnished more members to the Board of Overseers of Harvard University than any other single class. Five of the graduates of 1860 assisted in governing their Alma Mater, and three of these were serving in office at the same time, as can be seen by the following:

George Everett Adams, Chicago, Overseer, 1892-1904.

John T. Morse, Boston, Overseer, 1879-1891.

Francis Minot Weld, New York, Overseer, 1882-1889.

Stephen M. Weld, Boston, Overseer, 1888-1898, 1899-1911.

Edmund Wetmore, New York, Overseer, 1889-1901, 1902-1908.

Each spring the college gave in University Chapel an Exhibition in which the students took part by giving Orations, Disquisitions, Dissertations, etc., of which many were of their own translation. Some were original compositions and others were translations into Latin or Greek. In the Order of Performances for May 3, 1859, are noted, among others, the following: A Latin Oration, "Insulae Ionio in Magno," by William Everett, of Boston; A Greek Version, from Caleb Cushing, "Union and Independence," by William Sumner Appleton, of Boston; A Dissertation, "Governor Winthrop," by Ezra Martin Tebbets, of Lynn; A Disquisition, "Douglas Jerrold," by James Schouler, of Boston; A Dissertation, "The Supernatural as the





## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

Complement of Nature," by Albert Stickney, of Cambridge; A Greek Dialogue, from the Pickwick Papers (the letter scene) by William Gardner Colburn, of Manchester, and Francis Minot Weld, of Jamaica Plain.

At the Commencement Exercises of Frank's class in 1860, he delivered an Essay entitled, "Intellectual Laborers of the Mine and of the Mint."

He says of his class, "We graduated with one hundred and eight members, besides having thirty-eight temporary members, and at its graduation it was the largest up to that date in the history of the University, and, with the exception of the class of 1863, which numbered one hundred and seventeen, it remained unsurpassed in size until 1870." Frank's class always went by the name of "The Soldier Class," as it sent to the Civil War a large number of its members, some of whom joined the Union, others, the Confederate ranks.

After Frank graduated from Harvard College, he entered the Harvard Medical School in September, 1860. It was at this time that the following letter was written. Miss Adeline May was the eldest daughter of the well-known Abolitionist, Samuel May of Leicester, Massachusetts. Frank was a frequent visitor in the fine old mansion, where he was much beloved and was looked upon as a member of the family.

TO MISS ADELINE MAY, LEICESTER, MASS.

*Jamaica Plain, Sept. 23, 1860.*

DEAR MISS ADIE:—I ought to have written you long ago, but the fact is that I did not get home till some time after your last letter reached Jamaica Plain, and so could not write to Canada with any certainty as to my letter's hitting you, and concluded to wait till your return home. Since then I have been very busy, to be sure, but then that is no excuse and, in fact, I can only cry: "Peccavi!"

I was not at all disappointed on receiving your last note, strange as it may seem to say so. My case was just this. After coming home from a stay at Dalton of three weeks and having been to the races before that, I felt as if I had had all the fun I deserved, and felt that it was hardly the thing to speak about going away again, particularly as I



## AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

had a good deal to do here. So I was trying to make up my mind to give up my Leicester trip and feeling quite uneasy about the matter when I received your letter, which I forgot to say, Uncle did not think to give me for two or three days after I came home. You can understand just the kind of relief it gave my mind, inasmuch as the vexed question was settled by it. In the future I hope to enjoy enough at Leicester to make up for the loss of this visit.

I am very much obliged to Russell for caring so much about seeing me. You must let me know whether he has begun his school in Roxbury.

I am deeply mortified as well as very sorry that I should have been so careless as to let slip the opportunity of sending something to Edward, especially as I feel convicted in my own conscience of having failed in my duty with regard to writing to him. I know just how I should feel were I in his place, and I have yet written but once. I am engaged now on a letter which I trust will carry joy to his heart. There will be a detailed account of all college matters—of the Worcester races—of my visit to N. H.—the Wide Awake Club to which I belong, and political matters in general—and of the Medical School—thus bringing matters up to the present date and atoning as far as possible for my past neglect. May I trouble you to send me the address once more, as I have been looking over your letters, but did not find it.

We have quite a company of Wide Awakes here. Steve, George and I belong to it. We got it up last week and turned out sixty torches the first night (last Friday) when we went over to Dorechester to hear Geo. S. Hale, George Sumner, and John A. Andrew. There was a great mass meeting on Meeting House Hill,—five or six thousand, it was said. It was one of the most beautiful sights I ever witnessed. There must have been over a thousand Wide Awakes, all with torches and lanterns of different colors, ever so many transparencies and lots of fire-works. Then there was a great brass cannon which they fired off every three or four minutes. The latter interfered somewhat with the speaking, as you can imagine, but as it showed the right spirit, I didn't object.

You must all be very much pleased at the nomination of Mr. Andrew. It was a step in the right direction and, as far as I can judge,





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

to the right extent. My political opinions, of course, are not entirely settled, but, as well as I am able to decide at present, he represents my feelings and takes the ground I wish to. I certainly did not expect that the party would have the courage to nominate such an out-and-out anti-slavery man—one so uncompromising and out-spoken. I feared that the fact of his being so prominent in advocating the passage of the law against slave-hunting in Massachusetts would be enough to frighten them, not to speak of his having presided at the John Brown meeting. But it shows how near right the heart of the people is and how strong is the anti-slavery feeling. It fully and finally decided me, for the present, at least, to be satisfied with the Republican party, which I felt before, or rather feared, was a little too timid. And what a comfort there is, too, in voting for a man whose integrity is above all suspicion; whom not even his bitterest political enemies have ever accused of dishonesty or meanness! I cannot vote for him this year, but I hope to next year, and next, and next, and as often as he will accept a nomination for any office.

Our Wide Awake uniform consists of a black cape, black cap with red stripe, and lantern with red, green and white glass.

I am very much obliged to you for trying to save my credit with Edward by sending my photograph. What must he think of me? You shall have another on the first opportunity.

With much love to all, and a kiss for my little Bessie, who, I am afraid, will be big before I see her again, I remain,

Your affectionate cousin, F. MINOT WELD.

Frank's admiration for John A. Andrew was entirely justified, for in the character of that statesman were many admirable and lovable qualities. The great esteem with which Mr. Andrew was regarded in Massachusetts was confirmed when he was elected governor in 1860 by a majority larger than that given to any of his predecessors. In this capacity he continued to serve his State with untiring loyalty and efficiency until his death in 1867.



CHAPTER III

THE CIVIL WAR

IN THE NAVY

FOR years the Abolitionists had been working ceaselessly for the freedom of the slaves. A notable group of men and women, among whom were Harriet Beecher Stowe, Angelina Grimké, Wendell Phillips, R. W. Emerson, W. L. Garrison, and Theodore Parker, of whom the last four lived in or near Boston, upheld anti-slavery with voice and pen in words of fire and eloquence which still live in the annals of history. There was almost constant discussion and excitement over abolition during the years when Frank was a young man.

"You cannot realize," exclaims Frank's sister, Mrs. J. F. Carret, "how deeply we were stirred in those days! Only we who lived through it can appreciate our anxiety when those poor slaves tried to escape, and were hunted by their owners in our very midst! In some way the slaveholders discovered where the slave had gone. Then the Abolitionists would learn, by what means we never knew, that the slaveholders were on the trail, and they would conceal the fugitives until the hunters had abandoned the search. On account of the Fugitive Slave Law,\* which permitted the capture of negroes who escaped and who were regarded as merely property, it was a serious offense to hide one of them. Discovery of the offender meant a heavy fine or imprisonment. Many of the slaves were very intelligent and good workers. I remember that one day Uncle Stephen Weld, who was on the Governor's Council, returned from a trip to Boston and told us that he had seen chains stretched across State Street. There was some disturbance about escaped slaves."

This may have been in 1851, when heavy chains were thrown around the Court House. A negro named Sims had been taken, and it

\* A section of the Omnibus Bill referred to earlier in the biography.





## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

was feared that an attempt would be made to rescue him, as was the case when Shadraeh, a negro waiter at the Cornhill Coffee House, was arrested as a fugitive slave.

The Underground Railroad was a widespread secret organization. By means of this the Abolitionists were able to obtain information and to aid in the escape of the slaves, who were passed along from station to station—places of concealment in attic or cellar. There were many people in the North who believed that slavery could not be abolished—that it was a question for the South to settle. When, however, the slaveholders searched Northern territory for their property, even those who were usually indifferent became indignant and often aided the negroes in eluding capture. There was good ground for the belief that the Fugitive Slave Law was unconstitutional, as the United States Constitution had provided that “no person shall be deprived of his liberty without due process of law.” Nevertheless, the escaped slaves were deprived of their liberty without seeing judge or jury.

To be an Abolitionist required a good deal of courage, even in the North. In Boston, in 1853, William Lloyd Garrison endured mob violence for his advocacy of “the dangerous doctrine that all men are created equal.” Many sacrificed all worldly advantages and were even ostracized by their friends on account of their devotion to the cause of the slaves. In Frank’s day ridicule and abuse were frequent, yet, in spite of this persecution, Garrison, Phillips, Parker and others, undaunted, were fearlessly addressing audiences and hammering away against slavery. Lincoln crowned their unselfish labors when he issued his great, humane document—the Emancipation Proclamation.

A certain restless and violent element among the Southerners decided that the election of Lincoln, on account of his abolition principles, would in itself be a cause for war. In December, 1860, when his election appeared to be beyond doubt, South Carolina passed an ordinance of secession on the 20th of that month, the states of Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia and Louisiana seceded in January, and Texas followed in February. The active secession element persuaded the deserting states to elect State Conventions, and through the control of these conventions, the secessionists, without asking the



## IN THE NAVY

consent of the voters, formed a new government under the name of the Confederate States of America, with Jefferson Davis and Alexander H. Stephens acting as President and Vice-President.

The Inauguration of Lincoln took place on March 4, 1861. During the general uncertainty regarding the policy of the President and his Cabinet of untried men, an event transpired which finally determined the course of the nation.

Fort Sumter, a strong Union fortification at the mouth of Charleston Harbor, S. C., had been holding its position under the watchful eye of Gen. Beauregard, who was in command of the newly built Confederate forts and batteries at Charleston. Major Anderson, who commanded Fort Sumter, was not permitted by the Government—then under the Presidency of Buchanan—to fire upon the surrounding forts nor to receive supplies by sea. His garrison had but few provisions and surrender seemed near. Finally Lincoln became President, and, early in April, he ordered a relief fleet sent from New York with supplies for Fort Sumter. Upon receipt of this information, the Confederate batteries at once attacked Fort Sumter and bombarded it incessantly for thirty hours. The garrison of the fort defended it staunchly. When the supply of cartridges was exhausted the men made more cartridge-bags from their shirt-sleeves. At last the food gave out. Forced thereby to surrender, Major Anderson did so on the condition that the rebels salute the Union flag, and on April 13, 1861, he and his brave men marched out of the fort to the sound of fife and drum, while a hundred rebel guns saluted the stars and stripes.

The fall of Sumter dispelled all hope of a peaceful settlement. It was the signal for war between North and South.

This significant event caused great excitement throughout the North, and when, on April 15, President Lincoln issued a proclamation calling for 75,000 volunteers, 91,816\* responded. The States and patriotic individuals sent an abundance of money and supplies.

Owing to Gov. Andrew's foresight and initiative in gathering and equipping troops despite all scoffers and many difficulties,

\*Phisterer. *Statistical Record of the Armies of the United States* (New York: Charles Scribners' Sons, 1883), page 3.





## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

Massachusetts was prepared. Exceeding her quota of 1,560, she sent 3,736 men to the support of her standards. The historic Mass. Sixth Regiment was dispatched on April 17, and, after fighting with a secessionist mob while passing through Baltimore, entered Washington on the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, the first armed rescuers to reach the endangered Capitol. Gov. Andrew believed in the value of the negro as a soldier. It was he who organized the famous 54th Mass. Infantry, colored, of which the colonel was Frank's classmate, Robert Gould Shaw.

By June, 1861, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas had joined the seceding states. The people who lived in the western part of Virginia refused to leave the Union and formed a separate state which they named West Virginia.

Frank was very anxious to take part in the Civil War, but his uncles, Dr. Christopher Minot Weld in particular, feared that he was not strong enough to stand the hardships of army life and refused to allow him to enter it. So great, nevertheless, was his desire to aid in the liberation of the slaves that his Uncle Doctor—as he was called—finally gave his permission on condition that Frank should continue at the Medical School, fit himself for the position of Assistant Surgeon in the Navy and pass the examinations for it with credit.

In April, 1862, Frank went to Philadelphia to take his examinations for the position of Assistant Surgeon. So great was his fear that he would fail that he told no one except Uncle Doctor of the object of his trip. In the following letters to him Frank depicts with much feeling and humor the ordeal which he endured.

*Philadelphia, Apr. 23rd, 1862.*

DEAR UNCLE:—The second day's examination is over, and I still live. I feel perfectly sore all over. I did much better to-day than yesterday—to-day I was not at all excited, for I was perfectly desperate, and only cared to show that I wasn't quite such an ignoramus as I showed myself yesterday. I did very well in *Materia Medica*, much to my own surprise. On Surgery I did reasonably well to-day, but poorly yesterday. On Theory and Practice I did just respectably and





*Francis Minot Weld*  
*Asst. Surgeon on the Monitor Nantucket*





## IN THE NAVY

no more. On Physiology I did perfectly well. Chemistry was not quite such a success as I anticipated, as Dr. Wilson asked me a great many tests, some of which I had forgotten, and others I never knew. I told him the majority of what he asked. Medical Jurisprudence was rather a slump. On Anatomy I began splendidly and then made one most ridiculous mistake. That was yesterday after I had been examined four hours steadily, and I was so tired I could hardly see or stand, much less think.

I expected at the end of each hour to-day (they spell each other, taking an hour at a time) that I should be told that I had better come again in June or something of that kind, intimating that they were disgusted. The only encouragement I have is that I am to report next Monday for dissections and operations, so that I have done better than five out of the first twelve at any rate, as that number fell through before they got to the operations. I was taken into the Hospital to-day and put all round the wards, and diagnosed with five minutes' questioning about a dozen different cases and think very likely they were all wrong. I am dead sure about one case of hypertrophy of the heart with aortic and mitral insufficiency—the others were all chance.

If they pass me they must have had a pretty stupid set to examine, that's all—I don't see how they can though. I made some pills not quite so large as those I showed you.

*Philadelphia, Apr. 24th, '62.*

MY DEAR UNCLE:—I will give you a little more minute account of my examination than heretofore.

The first day of the oral examination I was called in at quarter before ten, motioned to a seat by Dr. Mayo, who began to question me on Theory and Practice, while the other three surgeons listened. He asked me about all the healthy and abnormal sounds heard in the thoracic region, their causes, nature, &c., and was exceedingly minute about the heart—the exact points of the chest where the different valves are situated, &c. All that I did very well, as I had studied it over and over again. Then he asked me about Diabetes (I believe I had him there, *rather*), then variola, scurvy, purpura, the differential



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

diagnosis between the two latter, cholera morbus, and Asiatic cholera, and differential diagnosis, dysentery, and the treatment, medicines and doses in all with great minuteness. I did swimmingly till I got to scurvy; there I began to slump, and kept slumping at short intervals till I got to dysentery, when I picked up again. He didn't confine himself to Theory and Practice, but kept interspersing questions on Chemistry, such as the tests for corrosive sublimate; on Physiology, & on Anatomy. Then he began on Poisons, where I did poorly, then on Medical Jurisprudence, on which, to my own surprise I got along fairly. It was now eleven o'clock and Dr. Wilson asked me to come round to a seat near him. He began on Optics for about fifteen minutes, on the different theories of light, on refraction & reflection, mirage, &c., and then branched off onto Chemistry, which was pretty severe. He asked me all sorts of chemical tests and processes for three-quarters of an hour, and instead of making a great squirt, as I expected, I don't think I answered more than half his questions. Then he took me on Anatomy—the course of the aorta & its branches, of the subclavian and its branches, the ligaments of the elbow joint, bones of the upper extremity, muscles of the fore-arm, arteries of the fore-arm and hand, &c., &c., and then began on Physiology. That I knew all about, and he kept me on that till one o'clock. Then Dr. Greene took me—I was dreadfully tired and faint by this time, and could hardly think at all. Dr. Greene began on mechanics—the different mechanical powers, &c., the lever, pulley, inclined plane, and so on—This I had forgotten about almost entirely, and was so worn out that I couldn't use my common sense as usual. The consequence was that I appeared like a perfect ignoramus, Then he asked about all the different fractures, apparatuses, bandages & splints, & called in a man and made me apply splints and bandages for fracture of the leg, arm, clavicle, &c., till I was ready to drop. He kept up a running fire all the time I was bandaging, of questions on Anatomy & Surgery, till I was perfectly dizzy, & made some most absurd mistakes, that I saw the moment I was out of the room. The clock struck two, and I never was so glad in my life to have any hour come before. Dr. Greene is a perfect old tiger. He turned round to the other surgeons, and said, "Well,





## IN THE NAVY

gentlemen, do you want to ask the Dr. any more questions?" I felt my heart in my throat in a second, for I thought he meant they had got tired of trying to get anything out of me, and were going to drop me at once. They said, "Not till to-morrow," and he told me to come to-morrow at a little after nine.

I felt thankful enough and slept all the afternoon, & evening, & night. I felt like a wet rag—head ached—didn't eat any dinner or supper. Next day I began at half past nine with Dr. Greene on Botany—broke down pretty badly, then on Surgery again for an hour and a half. At eleven Dr. Shippen took me on Materia Medica, antidotes to poisons, & some Chemistry, and kept me till half past twelve. Then Dr. Wilson took me into the Hospital—made me diagnose cases, write a prescription, & make it up. Monday at half past eleven I report for operations. There is not the slightest chance of my passing—in fact, it is a perfect mystery to me that they have the patience to finish my examination.

I shall not know positively for a month or more, and so shall go to Washington at once, present my letters to Dr. McLaren, & apply for examination as a Cadet, understanding this to be in accordance with your wishes.

I send an account of my expenses since leaving home. You will see how much the unavoidable delays have cost. I am very sorry indeed to be a source of so much expense to you, but it cannot be helped. I have endeavored to be very economical, and on looking over my account, find hardly a single expense which could be avoided. I ought to have \$7.22 left, and have only \$6.56—leaving a balance of 66 cents which went in newspapers, blacking boots, penny post, &c. I shall have to ask you to send me ten dollars more, as the ticket to Washington is \$4.75—which will land me there with less than \$2.00 in my pocket. If I get the Cadetship I shall have to get as cheap a uniform as possible and after that my pay (\$30 a month) will support me. If I pass this examination, the uniform will be just as available, & I shall be able to repay you these last expenses you have incurred for me.

I hope it will not be inconvenient to send me the money, I would not ask for it, could it be avoided. I shall leave for Washington Tuesday morning.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

*Philadelphia, April 27th.*

MY DEAR UNCLE:—To-morrow at half-past eleven I report for the final trial. Tuesday morning, at ten, I leave for Washington. I have reviewed my Surgery pretty thoroughly, both in Druitt and in my notes of Bigelow's Lectures last Spring. I have also a couple of papers on Amputations issued by the Sanitary Commission, which I have read attentively, and I feel ready for the test. I cannot feel any hope of passing, but am not at all sore or disappointed about it. I can hardly understand myself the perfect composure with which I look forward to rejection. I suppose it is due partly to a feeling of intense relief that this long strain and care is so nearly through, and partly to a feeling of the deepest thankfulness that I was not dropped in the middle of the examination. That would have been indeed a disgrace, and at the end of the first day's examination I fully expected it. I never passed a more unhappy twenty-four hours, than between the end of the first and end of the second day's oral examination, with the single exception of my suspension. When I was told to report for operations, I was happy at once, for I consider it no disgrace to fail in such an ordeal, with so many competitors. I am contented that I have done better than at least a third of the applicants, for that proportion, as I wrote you, has, so far, failed to get to the last stage.

Give my love to Aunts Mary Ann and Margie and all the rest of the family. Tell Aunts Minot and Susan that I often think of them and shall write in a few days, but have been too busy hitherto.

*Philadelphia, April 28th.*

MY DEAR UNCLE:—At length I am through, and feel freer & happier than for the last two months, I can assure you. At quarter-to-twelve this forenoon I commenced. First I was told to amputate the large toe at the metatarso-phalangeal articulation. This I did readily enough, and Dr. Shippen said, "That is very neatly done." Then I was told to take up the posterior tibial artery near the ankle. That I succeeded in doing. Next came a series of questions on the amputations of the foot and ankle, all of which I answered. Then I amputated the forearm, and at the shoulder joint.





## IN THE NAVY

It was a running fire of questions all the time, about dressings and plasters, ligatures and rollers. After this Dr. Eilson said, "We had better let these gentlemen go now, hadn't we?" "Oh, no," said Dr. Greene. "Here's half a subject, nearly, left; we can't waste that. How many times have you been on, Dr. Weld?" "Four times, sir," said I. "That's not enough. Six times is the least possible. Just take up the femoral artery, will you?" So I did that, and then was questioned about Scarpa's triangle and the anatomy of the groin, and at half past one, the end came. "That will do," said he. "If you have passed your examination you will hear from the Naval Department." So I bid them all an affectionate farewell, and left with a light heart. Dr. Greene is a perfect old heathen on examining. My heart jumped into my mouth each time he asked me anything. Thank Heaven, it is all over. I did very well to-day, better than any other day. I think there is a bare possibility of passing, but no more.

I was examined nearly sixteen hours in all, and don't dread any other examination now. If a worse one can be got up, I should like to see it. At ten to-morrow I go to Washington. Much love to all.

*Washington, May 3d, '62.*

MY DEAR UNCLE:—I passed my examination this morning. I reported at 11 A. M., as ordered, and was handed a sheet of paper, and told to write an essay on any medical subject I pleased. I had just been examining a case of Scurvy in the Hospital this morning, and wrote a couple of foolscap pages on it. McLaren read it, and said I described it so well, that he thought I must have seen a case. I told him I had this very morning. Then he asked me all about Typhoid Fever, questioning pretty minutely as to treatment of the different symptoms. Then Dr. Holden commenced on fractures, dislocations, splints, etc. Then Dr. White took me on splints and bandages, bleeding, both venesection and arteriotomy, and a few other things & then announced that my examination was finished. The whole examination only took about two hours. They told me to wait in the ante-room a few minutes and I should receive a letter to the Surgeon-General. Dr. White then came out and gave it to me. I carried it to the S. G.'s office and



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

presented it. I was told to "wait" again, (that's a Washington word), and after a while received a letter stating that "You have been selected from among those approved by the Army Board of Medical Examiners as qualified for the position of Medical Cadet." I then signed a letter of acceptance and was sworn in. Then they told me to come Monday and I should receive my orders.

I received a letter from Steve to-day inclosing a request from Surgeon Warren of the 22nd Mass. and Brigade Surgeon Geo. H. Lyman for a Medical Cadet to be attached to that Regiment. This request was addressed to the Surgeon-General, and I presented it, asking that I might be sent. It would be too good to happen, and probably will not be done. They say they do not think they can spare one. So I shall very likely be put into some Hospital here or elsewhere. I was very much pleased and obliged to Steve for thinking of me, & taking so much trouble for me.

*Washington, May 7th, '62.*

MY DEAR UNCLE:—I just received yours of the 4th inst., advising me not to apply to Uncle William. It was too late, as I have already done so. After reflection I came to the conclusion that I should have done so at first, without writing to you. I felt that I had been the source of so great expense to you already this year (\$215.00), & that in your present circumstances, it would be a very serious inconvenience to you, to say the least, to furnish me with so large a sum as \$75.00, and that was as little as I could get along with. So I wrote to Uncle W. as I told you in my last.

I have not yet received any response, but could not expect one before tonight. I cannot leave till I receive a remittance, as I owe more for board than I have in my pocket. If I had been ordered hereabouts, it would not have been so, as I could have gone right into my position & waited till my uniform came. But now, as I am ordered to report at Wheeling for further orders, I don't dare to start till I receive my uniform, as I may be sent right into the interior, where it wouldn't reach me for a long time & at great expense. So I have to stay here till I get that, & in consequence, till I get a remittance. My board is a dollar a day, and to get along with that, I have to sleep in a room with





## IN THE NAVY

two others & one other in my bed. It is a large one & I am very comfortable; I only mention it to show that I keep my expenses at the lowest possible point.

I am very much obliged to you for your unfailing generosity, but shall feel much more willing to take it from Uncle William, if he is ready to give it me. I cannot bear to spend any more of your hard-earned money, if I can help it.

You can say at last that I am really in the army. I was disgusted to be sent to Western Virginia. That is the least interesting of all the departments. I expect I shall have to practice dodging round a stump. You know it is all guerilla-warfare there, & they shoot from behind trees. I presume I shall like it after I get used to it, though, & there is just as much good to be done there as elsewhere.

I am so sorry I shan't see you, and probably not Uncle Stephen. I must wait till I get some money though, from you or Uncle W., however long that may be.

Frank passed the examinations and ranked fourth among twelve applicants for the office of Assistant Surgeon. He received an appointment as Medical Cadet U. S. A., dated May 3, 1862. In the foregoing letter of May 7, he expresses his disgust at being ordered to West Virginia. We have no account of his activities there except the record of his serving in the Post Hospital at Grafton, West Virginia, from May 13 to June 17. We also know that he was for a short while Surgeon to the Sixth Virginia Volunteers.

Here we must pause for a moment to acquaint ourselves briefly with the condition, at that time, of the respective naval armaments of the North and of the South.

When the war broke out, the Naval Department at Washington sent orders to the Veteran Commandant of the Norfolk Navy Yard, Virginia, Commodore McCauley, to remove the steam frigate *Merriam* to Philadelphia and to prepare the remaining shipping and public property for removal from danger of seizure. As some of his officers expressed the opinion that such an appearance of want of confidence in the South would cause the immediate secession of Virginia from the



## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

Union, the Commandant hesitated to follow these instructions. The enemy took advantage of his hesitation, sent troops to the town of Norfolk and erected batteries opposite the Yard.

Finally Commander Hiram Paulding was dispatched from Washington on the *Pawnee* with orders to bring off the vessels in Norfolk Navy Yard, Virginia, and to destroy such stores as he could not remove. In the meantime, however, Commodore McCauley had scuttled the four ships, which included the *Merrimac*. The Southern officers at the yard resigned or deserted. When Commander Paulding arrived and discovered the course begun by the Commandant, he decided to complete the destruction. This work was not thorough, however, owing to the hurried arrangements, and few of the buildings were successfully burned. Thus many valuable stores fell into the hands of the enemy.

The South had great difficulty in building up a sufficient naval force. She was fortunate indeed in having secured possession of the Navy Yard at Norfolk with its valuable stores and also in controlling the Pensacola Navy Yard in Florida. The *Merrimac* (later converted into the famous ironclad which fought the *Monitor*) was raised and repaired, and other vessels were secured here and there. Thus a small navy was obtained which was never strong enough to engage on a large scale in naval battles, but was useful in harassing and injuring the sea-going commerce of the North.

On the 4th of March, 1861, the home Squadron of the Union consisted of twelve vessels, and of these only four were at Pensacola and four were returning from Vera Cruz. As fast as possible the distant vessels were recalled, those out of repair put into commission, and every available vessel under the flag, which had possibilities of usefulness, was purchased to increase the navy. The vessels were of every size and description, but some of the least promising did good service against blockade runners and many more than paid their cost by the prizes they captured. One of the richest of these prizes was taken outside Havana by a Fulton ferryboat. It was in blockading Southern ports and thus cutting off supplies that the Northern Navy performed the greatest service during the war. The number of vessels bought during the conflict was 418, of which 318 were steamers.





## IN THE NAVY

During the progress of the war other ships were built, among these a fleet of single and double turreted iron-clads, designed on an improved pattern of the first ironclad, the *Monitor*. It was on one of these, the *Nantucket*, that Dr. Weld served for eleven months.

In June, while in West Virginia, Dr. Weld received a commission as Assistant Surgeon U. S. A., bearing the date of May 22, and was ordered to the Naval Hospital at Chelsea, Massachusetts. There he studied gun-shot wounds. He was detached January 14, 1863, and ordered to the iron-clad monitor *Nantucket* then fitting out at East Boston. The *Nantucket* sailed for Port Royal, S. C., February 23, and on March 13, she joined her sister ships in North Edisto Inlet, an excellent harbor within 20 miles of Charleston Bar. By this time all arrangements had been completed for a concerted bombardment of Fort Sumter, on April 7, by the Union forces.

Dr. Weld served on the *Nantucket* in various attacks on Charleston and in blockade duty off Savannah, Georgia. This monitor carried one XV-inch and one XI-gun.

It is impossible for us, in these days of large and well appointed warships, to realize the discomforts of the monitor\* class of war-vessels. From a seaworthy point of view, they were considered unsafe, and it was difficult to enlist crews for them, although at the time of their construction they were supposed to be nearly invulnerable. While the *Nantucket* was being held for further orders at Brooklyn Navy Yard, many members of her crew came to Dr. Weld with all kinds of complaints about their health. Their fear of sailing farther in this strange kind of war-vessel was so great that they feigned various maladies and even toothache, in the hope of being ordered ashore to the hospital on sick leave. Naturally Dr. Weld readily detected the ruse. The number of the ship's company was 80.

While on leave of absence, Surgeon George Clymer of the frigate *Wabash*, wrote to Dr. Weld, under date of November 10, 1863, "How often I think of you, and of the hardships and privations that you have so long suffered in those iron sepulchres! Persons at home and at ease can little appreciate it."

\* See Appendix pages 238-240 for description of the monitors.



## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

Dr. Weld remained on board the *Nantucket* longer than any other officer. During his service on her he kept a Log which is here reproduced.

### SURGEON'S LOG OF THE U. S. IRON-CLAD STEAMER NANTUCKET

*February 28, 1863.*—Left the wharf at the upper end of the Charlestown Navy Yard, at 2 P. M. in company with the propeller *Charles Pearson* of Boston. The day was fair, water smooth, all was propitious. A bright moonlight night followed until about midnight, when an easterly gale set in, and we were forced to make for Provincetown Harbor, which we entered about 5 A. M. and came to anchor about a mile or two from the town.

*March 1.*—The gale still continued all day, and we lay at anchor. Was a little seasick last night, but feel very well to-day.

### TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*U. S. S. Nantucket, Provincetown Harbor, Mar. 1, 7 A. M., 1863.*

DEAR AUNT:—We put in here last night about two as an easterly gale came up. Feel first rate. Was rather uncomfortable, but not very sick. Lost my supper. Sail again in a few minutes. I send this by pilot. Excuse haste.

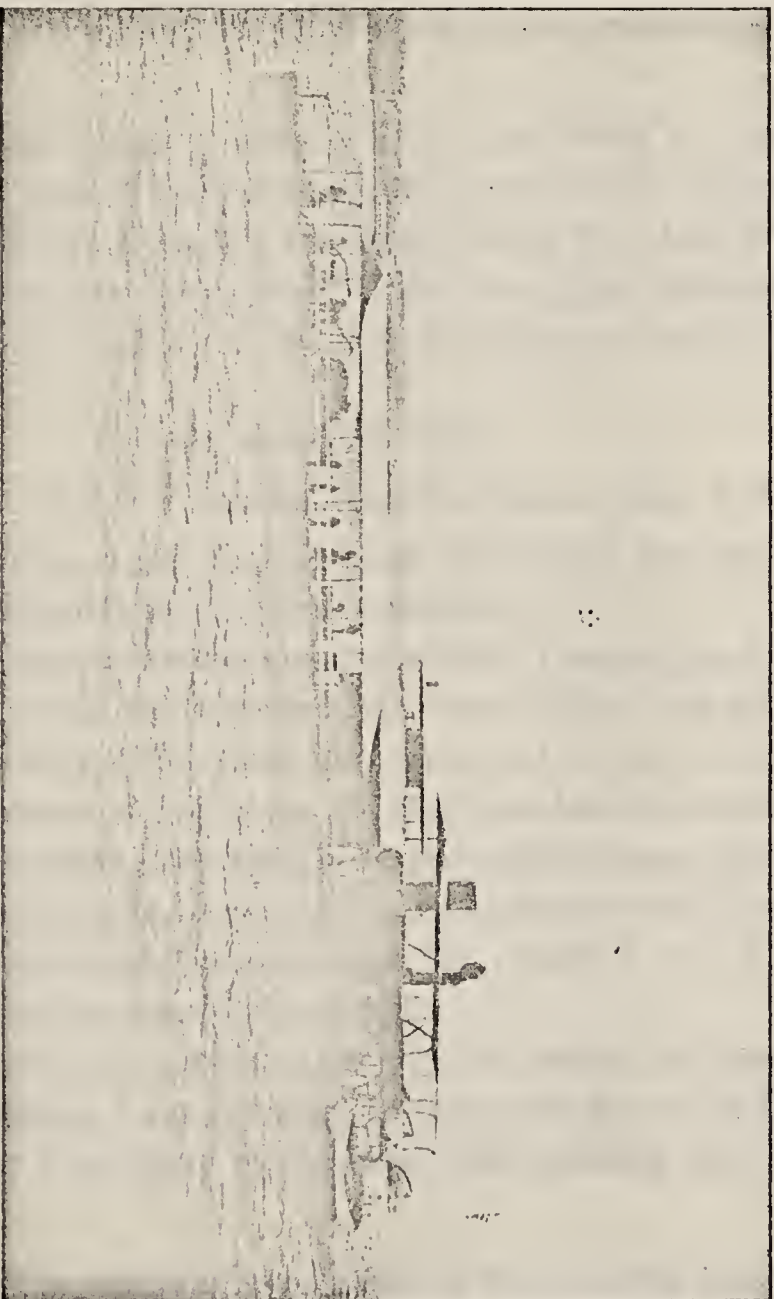
*March 2.*—The gale went down after midnight, and at 5 A. M. to-day we got under way. The weather was fair, sea smooth, & we made at times, eight knots. We doubled Cape Cod, and sailed down through the Vineyard Sound.

*March 3.*—Passed Block Island at 4 A. M. New London at 7 A. M. Made  $8\frac{1}{2}$  knots. Patrick Carroll, 2.C.F. came on the sick list yesterday with fever, furred tongue, severe pain in back, right shoulder, and leg. Probably acute rheumatism. Is worse to-day. Gave him a saline cathartic, alkaline mixture, Dovers Powder last night. Continue treatment with turpentine fomentations.

*March 4.*—Anchored off the New York Navy Yard at two A. M. Went over to the *North Carolina* in forenoon to see Luck. Found him







*The U. S. Monitor Nantuxet*  
Taken in New York Harbor, 1900. (The only picture obtainable.)



## IN THE NAVY

the same old joker. Six men on the list to-day. Went aboard the *Keokuk*\*, or Whitney floating battery. Much smaller and darker accommodations than ours, and altogether detestable. She has two stationary turrets with three port-holes—one eleven-inch gun in each turret—revolving on a pivot. We think she is not so formidable as our class of vessel.

*March 5.*—Went ashore in morning with Luck. Went to Central Park. Called on some friends of his in Thirty-fourth St.—dined at Bang's; went to Laura Keene's in the evening—Saw Mrs. John Wood for the first time for six or seven years. Took a late supper, and slept at the Howard House—Had a very pleasant day. Sent five men to Hospital.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*U. S. S. Nantucket, New York Harbor, Mar. 5, '63.*

MY DEAR AUNT:—I just received yours of the first, and you can imagine how I enjoyed the first word from home.

We got here very comfortably, at ten o'clock Tuesday night. We did not get settled till half past two. We were all that time getting our hawsers made fast. Our pilot was stupid and got on too much steam for the distance we had to go, and had it not been for a floating frame of heavy timbers, we should have gone right through the Receiving Ship *North Carolina* and sunk her, and ourselves too. It was a scene of great excitement for some time. Mr. Beardslee says it was the closest thing he has seen for a long while.

I have been very busy examining the crew and sending to Hospital those unfit for service. I am just going to carry over five to the Hospital. To-morrow I am going to Flushing. Shall probably stay here a week.

*March 6.*—Got a telegram from Saily in the morning that she would be at Mr. Swain's, 387 Pacific St., Brooklyn at 2 P. M. Met her there, lunched, and at 5 P. M. started for Flushing. Spent the night at the Franklin's. One man to hospital.

\* The *Keokuk* was a monitor-shaped ship but not an Ericsson model. She was more lightly armored than the regular monitors. (See illustration.)





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

*March 7.*—Came up from Flushing with Mr. & Mrs. Franklin & Nina at 9 A. M. Showed them over the ship—At twelve met Saidy, Miss Susan Swain, & Sylvester Swain at the Naval Lyceum, and took them over the vessel also. Went home with them, and dined at 6 P. M. Came back at 9 P. M. Sent one man to hospital. Stormy.

*March 8.*—Met Saidy & the other two at H. W. Beecher's—Heard a very good sermon—Walked home with them, & bid them good-bye, my leave only extending to 2 P. M. Went over to the *North Carolina* in the afternoon to see Luck, and to the *Western World* in the evening to see A. A. P. Husbands. At twelve started off with Acting Master Maies to find Lieut. Com. Beardslee—as a telegram from Washington required us to sail next morning. Found him at Mr. Betts', in Brooklyn, and returned with him at 4 A. M. Stormy.

*March 9.*—Weighed anchor at 10 A. M. & proceeded a short distance down the harbor. Anchored to wait for the *Florida* who was to tow us—Lost our anchor, and had to return for another. Finally started at 5 P. M. in tow of the *Florida*.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

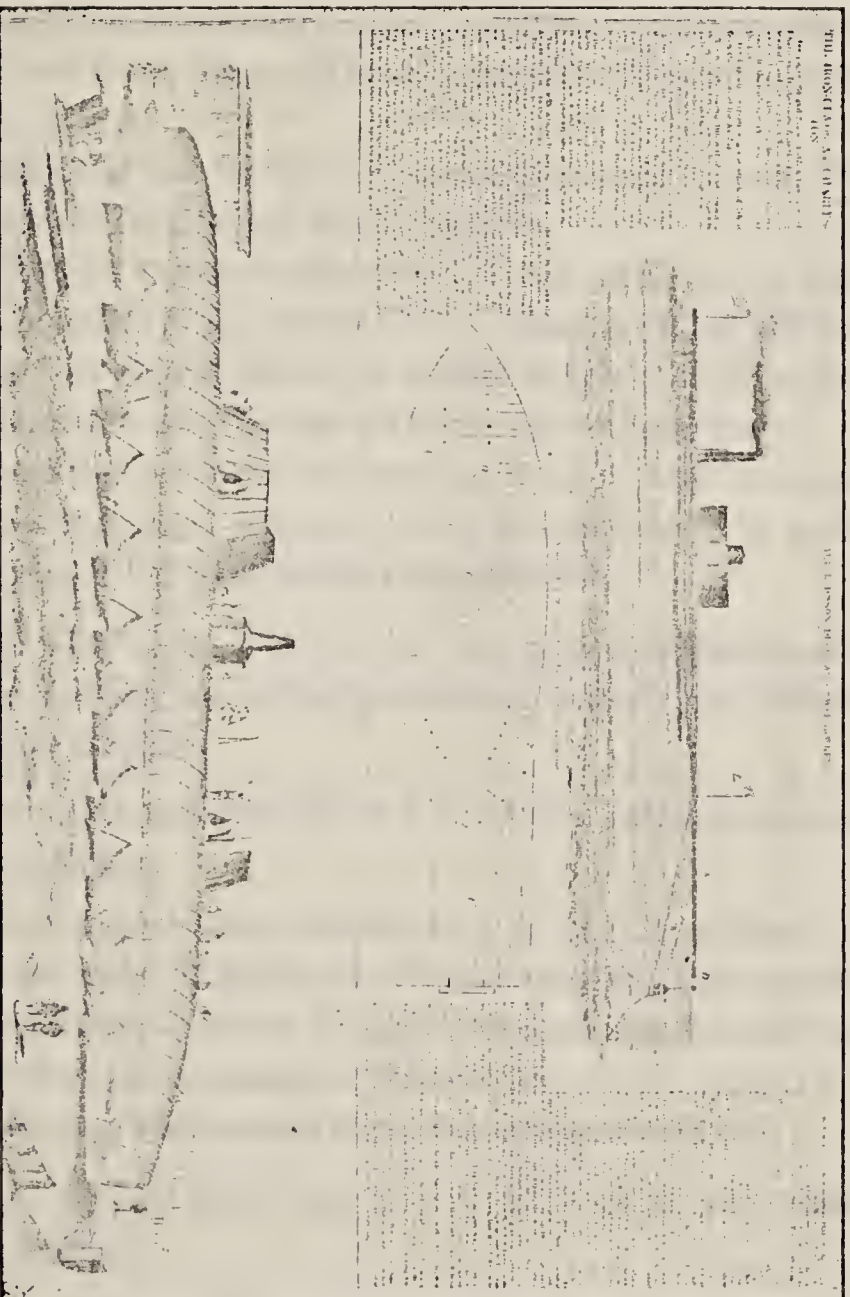
*U. S. Str. Nantucket, Inside Delaware Breakwater, Mar. 10th, 1863.*

DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—Here we are at anchor, to avoid another of those easterly gales, which continually spring up, when we put to sea. We left New York yesterday morning, but got delayed as I wrote Uncle Doctor by the pilot, and did not leave the harbor till 5 P. M. We steamed right along all night and day, till the gale came up this afternoon, and we anchored in here at about 6 P. M., to-day.

I had a splendid time in New York. The first two days I was very busy examining the crew, and sending off the sick to the Hospital, but the evening of the second day I got off to the theatre with my old friend Luck, whom I found on board the *North Carolina*. The next morning I got the telegram from Saidy, and met her at 2 P. M. She is looking very well, but in not very good spirits, I suppose, at my departure. She will get up again in a few days.



## *The Weehawken with Torpedo Raft*



Photographic copy  
by S. S. W. Blake

*The Ironclad Keokuk before launching*

By permission of  
The Independent, successor  
to Harper's Weekly





## IN THE NAVY

In the afternoon I went down to Flushing, and had a very pleasant evening at the Walters'. Mr. and Mrs. Franklin and Nina came up the next morning and went over the ship. Tell Aunt Nanny\* that they came out through the same port-hole that she did. They were all well. Tell her that Nina is not quite so stout, and Mary is a little taller than when I last saw them. They will have a chance to change more before I see them again.

My address now will be—*U.S.S. Nantucket*, South Atlantic Blockading Squadron, Port Royal, South Carolina.

That will do till I settle in Charleston. I expect to examine the city critically in a month or so, and if I like it, I shall buy it, or, still better, confiscate it. If I see any bijoux, or articles of vertu, I will send them home in charge of a corner-stone of the Southern Confederacy.

I shall send this ashore in the morning, if we lie here long enough. The stamp of this paper is not my taste. It was done so by mistake, and I took it at half price to oblige the stationer.

*March 10.*—At about 5 P. M. put into Delaware Breakwater to avoid a gale. Butted into an English schooner & nearly ran her down—Lay at anchor all night.

*March 11.*—Got under weigh at 1 P. M. the gale having abated. Ran  $6\frac{1}{2}$  to 7 Knots.

*March 12.*—Passed Cape Charles at 6 A. M. Cape Henry at 8. Made  $7\frac{1}{2}$  to 9 knots during the day. Passed Cape Hatteras at 8 P. M. Read 40 pages Smith's Minor Surgery—72 pages MacLeod's Surgery of Crimean War and a pamphlet "How a free people conduct a long war." Fair all day. Just passing Cape Hatteras now—8 P. M.

*March 13.*—Passed Cape Fear at 6 P. M. Fair all day. Read 70 pages of Bumstead.

*March 14.*—Arrived off Charleston at 1 P. M. Saw Fort Sumter, and counted seven spires in the city, which was plainly to be seen with a glass. Several rebel steamers were visible, puffing about. I trust we shall capture or destroy them in two or three weeks. Saw the *New*

\* His aunt, Mrs. Gardner Weld.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

*Ironsides*, an immense floating fortress with fourteen eleven-inch guns & two two-hundred pounder rifles. Reached Port Royal at — P. M. A gale sprung up during the evening, and we had quite a heavy sea. Till sundown the weather was beautiful, and water almost as smooth as a mill-pond.

March 15.—Lay outside last night, & came up to the Harbor this morning. Came to anchor at 10 A. M. near the Monitors *Catskill*, *Patapsco*, & *Weehawken*. The *Montauk*, *Nahant*, & *Passaic* were in sight, up a creek about a mile distant. The harbor is magnificent in extent. About a hundred and fifty vessels of various kinds are at anchor here. At least a thousand sail, & perhaps many more, could find safe anchorage and abundant room at once in this haven.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

U. S. S. *Nantucket*, Port Royal, March 15th, 1863.

DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—Here we are in good condition. We arrived outside last night, and lay to till 5 A. M., to-day. We then got under weigh again and got in about eight o'clock. The fleet here is enormous. I counted ninety-five sail at once in sight, and there are nearly two hundred altogether. The majority are transports, store ships, etc. We came to anchor at ten, close to three other Monitors, the *Weehawken*, *Patapsco* and *Catskill*, on which is my old coadjutor at the Hospital, Dr. Abbott. Dr. White is also in the vicinity, on the *Huron*. Then there is the 24th Mass., and part of the 1st Mass. Cavalry, among all of whom I expect to see many friends.

I find, or rather Captain Fairfax told me yesterday, that we should probably lie here three weeks, before the preparations for the attack were completed, while we heard in New York that we should scarcely reach here in time for it. When the blow comes, it will be irresistible, however. We have the *New Ironsides*, with fourteen eleven-inch guns, the size of our smaller one, and two two-hundred pounder rifles; the *Galena*, seven monitors, the *Keokuk*, or Whitney floating battery, a nondescript with two turrets, and two eleven-inch guns, and all the other vessels of the fleet besides.





## IN THE NAVY

The *Nahant*, *Passaic*, and *Montauk* are up a creek close by here, and our arrival completes the monitors, unless we wait for the *Lehigh*, now completing at Chester, Pa., I believe. She has been launched some time, but is not yet ready for sea.

Yesterday we reached Charleston at 1 P. M. We came to six or eight miles from Fort Sumter, while our Captain took a boat to communicate with Captain Turner of the *New Ironsides*, who commands the blockading fleet. Fort Sumter was plainly in view, and Charleston beyond. With the naked eye I could count four steeples, and with my glass, seven or eight. I saw several rebel steamers puffing busily about, but they didn't venture outside the harbor.

The day is a most lovely one, and warm without an overcoat. Last night I slept with only a sheet over me, and uncomfortable at that. I can hardly realize that it is only March. I saw the two Forts this morn.

*March 16.*—Yesterday afternoon I went on board the *Catskill* & met my old friend Dr. Abbott, who was with me at Chelsea. The *Catskill* is exactly like the *Nantucket*. This morning I went over to a floating machine shop with Mr. Brigham and Mr. Barton, 3rd Asst. Engineer. After dinner went ashore on St. Helena Island with Mr. McNary & Mr. Lervars, two other engineers on board. Found the 24th Mass. & met Charley Amory, Bob Clark, Lieut. Perkins, & others. Had a very pleasant time. Bought a lot of fine crabs for breakfast at a cent apiece, of some of the 10th Conn. who were fishing off the wharf:

After supper went aboard the *Weehawken*. Read two pages of "Memoirs d'une Aveugle" by Dumas and ten pages of Bumstead.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*U. S. Str. Nantucket, Port Royal, S. C., March 17, '63.*

DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—I have not yet had a word from home, except your very welcome letter directed to New York. I suppose some letters are lying at Fortress Munroe for me, and they may be forwarded to me. The next mail will probably bring me a number.

My extraordinary professional skill (or something else), has cured all the crew, and instead of twenty patients, I now have but two, and



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

they are not much sick. Consequently I have hardly anything to do, so I have improved yesterday and to-day in viewing the country round. Yesterday I went to St. Helena Island, and, with my usual good luck, popped right on the 26th Mass. I considered that doing pretty well, to hit on that regiment at the first go off, among thirty-five, scattered over fifteen miles in this vicinity. I saw Charley Amory, Bob Clark, Perkins of the class of '57, Capt. Rand of the 1st Cavalry, etc. Had a jolly time, of course. George Thompson had gone home the day before, much to my disappointment. Remember me to him, if you see him.

To-day I went over to St. Helena again, and made another visit to the 26th. Then I crossed to Hilton Head, saw a number of regiments there, dined at a "Resturant" where I had first, an oyster stew (uneatable), second, buckwheat cakes, (ditto, only more so), third, coffee, not so very bad considering where it came from. The damage for this Epicurean feast was only fifty cents, which was really less than I expected. It is not quite so bad here, as at A. Ward's hotel, where they asked a quarter for looking at the landlord, and fifty cents for speaking to him.

I made some acquaintances of course, among them a Capt. Toppan, of the 100th N. York a very gentlemanly, well educated man, and as black a Republican as I am. I got back to the wharf just as the steamer was casting off, and ran the whole length, some two hundred yards. When I reached her, she was six or eight feet off. I jumped on a pile, and from that to a chain hanging from her bow and climbed up. This is a little closer than at Potomac Creek, last December, when I had to jump up between two cars, after the train had started. If I had missed her, I should have had to stay on shore all night, which is a serious offense. It is strange how I always save my bacon.

Anything sent to me must be directed like my letters, and by Adam's Express. I should like to have you send me those dozen handkerchiefs, which I must have left, as I don't see them, also twelve yards of mosquito netting, if it is a yard wide and a proportionate quantity if wider or narrower. I am going to tack it up over my berth. The sandflies annoy us already.

The weather is about like our June, perfectly delightful, but if it is this in March, what will it be in July and August. Whew—— We are





## IN THE NAVY

going up in a day or two to Edisto, to watch something, or do something, or take something, nobody knows what. Everything is to be directed to Port Royal still.

I have written to George to get me one or two little things, and if you will be kind enough to advance the necessary funds for those, and the mosquito net, I shall be much obliged, and send it to you as soon as we are paid next time.

If you will ask Robinson for paper and envelopes you will find them very cheap and convenient, 25 for 29 cents, I believe, all stamped and ready for use. An occasional *Transcript* would be a great luxury.

*March 18.*—Was surprised this morning by a visit from Dr. Woolverton, of the *Wabash*, and Dr. White of the *Huron*. Had a very pleasant chat of an hour, when they returned. After dinner I went to the *Huron* & spent the afternoon with White. At seven P. M. he accompanied me back to the *Nantucket* and at 10 P. M. his boat called for him—and I bid him good-bye, after a most delightful day.

*March 19.*—Have staid on board perforce all day—as we were taking in coal, and I could not get a boat.

*March 20.*—Made arrangements to go on board the *Huron*, & spend the day, but discovered to my great disappointment, that she had gone to sea early this morning. So I shan't see my old friend White again for some time. Went aboard the *Wabash*, the flag-ship, and saw Dr. Woolverton. Also on the hospital ship, the *Vermont*, with a patient, Michael Fitzgerald, with possible Variocoele. Made the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson, another of my class,—he passed No. 6 in my class—Woolverton 7th. He is very pleasant & gentlemanly.

*March 21.*—Went aboard the *Wabash* & *Vermont* again—We got our first mail—I had a letter from Uncle Doctor—We weighed anchor to go up a neighboring creek, to try our guns, but it commenced to rain, and we returned to our anchorage. Read three pages in “*Le Poignan de Cristal*.” Know nothing about the story, but it opens very well.

*March 22.*—Captain Fairfax read services after muster, the first of either. Went ashore at one P. M. at St. Helena Island, and got Charles



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

Amory, Lieuts. Folsom, Ward and Sweet, and brought them aboard. Showed them over the ship, and carried them back at 7 P. M., after tea—Had a jolly time.

*March 23.*—Went aboard the *Wabash*, the flag ship, saw Dr. Woolverton—Also *Montauk*, & saw Worden.

*March 24.*—Went aboard the *Catskill* after dinner, and then accompanied Dr. Abbott to the *Wabash* & *Vermont*. Made a requisition for a few medicines—got it approved by Fleet-Surgeon Clymer, and then carried it to the *Vermont*. Brought Dr. Johnson back with me—He took tea with us, and we then went back to the *Vermont* in our boat which went after the mail. I also brought back my medicines.

*March 25.*—Got under weigh at 7 A. M. in company with the *Nahant*, *Weehawken*, & *Catskill*, and arrived at North Edisto Inlet at 3 P. M. Came to anchor half a mile up the river, with the other iron-clads, the *Weehawken*, Capt. John Rodgers, being the senior flag vessel. There is a beautiful little village on the North side of the River, about a mile from us. For the first time the watch were armed with muskets & cutlasses at night. Revolvers & ammunition were served out to the officers.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*U. S. S. Nantucket, At sea, Mar. 25th, 1863.*

DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—I ought to have cautioned you before, and do now, most emphatically, against communicating any information I may at any time write, of a military nature. Anything about the position, armament, or destination of a man-of-war is strictly private, and several officers have been court martialed in this harbor within the last two months, for writing home information which leaked out. In future I shall be very careful not to write anything definite about the military operations of this Department, as an order has just been issued by Admiral Dupont about it, and letters are sometimes opened, to make men careful. Then I consider it my duty to comply with this order, whether forced to, or not. I can only say now that we shall, at present, be near Edisto, S. Ca.





## IN THE NAVY

I saw Capt. Worden, on the *Montauk*, the other day. Went all over her, saw her shot marks, etc. which are not very serious. He is a large man, with light brown hair, and yellowish whiskers and beard.

We feel much safer from torpedoes than formerly, as some measures have been adopted which will probably diminish their efficacy.\*

My eyes trouble me somewhat now. I mention this to excuse the appearance of this letter, which I write in haste, on their account. I think this is owing to the tea, which has been as strong as lye. Two days ago I began to add two-thirds water to it, and feel a change for the better already.

Thank Hannah for her game, which will prove a great resource to all of us. I did not know till yesterday whence it came as I overlooked your little note.

*March 26.*—Went ashore in the afternoon with the Paymaster, Mr. Lewars, & Mr. McNary to get some oysters. They grow in great abundance on the bank of the river. They are fair sized, but very salt.

*March 27.*—Dr. Abbott of the *Catskill*, & Dr. Judson of the mortar schooners, came aboard. Weather fair.

*March 28.*—Went aboard the *Weehawken* in the morning with Mr. Maies & Starr. Got acquainted with Dr. Stein, the Asst. Surgeon aboard her. Very pleasant. Hungarian by birth. In afternoon, the 24th Mass., 10th Conn. & 56th New York Regts. came up the River on the *United States* & *Cahawba*. They landed on the North bank of the River, after the wood had been shelled by the *Nahant*, *Catskill*, and *Flambeau*. Went aboard the *United States* after supper with the Paymaster, Charley Amory's Company had gone ashore. Saw Lieuts. Sweet, Ward, & Wheeler. Went aboard the *Catskill*. Returned at 8 P. M. Pleasant.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*U. S. S. Nantucket, N. Edisto River, March 28, '63.*

DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—I opened my box day before yesterday, as I had become tired of waiting to feel blue, after trying a month. I never feel sad, when thinking of home and friends, but always look

\* Possibly this refers to the torpedo raft on the *Weehawken*.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

forward to the pleasure that awaits my return. I thought, too, that I might not have many more good opportunities to do it, when we were quietly at anchor, and there was little to do.

I wish you could have seen and heard me, when I was exploring it. I can't express to you how pleased I was, to find that so many friends had remembered me. It was almost the pleasantest afternoon of my life. I am very much obliged to you for your kind thoughtfulness in collecting and putting together the different articles.

Your selection of a knife was eminently appropriate to me as you seem to understand. I have not lost the one I started with yet, but expect every day to do so. In the meantime, I have stowed away the one you gave me "against I lose the other." The cribbage-board, too, I suppose I am to thank you for. It is a very pretty one, and I am very fond of the game, but unfortunately, I find it is a regulation of the Navy, that no cards shall be played on a man-of-war. So that, as well as the beautiful cards Aunt Marianne gave me, must rest quietly till some other time.

Don't repeat to anyone that we are here, where we shall probably remain for a week or ten days, at least. Several regiments of troops have arrived to-day, and landed under cover of fire of the *Flambeau* (a gunboat), the *Nahant* and the *Catskill*. They shelled the woods around to clear the way. It was a very pretty sight. The fifteen-inch fellow does make a noise, I can tell you.

I am well and cheerful as I ever was in my life.

*March 29.*—Rained all day. Being Sunday—no work was done and being rainy—no muster. Eyes weak but worked a little on my quarterly reports.

*March 30.*—Another stormy day. Wrote half a dozen letters—A mail went at 6 P. M. to Port Royal. Went aboard the *Weehawken* this afternoon with Mr. Beardslee on our gutta-percha raft—which works to a charm. It is rowed by eight men with four oars and steered by another oar—will carry seventy men. Had a long conversation with Dr. Stein who is very agreeable and intelligent.





## IN THE NAVY

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*N. Edisto River, March 30, 1863.*

MY DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—I wish to say a few words in private, to your note which came in the box, and so write two in reply to it. The other is for the public reading which nearly all letters receive in our family.

You can't imagine how much I feel your expressions of love and kindness, reading them when such a distance from home, so far removed from all persons and objects that I have ever felt any interest in before.

At such a moment as this, just before the great attack on the rebel stronghold, it is a peculiar comfort and satisfaction to have the assurance that you, my second mother, are not disappointed in my course up to the present time. I am painfully conscious of many shortcomings, but I can say with truth, that I have never failed in a sense of the respect, gratitude and love due to you. What of good there is in me, is almost entirely due to you and Uncle Doctor. The bad has all arisen in spite of your exertions and advice.

Whatever happens to me, in every hardship and danger, I shall feel happier to have had this assurance, that I have not repaid your kindness by making you unhappy.

I am resolved to go into no expense down here for luxuries of the table, which is about the only thing we can spend money for, and have opposed every such plan. I would much rather live on salt junk and hard tack than waste money on preserved meats and vegetables, which can only be bought here at an enormous and unreasonable expense.

*March 31.*—Rainy in morning—cleared off at noon—at 6 P. M. went aboard mortar-schooner No. 1 and saw Dr. Judson. Took him in, and went down to the *Catskill*—Got some *Veratrum viride* from Dr. Abbott. Returned at 7½.

*April 1.*—This morning about 3 o'clock a large light appeared some three miles up the river. Was visible at daylight, and at 7 o'clock smoke was still to be seen. We had no means of discovering the cause. Night before last two pickets of the 10th Conn. were wounded and a sergeant captured in Rockville, the small village just north of us. Had



## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

general quarters in afternoon. Fired our guns for first time. Both worked perfectly, and the concussion below is much less than we expected. Dr. Judson, of the mortar-schooners, came aboard, and took a five-o'clock dinner with us. I like him very much.

*April 2.*—Went ashore in morning with the Paymaster. We have dropped out towards the north of the river about a mile and are just opposite the encampment of the troops. We landed at the camp of the 24th Mass. Saw Capt. Amory, Lieuts. Ward, Perkins and Wheeler. Then started on a tramp to the pickets which led us thro' a sort of bridle path, a pretty wide one—through the palmettos. The day was beautiful, and I enjoyed it exceedingly. We were shown by the outside pickets a house just out in the open fields at the end of the woods where a rebel Alabama regiment with some cavalry and two pieces of artillery, (6 pounders), had come the day before, expecting to catch our pickets. The latter had been stationed there till the previous night and had then been withdrawn to the edge of the woods. Accordingly the rebels were regularly April-fooled. We returned at one P. M. and gathered some very pretty shells on the beach. On calling again at the camp of the 24th I found Charley Amory in the fever of a paroxysm of intermittent. He has one every little while.

When the boat came for us, the tide was so low that the boat could not get nearer than some twenty feet to shore. A couple of sailors came ashore to carry us off on their backs. The sand was very soft and my man lost his footing about half-way to the boat, and dropped me in the water. I jumped as he fell and only got wet to my knees. I then waded out alone, being as wet as possible. The Paymaster's man came very near falling, but just saved himself. There were a number of soldiers on the shore and the laugh was decidedly on me.

The Admiral came up from Port Royal about 5 P.M. in the *James Adger*. The *Patapsco* came up yesterday, the *Passaic*, *Montauk* and *Keokuk* to-day.

*April 3.*—Went aboard the *Weehawken* and saw Dr. Stein. Were coaling and taking in ammunition all day. Also plates were put over our magazine and boilers.





## IN THE NAVY

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*North Edisto, April 3d, '63.*

DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—Last chance to write before the fight. All will go right, I am sure. Love to Lucy and all. Goodbye, FRANK.

*April 4.*—Coaled, etc., all day. Pleasant, but windy—came very near running foul of *Keokuk*.

*April 5.*—Got under weigh at 7 A. M. While lying awake in my berth listening to the creaking of the anchor I heard a crash, followed instantly by cries of pain, and calls of "the doctor," jumped out, put on my pants and slippers and ran into the cabin. The hatch (iron) of the forward hatchway had got caught in the hawser of the tug, starting off suddenly dragged right over the open hatch, down which it fell into the anchor well, where eight men, including our Acting Master, Mr. Maies, were heaving up the anchor. It struck one man, Cogsley, on the left wrist, making a compound fracture of the radius, and dividing the radial recurrent artery—the radial itself, strangely enough, was not injured. He also had a contusion of left side but, probably no internal injury. I tied the recurrent and set the limb—the wound was two inches & a half by one and a half.

McNeil received a severe contusion of left knee, and in back—no bones broken—Dodd got a blow on right ankle—causing considerable ecchymosis and swelling.

All were sent aboard the *Powhatan* as soon as we arrived off Charleston—which we did at 1 P. M. Six monitors and the *Keokuk* came up when we did from North Edisto. The *Weehawken* came up afterwards. The *Keokuk*, drawing only six feet of water, went in over the bar, sounding for the channel before dark. She went within three quarters of a mile of where Battery Bee was supposed to be but was not fired on. We are at a loss to know the reason. I went aboard the *New Ironsides* and the *Powhatan*. On the latter I met Dr. Mayo. It is just a year last week since I was examined, and he was on the board. A year ago tomorrow I wrote my answers to the nine written questions. I had a very pleasant conversation with him. He was exceedingly kind and agreeable.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

April 6.—At 7 A. M. we got under weigh, and crossed the bar at 9½. The Captain made a speech, which was received with three cheers. We took up our place in line of battle in the following order.\*

We were signaled from the Flag-Ship to dine by eleven. It then grew hazy very fast, and the Fleet pilot, Small, the black who ran out with the *Planter*, and gave her up to our forces, was unwilling to proceed. So we lay in line about 3 miles from shore the rest of the day. Batteries and many soldiers, infantry mostly, were busily passing up & down the beach all day. Several shots were fired from Cumming's Point, apparently at the *Weehawken*, which lay nearest, but fell short. We shall probably go in early in the morning. We feel sure of success tho' the resistance will probably be desperate, and the batteries are said by the highest authorities to be the most powerful & numerous of any harbor in the world.

Regarding Small, the following account of him is taken from "The Atlantic Coast" by Daniel Ammen, page 65:

"A very interesting episode of the war was that of Robert Small, a slave and pilot of the *Planter*, carrying that vessel to the blockading force off Charleston. The account given is substantially the report of the flag-officer to the Department. The vessel was engaged in the transportation of ordnance and army stores. On the morning of the 13th of May, the *Planter* was lying at the wharf close to army headquarters, with steam up and the captain on shore. Small had the fasts cast off, and with a Confederate flag flying passed the forts, saluting them as usual by blowing the whistle, and passing beyond their line of fire, hauled down his flag and hoisted a white one just in time to avoid the fire from a blockading vessel. The *Planter* was armed with a 32-pounder pivot gun, a 24-pounder howitzer, and had on board four heavy guns, one of which was a VII-inch rifle, intended for a new fort on the middle ground in Charleston Harbor. Eight men, five women, and three children were on board the vessel. The flag officer remarked: 'Robert Small is superior to any who have come within our lines,

\* Order of vessels same as in the letter of April 8th.





## IN THE NAVY

intelligent as many of them have been. His information has been most interesting, and portions of it of the utmost importance.' Small afterward served most usefully and with great intelligence on the Southern coast as pilot throughout the Civil War, and later, for several sessions as a member of Congress from Carolina."

TO DR. CHRISTOPHER MINOT WELD

*U. S. Str. Nantucket, Off Cummings Point, April 8th, '63.*

MY DEAR UNCLE:—Yesterday was the first day of the fight, and I will give you a hasty and disconnected account. You must excuse all faults of expression, or writing, as I am very tired, and have written twelve pages to Saily already.

At 1 P. M. yesterday the line got under weigh. The day before we had crossed the bar, and taken up our position as follows:

1. *Weehawken* Capt. John Rodgers with torpedo raft\*
2. *Passaic* Capt. Drayton
3. *Montauk* Capt. Worden
4. *Patapsco* Comdr. Ammen
5. *New Ironsides* Commodore Turner  
(Flagship with Ad. Dupont on board)
6. *Catskill* Commander G. W. Rodgers
7. *Nantucket* Commander Fairfax
8. *Nahant* Commander Downes
9. *Keokuk* Licut. Commander Rhind

The *Keokuk* is a floating iron battery, with two stationary turrets five inches thick each with three port-holes and containing an 11-inch gun, working on a pivot. It also has a formidable ram. At 1 P. M. then, on yesterday, April 7th, we got under weigh, in the above order, which, with the exception of the *New Ironsides*, is in order of rank of Commanders.

At 2.15 all were sent below. I saw a good deal looking out of the port-hole after that, and the rest I gathered from the Captain, the

\* These torpedo rafts were discontinued later on account of the danger to other vessels in the fleet from an accidental collision. They were designed by Ericsson for the double purpose of blowing up and removing obstructions.



## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

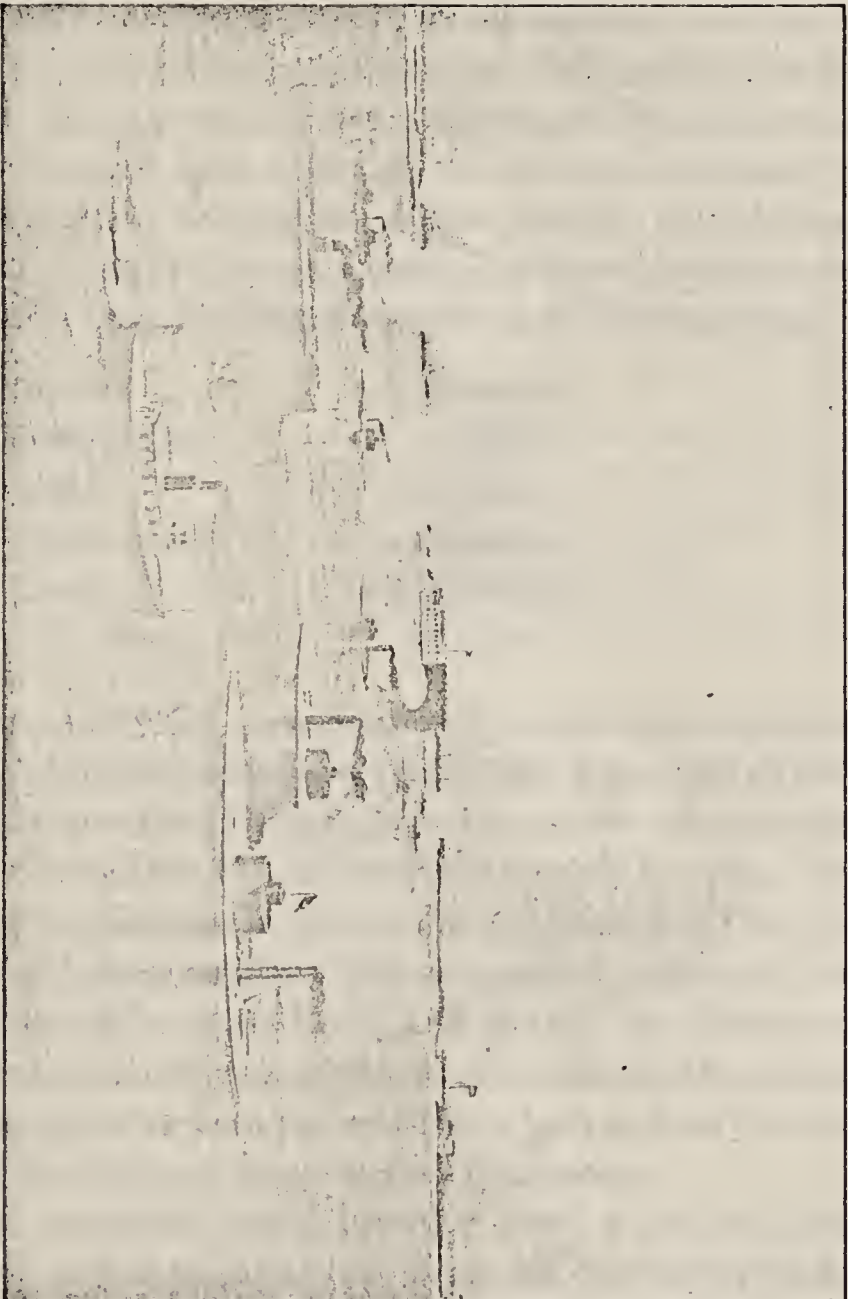
signal-officer, and Mr. Beardslee. The two former were in the Pilot-house. Mr. Beardslee commanded the 15-inch gun. At 2.20 the State and lone star flag, (a blue field with a single star), were hoisted from Sumter. The Stars and Bars were already flying. They saluted them with eleven guns. A rebel ram then came out, and looked round a little, but went back before coming within our range. At 2.45 a battery near Moultrie opened on the *Weehawken* falling short. At 2.47 Cummings Point opened on the same, falling short. At 2.48 *Weehawken* opened on Sumter,—short. We steamed right up for  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour after this till we got between Sumter and Moultrie. At 3.35 the first shot struck us, hitting near the top of the turret. The cannonading was tremendous at this time. At 3.40 the shot were falling all round us whistling and screeching in the most curious manner. At 3.50 we fired our first gun, at Sumter, as we were all ordered to do.

At 5 a steel-heaver cylinder shot struck us two inches from the 15-inch port-hole, bulging in the whole eleven inches of the turret and preventing the upright piece of iron which closes it, from revolving, so that the port was permanently closed,\* and the 15-inch disabled. (I will here remark that the water is dropping all over my stateroom, and on this paper which accounts for the blots, etc.) We kept on firing our 11-inch gun till 5.50, when, in obedience to a signal from the flagship, we withdrew from action. Had the port been forced open instead of shut, it wouldn't have been so funny. We went nearer to Sumter than any other monitor, some 600 yards, were the last to retreat, and fired four shots at Cummings Point after the rest of the fleet had left. The *Keokuk* drawing only seven feet, went a few yards nearer to Sumter than we did. She went so near that the barbette guns could not be depressed to bear on her, but the lower tiers of guns, (Sumter had three tiers), were concentrated on her, and almost blew her out of the water. They put a hole thro' one of her turrets two or three feet square, wounding eight men, one or two mortally, put nineteen holes in her below the water-line, and she barely got out of the way, without sinking. She immediately skidaddled as fast as possible. This morning at 7 A. M. she signalled for assistance, and at 8 she sank, just astern

\* The next morning the engineer reported the difficulty overcome.







Photographic copy  
by S. S. W. Blake

*The Bombardment of Fort Sumter*  
*April 7, 1863*

By permission of  
The Independent, successor  
to Harper's Weekly



## IN THE NAVY

of us, in shoal water, so that her smoke stack is still visible. All hands were saved. It was a sad sight to us, for it seemed like losing a friend who had stood by us in danger. It will be a great cause of joy to the rebels also. I suppose you will get accounts from the rebel papers that we are completely knocked to pieces. We all withdrew down in the main channel off Morris Island, inside the bar. We found that we had 54 shot-marks. The scene on deck was a curious one. The smoke-stack was riddled with great holes a foot or more in diameter above the thick part and that was indented two or three inches in several places. The deck was furrowed to the same depth in different directions, and the turret and the sides were like the smoke-stack. We had on the

Turret	19 marks
Pilot-house	3 marks
Sides	10 marks
Smoke-stack	10 marks
Deck	12 marks
Total	54 marks

So for the two hours and a quarter we were under fire, we were hit on an average, every two minutes and a half. We are scarred all over, but just as effective as ever. We have many more marks than any other vessel, as we went nearer. The *Montauk* was hit only ten times. The other ironclads lost only one or two men in the whole fleet. The *New Ironsides* proved perfectly useless.\* She ran aground, and got off with difficulty, had one of her ports knocked off at twice the distance we were, and did not dare to come any nearer. She only fired four times. If she had been where we were, she would have been sunk on the spot, with a terrible loss. She is of no use against Charleston.

We did not accomplish much, probably killed a few men with shells but did no serious damage to the works. We divided our fire between the three forts and so didn't hurt any of them. I supposed we should go in again to-day, but probably we shall not now. Whether we shall go in to-morrow I don't know. The *Patapsco*, which got some hanging, has gone down to Port Royal and we shall have only six left.

\* On account of the tideway, there was difficulty in managing the *New Ironsides*.





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

The attack will be made on a different plan next time. We shall probably begin on Fort Cummings and go along one at a time, instead of rushing right in the middle of the three, as we did yesterday. We saw many torpedoes, but didn't hit any. One exploded under the *Weehawken*, but did not hurt her much.

I saw in Harper's the description of the reporter who was in the *Montauk*. He exaggerates absurdly. I can't say that I derived any particular gratification from hearing shells strike the deck, but I certainly did not feel sick at my stomach. The shock was sometimes pretty severe but the worst sound was that of the shells. When we got up near Sumter, all three were playing on us, and the howling was incessant. They would come with a Whoo-oo-oo-I-want-you sort of sound that frightened the boys and some of the men, so that they lost all command of themselves, and were perfectly useless. I got all my instruments, etc., out on the wardroom table, and my steward was there with me. As every shot struck us, he would jump, roll up his eyes with an OH-h-h-h and say, "Did you hear that, Doctor? Do you think we are much hurt?"

I went all over the ship, in the turret, etc., but could not go into the pilot-house as that was sacred to the Captain. He has invited me to come up there next time. The officers all behaved with the utmost coolness.

(N.B. I can't impress upon you too strongly the importance of caution in repeating all this out of the family. It might cause me the most serious trouble, perhaps get me dismissed from the service, if these items became public thro' my means, and it were discovered by the Government.)

We had no wounded, though several pieces of shell flew in through the ports. We went out on deck when out of range, and the sight was a curious one. The deck was strewn with pieces of iron of all shapes and sizes, one whole ten-inch shot was there between some loose plates, which we put over the boiler, besides lots of sand, which they throw to get in between the turret and deck, and keep it from revolving, lime, which they throw for Heaven knows what purpose, and pieces of nails, etc., etc. Add to this that everything was covered with



From "The Atlantic Coast," by Rear Admiral Ammen, U. S. N.





## IN THE NAVY

slush, (i. e. grease and lamp black), to make shot glance more readily, and make it slippery for boarders, and you can realize what a scene it was.

Just before getting under weigh, we had a mail, and I never was more delighted in my life. I had three from Saidy, one from Aunt Margie, Tom Sherwin, Mr. Carret, and Herbert Whitney—the latter much to my surprise—and three or four papers from Aunt Margie, all of which I enjoyed highly, and went into the fight as happy as a clam.

Capt. Fairfax says that no vessel in the world ever before received so many heavy shots. We were struck some forty times by shot, three or four of which would have sunk a wooden vessel. It is beyond a doubt that never before in the world was so much weight of metal thrown in so short a time. We had five heavy shots strike between our ports, a distance of four feet, showing splendid gunnery on the part of the rebels. I have any number of pieces of shot and shell as trophies.

In *Harper's Weekly* for Mar. 28th is a very perfect map of Charleston Harbor. We came inside the bar, day before yesterday, by the Main Ship Channel, and formed in line opposite Morris Island. The batteries there did not molest us at all. We lay there till yesterday at 1 P. M. when we started and went up past Cummings Point and between Sumter and Moultrie. The lines drawn represent the range of the different batteries very correctly, and you can imagine how warm it was, when we were right in the centre of the three. I had always understood this was a warm climate, but had no idea it was so hot as Charleston Harbor was yesterday. We went just beyond the direct line drawn between Sumter and Moultrie, but were forced to turn back by torpedoes and obstructions. There were perfect nests of torpedoes near and beyond Sumter. They were hung on long hawsers supported by buoys. If we had got by Sumter and Moultrie there were plenty more like them up beyond. When all three Forts were firing, the howling and whistling of shot and shell was perfectly incessant.

I have just learned that only three monitors are to remain here, and the rest go to Port Royal to repair. The *Nahant* and *Passaic* both had their pilot-houses injured, and the *Weehawken* her bottom. The *Catskill*, *Montauk*, and *Nantucket* remain. It is a pretty good



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

proof of the faithfulness with which this ship was built, that, tho' we went nearer, and were hit oftener than any other monitor, yet we are in as good condition still as the best, and better than four of them.\*

I am much disappointed, as I hoped and expected that we should renew the attack every day, till we either took the place or got used up entirely, but older heads than mine have decided differently, and I suppose it is for the best. It is useless to deny that we have been repulsed with severe loss, but the rebs have also lost a good deal, and have expended at least 1500 to 2000 valuable shell and shot, every one of which was fired with from 10 to 25 pounds of powder, and all that makes a very considerable offset on our side. No move will take place for two or three weeks now, at least, unless we three monitors undertake to reduce Cummings Point alone, which is possible. I hope we shall make some such attempt, if only to strengthen the hands of patriots at the North. I regret this misfortune because it will encourage the Copper-heads†, though it is some consolation that it happened after the Connecticut Election though I am afraid that has gone against them without any such disadvantage. I regret it for the sake of the poor men who are killed and wounded. One was killed in the pilot house of the *Nahant*, and one or two others, I believe, in other monitors. In all only some twenty at the outside were hit, which seems to be a miracle.

For myself I thank God for my safety, and that of all our crew, only one man was hurt, and that was from the carelessness of our own men in handling the 11-inch gun. He received some severe contusions, but no bones were broken. I have had some surgical experience, which I will relate in my next.

I wish you would send this to Mrs. Sherwin after you are through with it, as soon as possible. Direct it to Thomas Sherwin, Esq., English High School, Boston.

\* In a letter dated April 17, 1863, received by Dr. Weld, the writer says: "We see that Captain Ericsson considers the *Nantucket* one of the best built ships yet made."

† The anti-war group of the Democratic party. The Copperheads opposed every measure of the government, hence, on account of their methods, they were regarded by the Unionists as resembling the copperhead snake, which strikes without warning.





## IN THE NAVY

*April 9.*—Lay at anchor in same place. Have not had our deckplates up since last Saturday & have lived by candlelight since then. Not very pleasant.

*April 10.*—Still at anchor—quite a gale blowing. Two rebel rams have come out a short distance both yesterday & to-day one white—the *Palmetto State*, one black—name unknown.\*

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*U. S. S. Nantucket, Inside Charleston Bar, April 11, '63.*

DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—We have just heard that a mail will go North at 3 P. M. I have only time to say that I am well and in good spirits. We may possibly have a little engagement this afternoon. The *Keokuk* is to be blown up, and the rebels have planted a number of guns on the beach, apparently to prevent its destruction. They want to raise her as soon as we go outside the bar. We don't see it, however. We shall probably go to Port Royal in a day or two, and may stay there an indefinite length of time. I enjoyed the papers and extracts very much. I am very sorry about Nat Bowditch. He was a nice fellow.

*April 12.*—Having waited four days for the *New Ironsides* to get over the bar, and she having succeeded to-day—we started at 2 P. M. for Port Royal. We anchored off Edisto for the night.

*April 13.*—Got under weigh early in morning—*Powhatan* overhauled us, and transferred Graham, Dodd & McNeil back again. Graham I had sent aboard the morning of the 6th. We reached Port Royal at noon.

*April 14.*—Went aboard the *Vermont*. Saw Drs. Johnson and Woolverton.

*April 15.*—Had a survey on Mr. Beardslee to-day. Doctors Eversfield, McSherry and Brayton were on it. He was found to be temporarily unfit for service and is to be sent North for medical treatment.

\* She was the *Chicora*.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

*April 16.*—Went aboard *Wissahickon* in forenoon with Captain Fairfax & the Paymaster. Bid good-bye to Mr. B. who had gone aboard her for passage North. Then went to the *Wabash* thence to Hilton Head with the Paymaster and Mr. Smedleigh. Dined at the Port Royal House. Had a very fair dinner. Came aboard again on a tug at 5 P. M.

*April 17.*—Went aboard *Catskill* in forenoon with Starr. Saw Dr. Abbott. Went aboard *Canandagua* with McNary. Then to a sutler's schooner, & got a few stores for mess. I had to take the caterership the first of this month. After dinner, went on the *Vermont*.

*April 19.*—Went up to Beaufort with some forty naval officers on a tug. Met Spaulding of my class, who is in the Sanitary Commission. Saw many old planters' town residences most of them rather shabby. The country round as well as the town itself, is beautiful. Dined & supped with Spaulding. Had a delightful day. Returned at seven P. M. Started for Beaufort at 10 A. M. Capt. Fairfax left us to-day for the *Montauk*.

*April 20-27.*—Lieutenant Commander Neuman, our new Captain came aboard on the 20th. Went aboard the *Wabash* & *Vermont* several times. Became quite intimate with Dr. Johnson whom I like very much. Went also aboard the *Arago*, a very handsome steamer, & two or three times to Hilton Head.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*U. S. S. Nantucket, April 21st, '63. Port Royal.*

DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—There has been no chance to send letters North since I wrote Uncle Doctor on the 15th inst. I shall send this aboard the *Wabash*, the Flag-ship, to go by the first opportunity.

After much delay and doubt, it is decided to renew the attack on Charleston, much to our delight. For myself, I never hesitated to run away, when I was satisfied that I had been whipped, but always wanted to be sure first, that that desirable result had been attained. Now, as we have not been thrashed hard enough yet to suit me, it is very gratifying to my feelings to get another chance at a "licking."





## IN THE NAVY

The monitors have commenced leaving for Edisto again, and we shall get repaired in a day or two. Some thirty bolts in our turret were broken, and mechanics are at work replacing them. We shall have eight thousand troops to help, which is all Gen. Hunter dares to take from here, as he has less than thirty thousand in all. The wooden gun-boats will also assist. It is expected that they will anchor three-quarters of a mile outside us, and use their rifled guns. I doubt whether we take the place, as I see things from a different point of view now from what I did before. In fact, I am not sure it is intended or expected that we shall capture it. But it will keep at least fifty thousand rebel troops here, and so help Hooker, who, I suppose, is moving by this time. We have heard nothing later than the 11th.

I went up to Beaufort with a party of forty naval officers day before yesterday. As usual, I at once hit upon my class mate Spaulding, who is an agent for the Sanitary Commission. He showed me all round the place, which is a very pretty one. I saw several houses belonging to the Barnwells and Rhett's, now occupied with great pleasure by our officers, and other Northerners. There is not a single white family there now, which lived there before the war. The native colored population is frequent and copious. The number of black babies crawling about is perfectly astonishing. I could not repress the rising tears at the sad thought, that, before this rebellion, every one of them was worth its fifty dollars, and now, alas! they are valueless to themselves and everybody else. I learned a good deal about the black soldiers and the working of the system of wages among the negroes, all of which was very encouraging. I will give some details in my next. Don't repeat one military item. We haven't had a mail since the 12th inst.

*April 28.*—Got under weigh at 7 A. M. After several delays got out past Bay Point at 9 A.M. in tow of *Prometheus*, propeller. Reached Edisto at 3 P. M. Expected another attack on Charleston in a few days, but learn that the *Passaic* is going North to-morrow for strengthening her decks, etc. and so an indefinite delay is before us.

*April 29.*—Went ashore with McNary & the Paymaster—to the 24th Mass. Saw Amory, Ward, Wheeler, Perkins, Folsom. Took a



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

walk in the island, and afterwards a bath on the beach—the pleasantest I ever took in salt water. Returned aboard at 2 P. M. Found our new executive Lieutenant Bower, on board. He appears very pleasant.

*April 30.*—Went ashore with Otis, Starr & McNary & took another bath. Weather fair.

*May 1.*—Nothing worth mentioning. Fair.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*North Edisto, May 2nd, '63.*

DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—Yours of the 12th reached me on the 23rd, at Port Royal making the seventh I have received from you since leaving home. I am very much obliged for your kindness in this respect, and assure you it is appreciated. That I am not ungrateful is proved by the fact that this is my thirteenth to you. The papers have all reached me, as well as the many slips and extracts you took the trouble to cut out, and have given me much pleasure. During our week before Charleston I thought continually of the anxiety you would feel at home, from the false reports which would probably be given by the rebel newspapers, and was glad enough when I knew that you must have received full accounts on the 13th and 14th.

George, too, has had a pretty close time, and we ought to be very grateful that he has escaped so well. He has been a credit to the family, and shown remarkable courage and character for one so young. I hope he will get a commission soon.

I heard from Folsom, in the General Hospital, that Francis, Hayden and Vaughan had gone to the Mississippi to serve as Act'g Asst. Surgeons for six months. They are all nice fellows. They will have a tepid time of it.

Have you seen the black regiment yet? I have no doubt it will succeed. The officers whom I know in it, are of the highest character. Why doesn't Rod apply for a Lieutenantancy in it?

If any one blames Mr. Lincoln for allowing the attack, tell them that Capt. Fairfax saw a letter to Dupont from Welles, which arrived





## IN THE NAVY

on the evening of the fight, saying that it was with great difficulty the President had been persuaded to sanction it, but the Navy Department felt so sure that they had finally induced him to consent. This letter was written before the fight, and reached here just after it.

No attempt will be made now, for some time, as the *Passaic* has gone North to be strengthened. She was the first one built, and was not quite as strong as the others. We are here, however, with the *Montauk*, *Nahant*, *Catskill*, and *Patapsco*, as a feint against Charleston. While we are here, the rebels will not dare to send men to oppose Hooker from this neighborhood, and so we are of some use, at any rate, even if not fighting.

When it was thought that we would all go to the Mississippi except the *Montauk* and *Passaic*, Capt. Fairfax was transferred to the former, as most of his friends are in this squadron, and he was in the Mississippi last year. We were all very sorry to lose him. My confidence in his coolness and judgment is unbounded, and it is a great thing in a fight to have such reliance on your commander. Our new captain, Lieut. Com. Newman, is very pleasant and a fine officer. Our new executive Lieut. Bowen is also pleasant and efficient. Mr. Beardslee, I believe I wrote you, had to be sent home on sick leave, a fortnight ago. I miss him very much. He was the one Aunt Isabella called "the gunner."

*May 3-4.*—Got a mail on 4th with 10 letters & some dozen papers.

*May 5.*—Dr. Wheeler of *Patapsco* came aboard in morning with Dr. Quinn of *Sebago*—and a number of others. Went aboard the *Sebago*, and dined. Had a very pleasant time. Found Schouler there—of the 43rd Mass.—he having been detached & put into the signal corps. Returned at 8 P. M.

*May 6-11.*—Went ashore several times also aboard the *Patapsco*, *Catskill*, *Nahant*, & *Sebago* at different times. Shook hands with Col. Van Wyck of the 56th New York on the 3rd. Several of us went ashore & found them holding services in his camp. After they were thro, he came up to us and shook hands with us all. He is a fine looking man, wears spectacles. On the 10th was introduced to Lt. Col. Drew of the 97th Penn.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

*May 12.*—Went ashore & bathed—stopped at the 24th Mass. A deserter came over from the rebels. The *Patapsco*, *Catskill* & *Sebago* went up the river two or three miles to shell out a battery reported to be there.

The deserter reported that six boats with torpedoes in front of them were awaiting a dark night to run down on us & try to blow us up. He said they were in a creek running out of the river a mile above us. To-night a boat from each ship of the fleet here has gone up the river half-a-mile armed with rifles as an advance guard.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*North Edisto, S. C., May 12th, 1863.*

DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—There is no appearance of any movement yet. This morning the *Patapsco* and the *Catskill* went up the river some three or four miles, with the *Sebago* (a side-wheeled gunboat), to shell out a rebel battery reported in that direction. We can hear the guns, and see the smoke, which makes it very tantalizing. I asked permission to go up in the *Patapsco*, but our executive officer refused me, as my steward has the measles, and so there would be no one on board to stand by in case of accident. The steward has been sick five days, and is getting on very well. The rash is drying up, and I expect he will soon be around again.

Hooker has done finely as far as we have heard. We have only papers of the 5th. I do trust Steve and Tom are all right.

I burn your letters at short intervals, and cleared up everything before the fight. I have left orders if anything happens, to burn up every letter found addressed to me.

*May 13.*—Had no alarm last night, & saw nothing of the rebels. Went ashore to the 24th Mass. Hear that Hooker has whipped Lee, & cut off his retreat. Sent boats up again at night.

*May 14.*—Still no sign of the rebel boats. Went ashore with Capt. Fairfax in the afternoon. Introduced to Col. Osborne, of the 24th.

*May 15.*—Our boats went up last night. No sign of rebs.





## IN THE NAVY

*May 16.*—Last night we were called to quarters at 11½ P. M. on an alarm. The *Patapsco* was thought to have shown a red light—the sign of danger. After running out our guns, etc. we waited half-an-hour but saw nothing—returned to our berths.

A steamer came up from Port Royal saying that the *Massachusetts* had just arrived from the North, bringing news that Hooker had beaten Lee in three battles & was close to Richmond. I feel terribly anxious for Tom Sherwin & Steve & all others. We shall probably get a mail in the morning, or in the course of the day.

*May 17-18.*—No change.

*May 19.*—Had a chill this morning. Followed by a headache which lasted till noon. R. Quin. Sulph gr. v at 10 P. M.

*May 20.*—All the iron-clad doctors met on the *Nahant*. Each handed in a report of the Sanitary Condition of his vessel—average sick etc.—to Dr. Stedman, who was to make a general compilation. Took R Quin. Sulph gr. v on turning in at 10 P. M. as my chill came on at 5 A. M. on the 19th. No chill this morning. Fair.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*U. S. S. Nantucket, North Edisto, May 21st, '63.*

MY DEAR AUNT:—I am very anxious about Steve, tho' I hope the next mail will relieve me. In the *Herald* it said "Lieut. Weld painfully wounded." I earnestly hope it is someone else, though even that would be better than it might have been. Tom Sherwin escaped, I suppose, as I cannot find any mention of him.

I do not lose confidence in Hooker, at all, if the newspaper accounts of the fight are at all correct. His crossing the river was certainly a splendid movement, and the plan of Stoneman's raid everyone praises. His subsequent retreat seems to me to be entirely due to the disgraceful cowardice of those devilish Dutchmen, (excuse me, but it will come), who not only deprived him of their services, but also neutralized Sickles' Corps, and secondly, to the rise of the river, threatening to cut off his supplies. He was certainly not to blame for either of these occurrences, and could not have anticipated them.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

These misfortunes do not detract from the praise due his first skilful movements, and he deserves commendation and sympathy, instead of the senseless howl of indignation with which he is greeted. The Copperheads and McClellanites are determined that no one but Mac shall have a fair chance. When Hooker has been beaten in three or four battles on successive days, and has lost forty-five thousand men, the adherents of McClellan will have a right to demand that he shall have his turn again,—then, but not before. Their impudence is sublime, their cheek unrivalled.

My views of Hooker's campaign are formed entirely from the newspaper accounts, and may alter, but it is impossible, whatever developments are made, to deny his splendid generalship in crossing a river in the face of a powerful enemy, and flanking them before they learned of any movement whatever.

You mustn't believe everything you see in the papers. I am surprised that you should credit what you see there in contradiction to what I wrote you. Nobody else in the world, except the rebels, could see so well the amount of damage done, as those on the iron-clads.

For three days we lay inside of three miles of Sumter, in bright, clear weather, and I looked, with a splendid glass, at the Fort, more than twenty times a day. I stared and stared, and so did everyone else on the monitors. We could see, with the utmost distinctness, one hole through the parapet, and about a dozen marks on the side next the sea. There was no dispute about it, but all agreed perfectly as indeed, it was so plain as to admit of no question. I am sorry it was so, but it is of no use to exaggerate the damage done them. Still I am convinced, that, if we drew up at twice the distance we were before, and concentrated our fire on Sumter, instead of scattering it, we could batter it down in two or three days. Wind and tide might interrupt and delay us, but at that distance their shot would do us little harm, and the result *would* come slowly and surely. Moultrie could next be treated in the same way. These precious weeks of cold weather have been allowed to slip away unimproved, and the lapse of another month will render any protracted attack impossible, from the impossibility of human beings living more than a few hours at a time, with the





hatches and deck lights closed, in a monitor, at this time of year. All the time we are off Charleston, that has to be the case, hence you need expect nothing further from us, I am afraid, for the present.

Admiral Dupont is a second McClellan. He will never do anything, because he is resolved not to try, for fear a vessel will get lost, or one of his friends killed. This is the universal opinion in the fleet, except among most of the old officers, and I have heard some of them express it. We are very careful, however, as we might get into trouble and if you repeat it, trouble might very possibly come for me.

Dupont took Port Royal, and has never done anything since. That affair was a perfect farce, comparing the defending force with that brought against it. I have seen the place and there were only one or two little miserable sand batteries, and an old dilapidated fort. All officers here say that at that time, the capture of both Charleston and Savannah could have been effected with his fleet, and it is well known that the people commenced leaving Charleston and Savannah immediately, expecting a speedy attack. But no, Dupont had a large, pleasant harbor to lie in, and a splendid ship, with every comfort, so down he sat, and commenced giving great dinners and drinking whiskey, and has done nothing else since.\* It is a notorious fact that at Charleston the other day, he would not let Commodore Turner, on the *New Ironsides*, fire, tho' he repeatedly begged to be allowed to do so, and only four shots were fired from her splendid battery of fourteen eleven-inch guns and two two-hundred pounder rifles, just the same number as were carried by all the other ironclads together.

*May 22.*—No chill. Suspend Quin. Fair.

*May 23.*—No chill. Ganz gut. Perkins & Wheeler of the 24th Mass. & Mallory of the 10th Conn. dined with us. Like Perkins just in proportion to my acquaintance with him. 80 degrees in Ward Room at 9 P.M. Fair.

*May 24.*—All quiet at N. Edisto, at 9 P. M. 80° in Wardroom. Fair.

\* Dr. Weld's poor opinion of Admiral Dupont has the backing of high authority. See "The Diary of Gideon Welles," Vol. I, pp. 236, 247, 259, 262 *et seq.*, 273-277, 288, 307, 309-311, 476, 477; Vol. II, 133-135, 320.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

*May 25.*—Fleet-Surgeon Clymer came up in *Dandelion* with numerous others—Came aboard—was very kind & polite. Showed him ventilation, etc. He thought it was rough. Woolverton came aboard after dinner with Quinn. Went aboard the *Montauk* with them, & saw Brayton. Went aboard Sutler then to *Sebago*—Sutler—*Sebago*, & finally *Nantucket* at 9 P. M. Had a very pleasant day 86 degrees in Wardroom at 9 P. M. Cloudy.

*May 26.*—At 11 A. M. the Paymaster—Starr—Otis—McNary—Captain's Clerk Delhuff—Lewars & myself started up the first left-hand creek from the sea, & at twelve reached the Townsend Plantation. The house is a large one—with wide piazzas fitted with blinds, a eupola commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country—splendid gardens, etc. There are about forty negro-cabins—very well built—several cotton gin houses—a saw mill worked by steam—with extensive cotton & corn fields. The cotton fields are full of blackberries. We picked about fifteen quarts of blackberries in less than an hour—then took our luncheon in the house and afterwards strolled round the garden and place generally. Saw plenty of cotton in the cabins, & in fact, lying round loose almost everywhere. We returned at 6 P. M. stopping on the way, at a smaller plantation owned by a Mr. Seabrook. The pleasantest day since leaving home.

*May 27.*—All quiet. Supped aboard *Montauk*. Rainy.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*U. S. S. Nantucket, N. Edisto, S. C., May 31, '63.*

DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—As you may have seen in Michael Mulla-  
doon's effusion in the "New South"—"It's very warrum here." The  
thermometer ranges from 75° to 85°—and to-day it is more so. I am  
comfortable, fat and healthy, and don't mind the heat at all. In fact I  
think I was intended for a Southern climate.

I suppose you will be delighted to hear that Admiral Foote is coming  
down to relieve Dupont. You always admire him, I recollect, and so  
do I. He will come down in the *Niagara*, which will be ready for sea,  
I suppose, in about six weeks.





## IN THE NAVY

I dated this letter wrong, it should be June 1st. Last night, which was Sunday, I went aboard the *Catskill* to a prayer-meeting, which Capt. Rodgers holds every Sunday night. He read the thirty-first chapter of Matthew, then made a very good prayer, then a hymn, then gave a sort of running commentary on the chapter, next came another hymn. Then Dr. Abbott made a prayer, after which Mr. Simmons, an Acting Master, made a short address followed by a prayer. With another hymn, and a closing prayer by the Captain, the meeting ended, lasting, in all, not quite an hour. I was very much interested, and intend to be on hand regularly in future. It is very curious that I never heard of it before, as I have been aboard the *Catskill* more than twenty times, I suppose.

I have received eleven letters from you, and you say this is the twelfth you have written, so only one has miscarried, at most.

There is no excitement here now. All is quiet and sleepy. No more active operations will take place in the monitors, till cooler weather. My only anxiety now is to have Ned Sherwin ordered this way.

We shall probably lie here all summer, at least, that is the present impression. Our Captain, Beaumont, will probably go North on leave in a few days. I wouldn't come home, if I could, because it would be necessary to go away again. I am contented to drift exactly where the course of events takes us—and think probably that we shall get North some time next winter.

June 19.—Heard last night of the capture of the *Atlanta* by the *Weehawken*, in Wassaw Sound. Went aboard a new sutler's schooner. Saw a little black boy from St. Simons, named March, from the date of his birth.

The *Atlanta* was a Confederate ironclad regarded as the strongest in their navy. She came out from Savannah with the intention of destroying the weak vessels of the blockade but she was met at Wassaw Sound by the monitors *Weehawken* and *Nahant* and, after an engagement lasting only fifteen minutes she was completely disabled by four of the five shots fired at her by the *Weehawken*.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

*June 25.*—Got leave from Admiral to visit Hilton Head, in answer to application I made ten days ago.

*June 26.*—Went to Hilton Head on the propeller *Moen* with Capt Beaumont, who was towing the *Montauk*. It took twelve hours to go 44 miles. Went aboard the *Montauk* at 11 P. M. Slept in Girard's room. After breakfast went with a number of officers to see the *Atlanta* the rebel ram just taken by the *Weehawken*. They wouldn't let us come on board without leave from Fleet-Captain Rodgers. We rowed round it, & saw what we could. Then went aboard the *Wabash*—Spent a couple of hours there. Then to H. Head where I waited for *Gen. Hunter*. She left for Beaufort at 6 P. M. Reached there at about 8 met Hoadley coming down town. Spent the night at the Sanitary Commission. Dr. Marsh and wife—the former the agent of the S. C. for the Department—are very pleasant people. Next day drove out with Hoadley to Salem. Was very much pleased with the place\*—tho' Spaulding deceived me with regard to the quantity of land planted to cotton. There are about twenty-five acres—instead of thirty-three—as he said. I am delighted with the plantation, however. There are twenty-six cabins & a couple of large frame buildings—plenty of corn & sweet potatoes. Returned at dusk. Slept at Sanitary Commission in Hoadley's room.

*June 28.*—Returned to H. Head in morning. Met Act. Asst. Surg. Boyer, who introduced himself, & then his Captain—Act. Master. They took me aboard the *Fernandina*—their ship, where I dined, then sent me to the *Wabash*. Spent the afternoon and night there.

*June 29.*—At 5 A. M. turned out & went aboard tug *Daffodil* with Capt. Beaumont, reached Edisto at 11 A.M. Dr. Abbott attended my sick while I was away.

*July 1.*—Went to Stono—to guard against an apprehended attack by the rebel ironclads on the wooden vessels there.

*July 2.*—Met Lt. Comdr. Bunce, Dr. Hord—paymaster George Lawrence—& a number of other officers of the *Pawnee*—nice fellows all.

Dr. Weld had bought the cotton plantation.





## IN THE NAVY

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*Stono Inlet, July 2nd, 1863.*

DEAR AUNT MARGIE:--I am writing on deck on account of the light, so you must excuse the pencil. I use a writing apparatus which Anna gave me, and it has been extremely useful to me.

First let me thank you for your regularity in writing me. It is a great pleasure every Sunday to think that you are sitting down, by the parlor window, perhaps, and certainly somewhere, to write to your monitor boy.

My eyes are rather better, but I cannot write below, though I have no end of government writing to do, quarterly reports, etc., besides another report to make out to the Fleet Surgeon on the sanitary condition of the ship, comparative health as regards, wooden vessels, ventilation, etc., etc. When I shall be able to do it, I don't know.

I enjoyed George's letter very much. I saw yesterday by the Gazette, that he had got a 2d Licut'cy in the 18th. I am very glad as I had been led to fear he was going to go back after he had put his hand to the plough. Give my love to him, and ask him to write me the real facts about the mutiny at Readville of the 44th. I was very sorry to hear of it, after the unbounded kindness and attention which had been shown them.

I am writing on deck under an awning with a squall whistling round us. We have thunder and lightning every day, and almost as regularly, one or more heavy showers, which cool the air in a most welcome manner. I do not mind the heat much it is so steady that we get used to it. It varies from 80° to 93°, and scarcely ever passes those limits.

I got a letter from Horatio Woodman about that man from the *Nantucket*. He applied to Woodman to get him a pension, and Woodman wrote to our Captain to get some facts about the case. The Captain handed it to me to answer, which I did. I am sorry to say that he has no chance for a pension. He may have fallen from the turret and broken his back, but it is the first I ever heard of it. His trouble was chronic nephritis, or disease of the kidneys, and he was not fit for service. The Government is not responsible for a man's having a chronic disease, before he enters the service, which was the case here. So I had to state this to Woodman and settle the pension.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

The Paymaster, Brigham, has begun to have the *Transcript* sent him regularly, so if you will send me a *Journal*, or *Sat. Ev'g. Gazette*, occasionally instead, I shall appreciate it. My old friend Folsom sends me the *Advertiser* right along so I get along very well.

I was very sorry to hear of Col. Rodman's death. He gave up all the luxuries of home for a soldier's life, at an age, which made it much harder, than for younger men, and has died nobly, reflecting honor on his family and State. How his poor mother must feel! The manner of his death must be a great consolation to her. Please give my love to Aunt Lizzie and say how much I sympathize with her.

You keep me well posted on engagements. It is really awful to see how the girls are going off. They appear to pick up the fellows who stay at home, and swallow them without making a face and though they talk so patriotically about the propriety of everyone's going to the war. I have very little faith in the patriotism of most of the fashionable young ladies of Boston, and of many of the young gentlemen.

I suppose Saily is at home by this time, or will be when you get this letter. I shall write her at Jamaica Plain next.

We have come up here as an attack by the Charleston rams *Chicora* and *Palmetto State* on the transports in this Inlet was feared. We are the only monitor here, alone for the first time. Love to all.

*July 9.*—Several thousand troops have arrived here the last two days. Went up the Stono River this afternoon about three miles with the *Pawnee* and *McDonough*—followed by several transports carrying troops. Shelled out the woods & covered the landing of the troops. Expect to attack Fort Pemberton to-morrow.

*July 10.*—Made no move to-day. Went down to transport *Sentinel*, where I found my classmate, Col. Shaw,\* in command of the 54th Mass. Regt. (colored). Brought him aboard & showed him around. Col. Montgomery also came aboard afterwards. A very gentlemanly fellow.

*July 11.*—Was to dine on *Pawnee* with Col. Shaw & Dr. Green of the 24th Mass., but we got orders to go to Charleston & got under

\* Robert Gould Shaw.





## IN THE NAVY

weigh at 2 P. M. Reached Charleston Bar & crossed at 7 P. M. The *Weehawken*, *Nahant*, *Catskill* & *Montauk* already here engaged in shelling out Morris Island & Fort Wagner yesterday & the day before.

*July 12-13.*—Coaling ship.

*July 14-15.*—Rough. Coaling etc.

*July 16.*—Engaged with Wagner from Meridian to 3 P. M. No damage.

*July 17.*—Quiet all day.

*July 18.*—Engaged with Wagner from 12.43 till 7.30 P. M. Fired 48 X1 inch and 33 XV inch shell. The troops made the assault at 7.30 P. M. Was on deck from 6 P. M. till all was over—most of the time with only the man at the lead. The shell & shot dropped into Wagner incessantly, throwing up tremendous columns of earth. It was knocked all out of shape, and all the guns but one, a X inch in the N. E. corner, were silenced. This kept firing at slow intervals till the last. I could see the shot come skipping over the water. The *New Ironsides* lay just outside of us, the other monitors in a line & the gunboats a mile farther off. Sumter & Moultrie fired slowly from two or three guns only. I saw the assault. The parapet of the Fort was a perfect sheet of flame, with musketry and light artillery, which did not entirely cease till about 11 P. M. We were repulsed with tremendous loss—1000 killed, wounded & missing. Col. Shaw was killed on the parapet cheering on his men. The 54th Mass. lost about 350.

Fort Wagner was a battery constructed by the Confederates on a low, narrow spit on Morris Island, which lay south of, and near Charleston, S. C. The fort had a garrison of 750 men. It was a formidable obstacle to the Federal forces, which assaulted it twice, but, in spite of fierce bombardment, failed to carry it. Finally, siege lines were opened, and, after further bombardment had made the defences untenable, the garrison evacuated the post on Sept. 5, 1863.

*July 19.*—Lay at anchor last night the nearest to Sumter. Taking in ammunition to-day.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

*July 20.*—A Blockade runner was driven ashore on Sullivan's Island by the *Catskill* & burned. The rebels burned a small house rear Wagner—to clear the range.

*July 21.*—All quiet.

*July 22.*—Engaged Wagner alone at 11 A. M. In action several times till the 26th. Then ordered to P. Royal for repairs.

*July 28.*—Went to Beaufort at 4 P. M. Saw Mayo. Did not go out to Salem. Spent two days there. Met Capt. Langdon and Lieut. Sawyer of 1st U. S. Artillery. Very pleasant. On 30th returned to Port Royal.

*August 1.*—Started for Wassaw Sound. Found *Nahant*, *Weehawken* & *Conemaugh* there.

*August 2.*—*Nahant* went to P. Royal.

*August 9.*—*Weehawken* went to P. Royal.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*Wassaw Sound, Ga., Aug. 29, '63.*

DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—Nothing new since my last. We are still groaning here at our long absence from Charleston. If the ram would appear, we might be satisfied, as that would give us both honor and prize money, but there is no chance of it. We hear that the south side of Sumter is entirely knocked down, and the Fort about silenced. This was done by the Navy battery—built and manned by the sailors, and manned with navy guns.

I am looking forward with great eagerness to the arrival of the box. I hope you sent it to Philadelphia, as it will then be sure to come straight and safe and I shall get it probably next Wednesday, otherwise, there will be more delay. I never supposed I should care so much for something to eat, but salt beef and beans do get played out, when you have them nineteen days out of twenty for six months, with no potatoes, and no soft bread. We can't get flour more than half the





## IN THE NAVY

time, and, of course, are reduced to hard tack in the intervals. Potatoes we have for about a week each month, never more, often less. This bill of fare will account for and excuse my anxiety for a little change.

I am well and hearty, and am the only officer in the ship, except the Paymaster, who has not had a turn of sickness. Two have been sick a month, chills and fever etc. So you see, I am highly blessed, as usual. My only care is about Uncle Doctor. I trust this will find him much better. I wrote him two or three days ago. I suppose the Dr. Dyer you mention is Ezra Dyer, whom I knew slightly in the Class of '57, and afterwards at the Medical School.

The weather is decidedly cooler, and quite endurable. We have heard nothing more of Russell and Simpkins. I heard one report that Simpkins was killed.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*U. S. S. Nantucket, Wassaw Sound, Sept. 6, 1863.*

DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—You are now probably, in your corner of our pew, listening earnestly to our good Dr. Thompson, and I wish I were with you, and Uncle Gardner in his place, with one foot on a cricket and the other crossed over his knee. Perhaps I may yet be in that pleasant spot before next spring, though everything is wholly indefinite. Many officers of the monitors now at Charleston have been relieved. By our coming down here, we have recruited ourselves, so that we are all in good health now, only two on the sick list. I shall not accept a relief till Charleston is taken, unless really sick, which I have not been yet.

The ram has not appeared, and, contrary to our expectations, we are still kept here to watch for her. Of course, it is a great disappointment to all of us, to be taken out of the fight and sent down here. The real reason is that the Admiral does not like our Captain, and won't have him near him. The latter is getting sick, however, and the moment it is justifiable, I shall apply for a Medical Survey, and have him sent home invalided, and then we shall have another Commander, selected from Dahlgren's favorites, and shall have a fair chance. Fairfax went home a month ago, rather used up.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

You needn't feel alarmed by any sudden report of the capture of Charleston. I am inclined to think that months may yet elapse before we hold that happy spot. Sumter is knocked to pieces, but a long time will probably elapse before the Stars and Stripes wave over that, or Wagner either. The latter will probably have to be taken by storm, by daylight, as then the vessels can see where to fire, without hitting our men. These are the opinions of all the higher officers I have conversed with on the subject.

Gillmore shells the city now, I believe notwithstanding Beauregard's remonstrance. Delightful! isn't it?

The box did not come by the *Massachusetts*, so I suppose it is at Port Royal, and came by express. I hope to get a chance to send for it soon.

Sept. 13.—Captured, with the *U.S.S. Cimarron*, which arrived on the 1st. Sept., the Clyde built steamer *Jupiter*—from Nassau for Savannah—180 ft. long—19 ft. beam—6 ft. draught—loaded with liquor, dye-stuffs, silks & calicoes.

In August the *Unadilla* & *Chippewa* were here at different times. *Conemaugh* left early in Sept.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*Wassaw Sound, Ga., Sept. 14th, '63.*

DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—A mail goes suddenly. Have just time to say we captured Nassau steamer *Jupiter* yesterday, running the blockade. My share may perhaps be \$200.00.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*Wassaw Sound, Ga., Oct. 2, 1863.*

MY DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—We have been enjoying delightful weather the last month, cool and breezy. It has had the natural effect on the health of the crew, and we have not averaged a man a day on the sick list, for some time. I was a little thin in August, but now I am growing very fat, and think I weigh more than ever before.

What a generous subscription Mr. Sherwin gave to the fund for raising black regiments! He is a true patriot. He has given his three





## IN THE NAVY

sons to the country, and his hard-earned money too, though a poor man. I am proud of his friendship, and of that of his family. If every family in the North had been as sincerely and practically loyal to our dear country as the Sherwins this war would have been over long ago.

Lieutenant Girard, of the *Montauk*, was here the other day, and told me that the *Montauk* would probably relieve us in a few days. He says the cream of the fighting is yet to come, so you needn't feel surprised if Charleston does not fall next week. It was, no doubt, the strongest place in the world. Sullivan's Island, with its rifle pits and batteries, and its three Forts, Beauregard, Moultrie and Bee must be taken in the same way as Morris Island—by gradual approaches, and long continued fighting. At least this is the present aspect of affairs. After that come Johnson, Ripley and Pinckney, the rams and numerous sand batteries.

Remember me to Frank Balch, when you see him. They don't make many such men as he is, nowadays.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*Wassaw Sound, Oct. 4th, 1863.*

MY DEAR AUNT:—We have news to-day that the *Patapsco* will relieve us in a few days, and probably by the time you read this, we shall be again popping away at Charleston. You can easily realize what a feeling of relief we shall experience, when once again in our legitimate place.

Yours of the 20th ult., is just received. The description of the Sunday in the back parlor was pleasant indeed. I fancied myself sitting among you. This may come to pass this winter though everything depends on the result at Charleston. The probabilities are that I shall get home in a month after Charleston is taken.

There is nothing new here. The ram does not show herself.

*October.*—Went gunning frequently with Dr. Olcott, of *Cimarron*.

*Oct. 16.*—*Patapsco* arrived to relieve us. On 17th started for P. Royal, but as we sighted the harbor, were met by a steamer with orders to return to Wassaw, and send up the *Patapsco*. Returned—



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

lay outside over night, & came in on morning of 19th. *Patapsco* immediately went out, bound for Charleston direct.

Oct. 19-20.—Went gunning with Dr. Olcott. Shot a dozen ducks and rail.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*Wassaw Sound, Ga., Oct. 21st, 1863.*

DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—Before you receive this, the wedding will no doubt, be over, and I shall have missed it. I am losing another wedding to-day, of some friends of Mr. Beardslee's in Brooklyn, whom I got acquainted with last winter. If this thing continues much longer, I shall have to get up a special one on my own account, on the principle of the old Scotch woman who consoled herself with the idea that she should have a "corpse of her ain" some day.

On the 16th we were relieved here by the *Patapsco*, and, the next morning, started for Port Royal. Just before we got in, a steamer met us, with orders to return to Wassaw, and send the *Patapsco* direct to Charleston. We were dreadfully disappointed. Capt. Beaumont says the *Montauk* will relieve us in a few days, but I have given up hoping.

The health of the ship continues fine, and I have about regained the few pounds I lost last summer.

Nov. 2.—Went up to Thunderbolt Battery—ten miles above here. We lay all day just out of gunshot of the battery, & had a fine view. Were not fired upon. It was a beautiful day, the scenery was splendid, and we all enjoyed it very much.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*U. S. S. Nantucket, Wassaw Sound, Ga., Nov. 4th, 1863.*

MY DEAR AUNT:—We were sixteen days without any communication with the outside world, but, on the 1st inst., a mail bro't me one letter from you, and on the 3rd a schooner brought two more.

I have already written you of our disappointments about getting to Charleston. We still have promises of a speedy relief here, but so many delays have deprived me of all hope.





## IN THE NAVY

I have had many curious dreams lately, a thing very unusual for me. The other night I dreamed I was going to a party, and was all dressed except my boots. Those I couldn't find anywhere, and hunted all over the garden after them, in my stockings, with no success. The agony of mind I suffered was immense, so I hope you will preserve my party-boots and "guard them with jealous care." By the way, don't give away anything I left behind me. You know the last time I was away, you gave away every rag I had. As I am pretty sure to come home in rags, it is highly important that everything decent should be saved for the emergency.

You must excuse the scrawls I write nowadays, for the pens are so horrible, that Dunton himself couldn't make a decent letter with them.

Nov. 6.—Capt. Beaumont was to-day relieved by Lt. Comdr. S. B. Luce—lately at the Naval School *Massachusetts* brought him from Port Royal & stopped off here as usual.

Nov. 10.—Capt. Luce is a splendid officer, & will be very popular with us. Quiet & modest, but strict.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*Wassaw Sound, Ga., Nov. 12th, 1863.*

DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—I congratulate you that the wedding is over. The relief to you must be great, and I can imagine your sigh of thankfulness when the bridal thingumbobs were laid out, all ready to be put on. I am glad it went off so well. I thought of you all at the time, and wished I were with you.

Luey has, no doubt, left you 'ere this. I am expecting her address, when I shall answer her last. By the time I get home, she, and all the rest of the younger members of the family will have changed a great deal. I believe I have not changed, except to become brown.

The *Montauk*, which was promised to relieve us, has been sent to Charleston, and we are again disappointed. I look forward to no change now. You recollect your old motto, "Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed."



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

In consequence of our monotonous life here, I have no news to write you. Once in a while I go ashore gunning, and enjoy it greatly. My only excitement has been a very interesting and critical surgical case on the *Cimarron*. The man has been in a very precarious state, but to-day seems gaining a little. I described the case to Uncle Dr., in my last letter. I am well and hearty, as usual.

Give my love to Cousin Jane, and tell her I observed with pleasure in the last *New York Herald* that "Iron was buoyant," but was grieved to learn that "Sheep showed symptoms of a recline."

Nov. 13.—To-day rec'd orders per *Oleander*, detaching me from the *Nantucket* on the arrival of Dr. A. B. Judson, & ordering me to the *Wabash* now off Charleston. Am entirely taken by surprise & not much pleased. However "to hear is to obey—Allah il Allah—Bismillah off with his head." The orders were dated "Washington, Oct. 28."

Nov. 20.—Have been ducking occasionally the last few days—& had good success. Two of us brought out a dozen one day.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

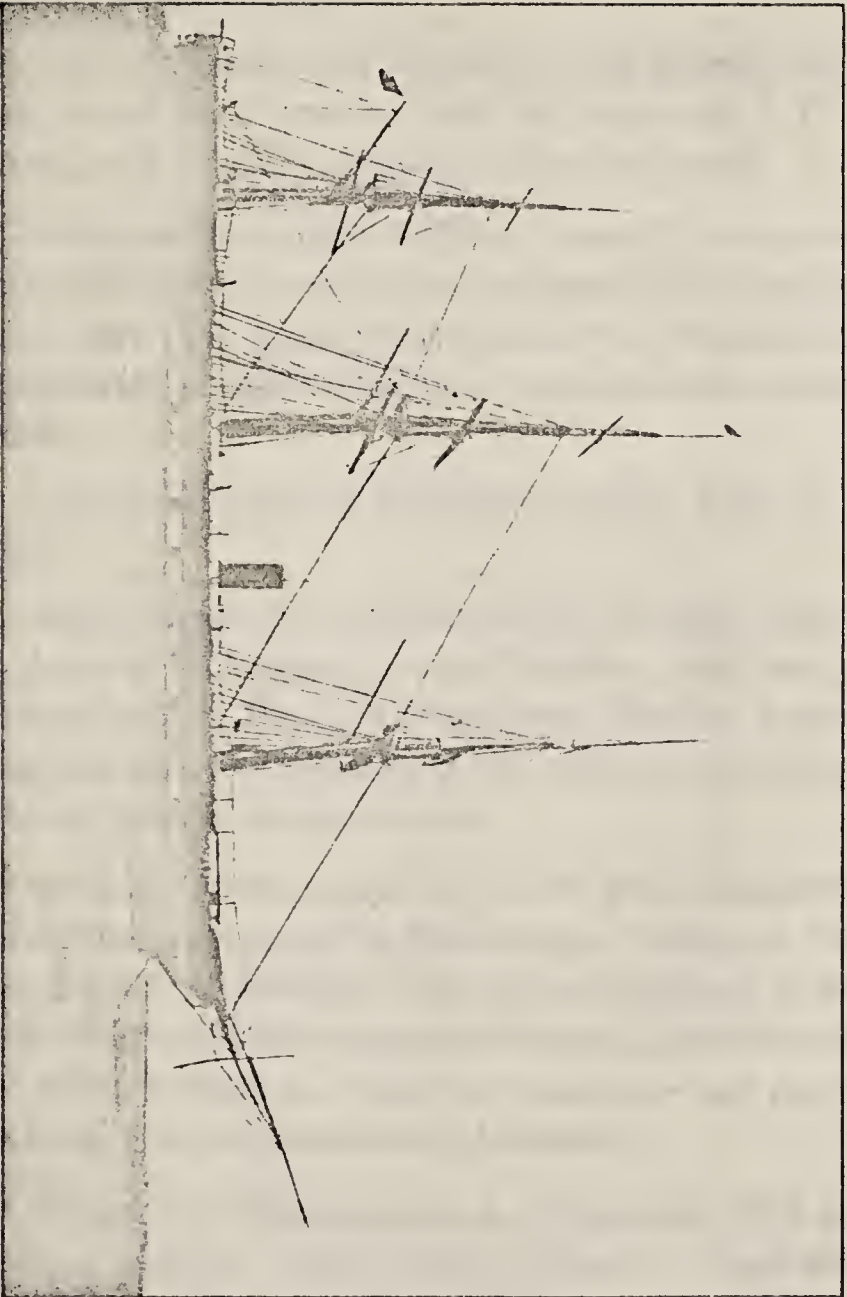
Wassaw Sound, Ga., Nov. 23rd, '63.

DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—Yours of the 9th inst. reached me day before yesterday. I wrote you a scrawl on the 16th in great haste announcing my transfer to the *Wabash*. I received my orders on the 13th and immediately packed up everything, made out my transfer accounts of medicines and stores, and got ready for a start on the 16th. Dr. Judson, who is to relieve me, however, has not appeared, and so I am living in a very unsettled state. All the other monitor Doctors have been relieved, and ordered North, while I alone am ordered to another ship. This is drawing it a little severe, but I suppose it is all right. Judson will no doubt arrive on the 27th by the *Massachusetts*.

Your not hearing for so long must be due to the mail, as I wrote you last month on the 2d, 4th, 14th, and 21st. This is my fourth letter this month, beside one in a box of shells, etc., which will turn up some time, I hope.







*The U. S. Frigate Wabash*  
Taken from deck of Monitor Weehawken, Port Royal Harbor, S. C., 1863



## IN THE NAVY

Nov. 26.—My relief, Asst. Surgeon A. B. Judson, arrived to-day by the *Massachusetts*. Turned over all the stores, etc.

Nov. 27.—Living aboard the *Nantucket*—swinging in a cot waiting for a chance to go to Port Royal.

Dec. 1.—The *Wissahickon* arrived to-day, and relieved the *Cimarron*. Went aboard the *Cimarron*—With my traps—At 5 P. M. she steamed out, and I bid a final good-bye to Wassaw Sound.

Dec. 2.—Anchored last night off Tybee. Passed & hailed the *Memphis* in the night. Fired twice across her bows. This morning at 10 A. M. came into Port Royal. Went aboard the *Vermont* and obtained permission to wait a day here, to make some purchases at Hilton Head.

Dec. 3.—No vessel going to Charleston to-day. Went to Hilton Head again.

Dec. 4.—Staid aboard the *Cimarron* all day. At night went aboard the *Paul Jones* to take passage on the *Oleander*, which was coming alongside to take Capt. Duncan to Charleston. Went up in the night. Had a long talk with C. C. Fulton, of the *Baltimore American*. He is unconditional Union & Administration.

Dec. 5.—Crossed Charleston Bar at 7 A. M. Went aboard the Flag Ship *Philadelphia*, & reported to Rear-Admiral Dahlgren. He looks sick, cross, peevish & miserable. Met Capts. Beaumont & Ammen, Fleet-Capt. Bradford, Fleet-Paymaster Bradford, and other officers. Came out to the *Wabash* in a tug—the *Dandelion*—and reported to Capt. DeCamp. First impressions very favorable.

Dec. 6.—Found Bob Willard aboard, sick with colic, which gave me much pleasure—not the “colic” but the “foimd”. Dosed him with Ipecac & so forth, to his gradual benefit & improvement. Had a jolly long talk with him.

Dec. 7.—Willard is here as witness on the case of Lieut. Commander ——— late commanding the ———. Capt. ——— is accused of drunkenness and oppression.





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*U. S. S. Wabash, Off Charleston, S. C., Dec. 7th, 1863.*

MY DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—Yours of the 22d ult., reached me this morning, having been forwarded from the *Nantucket*. I have been leading such an Arab-like life the last ten days, that my correspondence has suffered materially, but now I will make up for past deficiencies.

I reached here on the 5th, after a varied experience of steamers, sailing ships, flat-ships and tugs, during all of which I preserved my big box, small box, middle-sized box, and bedding all safe and unharmed. The anxiety of the various transfers, made in difficulty and danger, was very wearing, and I am glad it is over. I succeeded in leaving behind my cloak, and this morning, to my great surprise it came, nicely done up. Dr. Judson is my benefactor. As it cost me eighteen dollars, and has scarcely been worn at all, I am deeply gratified.

I like my life pretty well. The mess is pleasant and my work is much increased. The expense is ditto—for I had the painful necessity of handing over twenty dollars entrance-fee, and fifty-five additional as the mess-bill for the current month. You can imagine my agony at seeing the savings of three months go at one fell swoop. Such, however, is life. This is one of the checkers.

You will probably receive a box from me in three or four weeks, containing a few relics I have picked up.

The weather here is delightful, bright and clear. Everything is quiet. An occasional gun wakes up the "Fontarabian echoes," (ahem), but that is all.

I cannot form the faintest guess as to my chance of getting home. A fortnight ago, I thought my iron-clad experience might get me North, as it did the others, but I find there is no hope at present. I would like to change to the army, if possible.

But nous verrons.

I was glad to get Mr. Walter's letter to you, and liked the tone of it very much. It seemed extremely odd to think of a man whom we had never heard of when I left home, addressing you as "Aunt Margie." In fact, I believe I felt a little jealous. However, you must



## IN THE NAVY

remember that I am *the* only real and true, genuine, unadulterated and Simon-pure *original* nephew, and must always remain so.

Sumter is a pile of ruins, but the rebel flag is still there. No one seems able to form any conjecture of the future, and I agree in the same conclusion. However, the public may rest assured that our officers know what they are about, and will gratify the people soon by something or other; as the newspaper men say.

I had a long talk with C. C. Fulton, of the *Baltimore American*, the other day. I thought of you, and how it would have pleased you to hear him talk. He has no ifs or buts, and believes in Lincoln thoroughly. He says Maryland will vote for him next fall, if he is a candidate. I feel little doubt that he will be our next President. There is nothing new to relate.

*Dec. 8.*—The officers are very pleasant—and are as follows:—

Capt.....	John DeCamp
Lieut. Com.....	F. M. Bunce
Lieut.....	Phoenix
Paymaster.....	Richardson
Fleet Surgeon .....	W. Johnson
Surgeon.....	W. T. Hord
A. A. Surg.....	N. L. Campbell
Ensign.....	H. T. French
Chaplain.....	G. W. Dorrance
Acting Ensigns.....	Tuttle & Daggett
Capt. Marines.....	E. D. Reynolds
2nd. Lieut. Marines.....	L. E. Fagan
Also Engineers etc.	

End of Log.

Lieut. Commander Bunce, who was on board the *Wabash* at the same time as Dr. Weld, spoke of him, a great many years later, with much esteem.

“Dr. Weld was a great favorite in the Fleet,” said he. “We liked him very much indeed. He was exceedingly proud of the fact that he came from the State of Massachusetts, which gave us the opportunity to make a good deal of fun of him, which he always took in good part.





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

We prompted every newcomer to start the following conversation:

"I am glad to meet you, Doctor. You are from New York, are you not?"

"No," Dr. Weld would reply courteously, "I come from Massachusetts!" (saluting the state).

The invariable rejoinder by the newcomer was, "Oh, from Boss-ton, of course!"

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*U. S. S. Wabash, Off Charleston, S. C., December 14, '63.*

MY DEAR AUNT:—Yours of the 29th reached me on the 12th. I am very comfortably settled here, and have only one wish—to get a look at home, and then go into the army. As you will learn from Uncle Dr., I have sent in my resignation, though my chance of getting it accepted is very slight.

Tell Steve that if I can get the Senior-Asst. Surgeoncy of his Regiment I shall like it very much. Otherwise I shall take the Junior one in Tom Sherwin's Regiment, which he wrote me about some time ago.

The *Wabash* is not stationed at Port Royal, but lies just outside the bar at Charleston. She cannot get over, and so I am out of all the fighting, except in boat expeditions, which I suppose you won't object to.

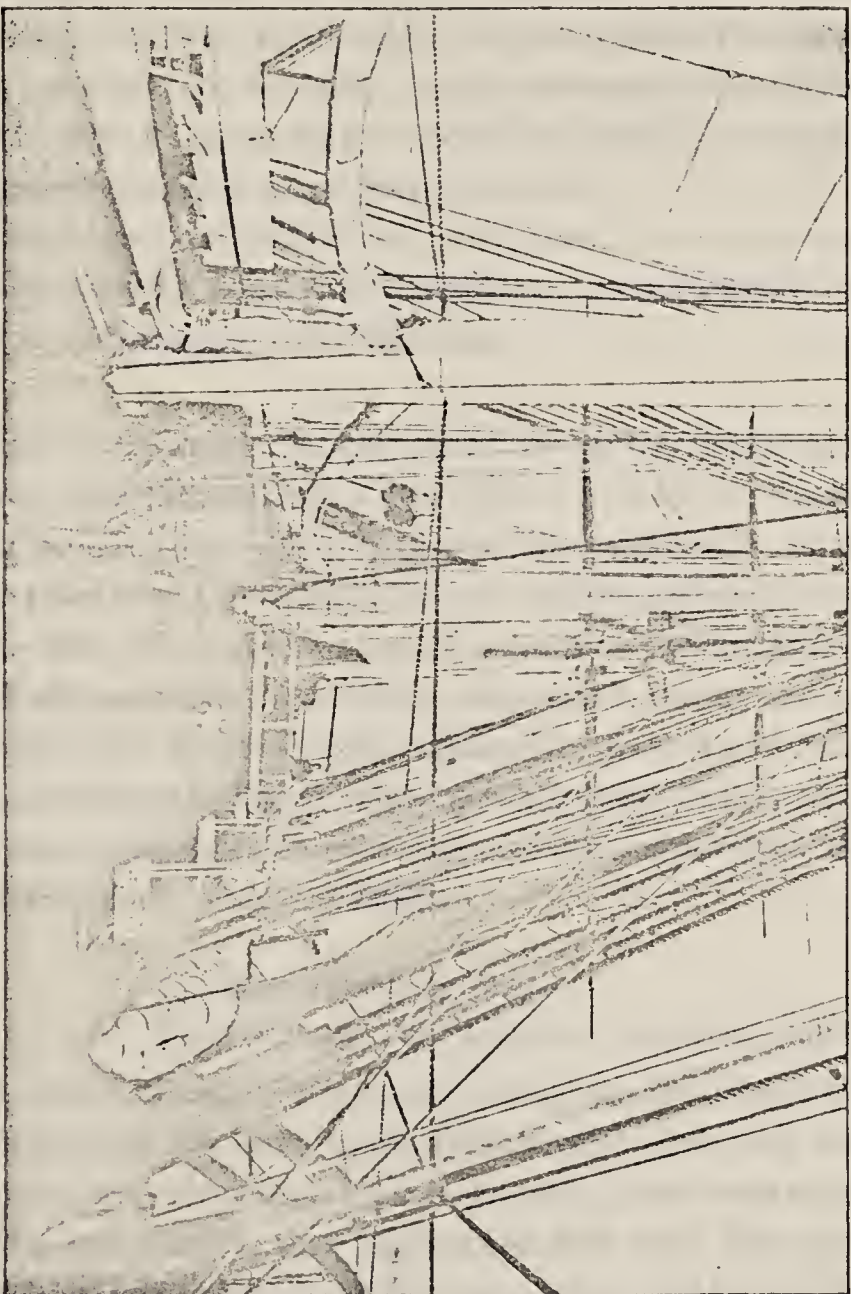
You ask about Tom Sherwin. I hear from him regularly. He is well, and most of the time, in command of the regiment. Col. Tilton is sick part of the time, and is often, when well, in command of the brigade.

Always send everything to the address I gave you in Philadelphia, as the *Massachusetts* comes down regularly, and Dr. Penrose will deliver it to me, wherever I am.

I feel very sorry to lose Dr. Hord, our surgeon. He is a splendid fellow, but has been sick several months with dyspepsia, and that is a hopeless disease down here on shipboard. He is going home in a few days for treatment. I have no idea who will take his place.

Everything is quiet here, that is, firing goes on every day from the various forts and batteries, and occasionally the monitors move into action for a couple of hours. But nothing of importance is obtained, no ground gained. Gillmore shells the city every day or two, and destroys two or three houses occasionally. With regard to the Greek





*The U. S. Frigate Wabash*  
Rear Admiral Dupont in Center of Group





## IN THE NAVY

fire, he told Capt. Ammen, U. S. N., that "it was one of the *d——dest* humbugs of the age."

I went on Morris Island the other day, intended to go to Wagner, but had not time. I had a fine view of Charleston from the beacon-house,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile from Wagner, through a capital glass. The houses, gardens, etc., all came out distinctly, and it seemed as if I could drop right into the city. It seems to be a beautiful place. I am afraid I shan't get a chance to stroll round there very soon.

I never would have resigned while in a monitor, where there was a chance of active service. I feel that I can do so now with perfect propriety, however, in order to go into the army.

Gen. Gillmore's explosive remark about Greek fire refers to the missiles which were thrown from a gun called "The Swamp Angel," which was ingeniously placed in a swamp on Morris Island, a distance of about five miles from Charleston. The gun was charged with twenty pounds of powder, which was four pounds more than the usual service charge—and sixteen shells were fired on August 22, twenty more on August 23, 1863; six of these shells exploded in the gun and on the thirty-sixth discharge the breech of the gun blew out. The Greek fire used in the siege of Charleston consisted of shells containing a composition of lamp-black, niter and sulphur.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*U. S. Wabash, Off Charleston, Dec. 22nd, 1863.*

MY DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—Yours of the 6th came to hand yesterday, and the welcome box came on the 17th all right. I am very much obliged for your box, which struck the right spot. I have been so long without cakes and candies, that they tasted first rate. The sugar-ginger bread is the first, I believe, since leaving home, and the wedding cake is splendid. The box has made me happy for many a day, not only by its generous gifts, but in thinking of the affectionate remembrance which prompted them.

Gillmore throws a few shells into Charleston almost every day—and, I hope, succeeds in killing a woman or child occasionally. He



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

certainly knocks down two or three houses, now and then. The monitors are inactive and will probably remain so. We are all in entire ignorance as to the programme. I am tired of this kind of work and anxious to get into the army as soon as possible. Will Uncle Stephen be kind enough to see Dr. Dale some day, and ask him what position he can give me in the Mass. Vols., if I can get my resignation accepted, and be home in February? Tell him I am an Asst. Surgeon in the *regular* navy, and want to exchange into the army, if I can get a good place.

The weather here is delightful, something like our October. The sun shines brightly almost every day, and the thermometer stands at 35° to 45°.

Carrie will show you our programme for Christmas, so you will see we are not entirely destitute of amusement.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*Wabash, Dec. 29th, 1863.*

MY DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—Yours of the 13th and 20th inst., came to hand together on the 27th. Quick time for the latter, wasn't it? It makes me feel nearer home to have a letter come so quickly.

I had a very pleasant letter from Steve, at the same time, in which he says he will try to keep the junior Asst. Surgeoncy of his Regiment for me. I shall answer him soon. In the meantime, please tell him I am very much obliged, but my arrival home is very uncertain, and I hope to get a better situation, so it is hardly worth while to pay any attention to me. I am sorry to give up the prospect of being with him, which I hoped for, a month ago, but we have to obey orders and say nothing. Had I been ordered North, as the other monitor doctors were, I should have been in time to get the Senior Assistant's berth.

The Fair was a grand success, and worthy of Boston. I wish I could have been there. I never see the *Transcript* here, or any Boston paper except the *Advertiser*. So any stray paper will be gratefully received.

My box is still affording me great pleasure. The crackers, cheese, sardines, wedding cake and olives still hold out. The books are all very interesting.



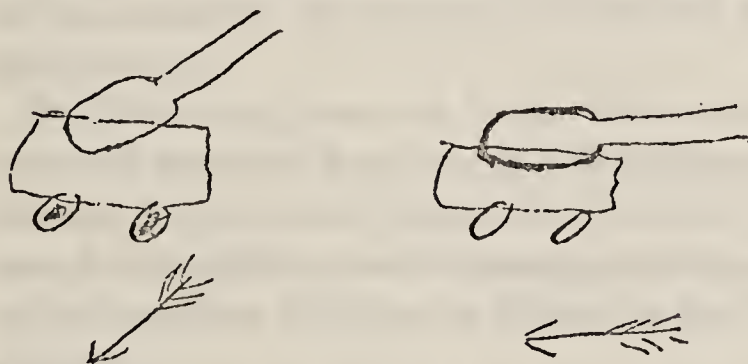


## IN THE NAVY

George's faith I grieve to say is founded upon sand, as the late gale left the obstructions pretty much as it found them. I am inclined to think they must be blown up by torpedoes or something of the kind. Everything is as usual. The same bombardment of forts and batteries with no apparent result, and the same shelling of Charleston, with slight damage. That will amount to something in time though.

The monitors cannot run the obstructions. Their propellers would infallibly get foul in the immense hawsers, and they would lie perfectly helpless, unable to move. Then the forts would blow them all to pieces, at such close range, in a few hours.

The reason the city is shelled so little, is that the great elevation given to the guns is a tremendous strain upon them, and they give way after a while. The supply of guns is, so far, limited, and therefore they are economized necessarily. The direction of the recoil does not drive back the carriage much as in *low* firing, but comes directly on the breech of the gun, as the elegant illustration below shows.



*Direction of recoil in the  
two instances—*

TO DR. CHRISTOPHER MINOT WELD

*U. S. S. Wabash, Off Charleston, S. C., Jan. 4th, 1864.*

MY DEAR UNCLE:—On the 28th ult., we started on a boat expedition fifty miles up the coast, to destroy some salt-works. We had a number of launches and cutters in tow of the gunboats *Nipsic* and *Mary Sanford*. Our destination was Morrell's Inlet, above Georgetown.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

We made a good start, but a gale of four days came on, and we were tossed about, driven out to sea, and finally were very glad to get back to the ship on the 2d inst. The gale was very fortunate, however, for the whole thing was ill-planned and sure to result in loss and failure. Every officer in the force was glad of it. We had but one hundred marines and one hundred and seventy-five sailors, and with these we were to land in boats, under the fire of two companies of rebel infantry, ditto of cavalry, and some light artillery, which formed the garrison of the place. Even if we succeeded in landing, a superior force must be defeated before our object could be accomplished, and then we must embark again, exposed to the same fire as before. Five hundred men were the least number that could expect success. It was all due to the wrongheadedness and obstinacy of the Admiral who would listen to no representations, or requests for more men. This, of course, is *inter nos*.

I am daily expecting an answer to my resignation, but am hopeless of its acceptance. At any rate, the ship will probably go home in April or May.

Dr. Hord went home sick in the *Massachusetts*. Dr. Campbell is sick with remittent fever, and the Fleet-Surgeon was away for ten days, so, for that time I had charge. The Fleet-Surgeon has returned now, but does little or nothing except attend to the medical business of the Squadron. His name is Johnson, a fine old fellow, and very pleasant.

I am as independent as I was on board the *Nantucket* and have done three-quarters of the prescribing since I came on board, so that is a great improvement on my former practice.

I am well and happy and make a hearty luncheon every day off your crackers, and cheese—with occasionally some of Aunt Mary Ann's currant-jelly, or two or three olives, which Anna sent me.

My most eagerly desired object in life is to settle down with you in Jamaica Plain, and I have no doubt, after the war, we can do it. I cannot tell you how happy your improved health makes me. It was my chief source of anxiety and my relief is very great.

Nothing stirring in the fleet or army.





## IN THE NAVY

*St. Augustine, and several other more or less important places along the Florida coast, were captured in 1862 by Union troops from Port Royal. This would have made it possible for Dr. Weld to take the trip of which he speaks in the following letter.*

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*U. S. S. Wabash, Off Charleston, S. C., January 10th, 1864.*

MY DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—I received a very pleasant letter from Uncle Doctor yesterday, in which he mentions the trouble he had taken in my behalf. I am very much obliged to him, and feel considerably encouraged. If my resignation is accepted, I shall not get North for a month, probably. My relief will not come for a fortnight, or so, and then I have got to go to Beaufort for a couple of days; then to Tybee to spend two days with Ned Sherwin. I also intend to visit St. Augustine, if possible, as it is of great historical interest, as the first place settled on the continent, A. D. 1565. With the delays attendant on all movements in a military District, two weeks will probably pass away in this manner. Any spare time I shall spend in the hospitals at Beaufort.

The thought of getting a glimpse at home, makes me feel all-overish. My longing to see you all is almost intolerable sometimes, though, at the same time, I am perfectly happy here. Some forty patients give me a little professional occupation, and my study and correspondence, and reading the newspapers, fill up the rest of the time, so that every day seems too short. My eyes are rather better though still giving me an occasional twinge.

I still do all the prescribing, as Dr. Campbell has not entirely recovered, and the Fleet-Surgeon does nothing. He occasionally comes out in the sick-bay, and sits at the table, to which all able to walk file up, and watches me put them through. I felt a little embarrassed, at first, but soon got used to it. He is a nice old gentleman, and, as he always lets me have my own way, I get along very smoothly.

I received a letter yesterday from Uncle Frederick, acknowledging the receipt of the one sent through you. He is spending the winter at Deacon M——'s, where my Aunt Little used to board, and where



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

I lived about a year. He is in good spirits, and, for him, reasonably good health. Miss M——, to whom I engaged myself at the tender age of eight years, (she then having reached the mature period of four) is now a very smart, pretty girl, and is shooting the young idea in Bethlehem, the adjoining town. I was much pleased, when I was last in New Hampshire, to find my youthful taste so well justified. To my infinite chagrin, however, the young lady ignored her promise entirely, and made no offer to abide by it.

TO DR. CHRISTOPHER MINOT WELD

*Headquarters Sanitary Commission, Morris Island, Jan. 13, '64.*

MY DEAR UNCLE:—I am here awaiting a steamer to Port Royal. Shall probably get there in a day or two. Then to Beaufort two days—next to Tybee to see Ned Sherwin—and a week to go to St. Augustine and return. So I shall probably not be home before the 1st of February.





# CHAPTER IV

## THE CIVIL WAR

### IN THE ARMY

"There are, in an army, positions and duties, which are not brought prominently into view, but which are especially necessary for the efficiency of all military operations. It is not often that the medical department receives particular notice, or the highest commendation. The glory of war is supposed to belong to illustrious deeds on the field, rather than to patient fidelity in the hospital. Yet whoever rightfully values the character of genuine faithfulness and true heroism, must acknowledge that the medical officer who thoroughly performs his duty, is filling one of the most important positions that can be named."—Extract from "Burnside and the Ninth Army Corps," by Augustus Woodbury, page 497.

Records in the office of the Surgeon-General at Washington show that the casualties among medical officers of the army during the period of the Civil War were as follows: Killed in action, 22 ; killed while in discharge of duty, by guerillas or rioters, 15; died of wounds received in action, 8; died of accidents occurring in line of duty, 9; wounded in action, 80; taken prisoners, 12; total, 146.

WHEN Dr. Weld realized that the reflection of the sun on the water was affecting his eyes, he decided to leave the navy. He resigned on December 13, 1863, and was relieved from duty January 11, 1864. He then returned to Jamaica Plain and continued his studies at the Harvard Medical School, from which he graduated in March, 1864, and obtained at that time first prize\* for an essay entitled "Our Native Materia Medica" written under the nom de plume "In Utrumque Paratus." This essay was afterwards published in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*.

Dr. Weld had always been warmly interested in the employment of colored troops by the Union. There were 186,017 enlisted for the entire war, according to "Official Records of Union and Confederate Armies." Massachusetts furnished 3,996. There was a very strong feeling against negro troops among the Southerners, and when the Confederate General Forrest, leading 4,000 white soldiers, assaulted and

\*See Appendix, page 240.



## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

captured Fort Pillow, Tennessee, on April 13, 1864, his men killed nearly every one of the 260 negroes in the garrison of 550 men. No mercy was shown; the victors searched in every possible hiding place and even among the dead for any negroes that might still be alive.

Immediately after the massacre, Dr. Weld, with undaunted spirit, enlisted in the army and deliberately chose the 27th United States Colored Troops. "Now is the time," he remarked, "to prove that I am what I have always professed to be—an Abolitionist."

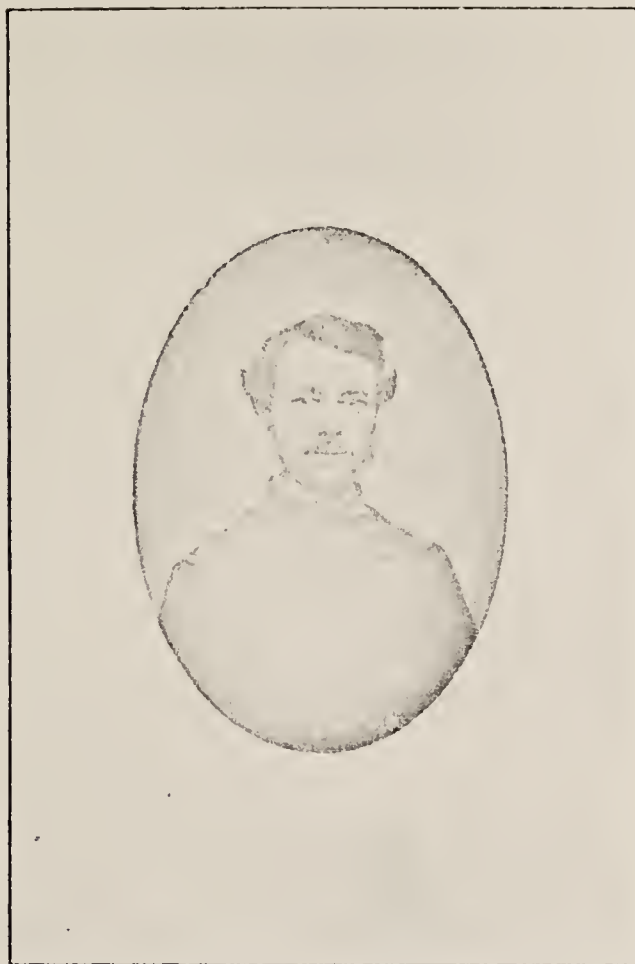
Feeling ran high in the North after the massacre at Fort Pillow, and the hot-heads among the Northerners vehemently urged retaliation. President Lincoln, calm and far-seeing, checked the cry for revenge with these words:

"Would it be right to take the life of prisoners in Washington, in Fort Delaware, or elsewhere, in retaliation for acts in which they had no share? Would it be right to take the prisoner captured, say at Vicksburg, and shoot him for acts of which he was not guilty, and which it will probably be found were the ordering of only a few individuals, or possibly of only one man?"

Although the North was fighting for the freedom of the negroes and was raising colored troops to aid in their own enfranchisement, there existed, even among some of the most distinguished officers of the army, a strong prejudice against the employment of negro soldiers. It was believed by some that they would not fight, or that they lacked the ability to fight. This sentiment regarding their enlistment, together with the threats of retaliation by death or punishment which were expressed in an act of the Confederate States Congress against any white person commanding or in any way aiding the negro, made the position of a white officer in such troops one not to be envied. A large number of brave and patriotic men counted the cost as small, however, for they believed that it simply involved upholding what was to them a great principle and many sought commissions as officers in the colored regiments. The negroes demonstrated their soldierly qualities by their courage and steadiness and, in numerous instances performed acts of great heroism.







*Francis Minot Weld, Surgeon 27th U. S. C. T.*



## IN THE ARMY

The 27th United States Colored Troops was organized at Camp Delaware, Ohio, January 16th to August 6th, 1864, and was under the command of Colonel Albert M. Blackman.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*Camp near Manassas Junction. (Jamaica Plain, Mass.), May 3, '64.*

MY DEAR AUNT:—Two years ago to-day I was mustered in as Medical Cadet, and I shall be mustered as Surgeon from to-day.

You see how I originally dated this letter, showing where my thoughts were. You will excuse the erasure, I know.

I reached Washington at 6 P. M. last Saturday. You received a note from Annapolis Junction, I suppose. Friday night I spent in Baltimore, and went round after Hannah. Was directed by Miss Burnap to the Sanitary Fair, and went down there, and hunted all over the Fair, without success. I had to leave at 7 A. M. next day, and so no other opportunity offered. I was much disappointed, for my departure from home was just recent enough to make me long for one more glimpse of something belonging to it. I parted in Philadelphia from Miss Bradlee, of Medford, with whom, accompanied by her charming mother and minister, I had the pleasure of traveling from Boston. We discussed our past galops and polkas with great fervency, and I sighed to think of the utter absence of such pleasures in this region.

Sunday morning I awoke in Washington, and ate breakfast, at the Ebbitt House, met Geo. Blagden, of the 2d Cavalry, and Billy Lamb of the class of '59. I omitted to mention that the night before I fell in with Dr. Turner, an old acquaintance in the Medical School. We went to Grover's Theatre, and heard Wallack and Mrs. Farren in *Jane Shore*, and *Oliver Twist*. Wallack made a painfully, revoltingly good Fagin. Sunday noon to Alexandria, where I spent the night at the City Hotel, where to your surprise and mine, no acquaintance or friend turned up. Monday morning I started by cars for Warrenton Junction, Burnside's Headquarters. In the cars I met a Minnesota Lieut., whose acquaintance I made in Baltimore, Dr. Perkins, of Tom Sherwin's regiment, and a Lieut. of Steve's regiment. Reached





## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

Warrenton at noon, found my regiment was back here, and started by next train at 5.30 P. M.


Reached Manassas Station at eight o'clock, and was dumped out in the mud and dark, with my trunk, in a pouring rain. Started for a light, and found a little hut used as a telegraph station, where I deposited my trunk. Saw camps the other side of the road, and stumbled on through pools of water in the dark and rain. I roared with laughter at the forlornness of the situation. It was really amusing. Half-a-mile brought me to the camp of the 39th Colored where I found no one ever heard of the 27th, and concluded to stay the night with them. So I slept on an elegant board with my overcoat and a blanket. This morning I walked a mile and a half to headquarters of Gen. Ferrero, Commanding the division. Met Dr. Prince, an old friend, who first went out as Asst. Surgeon of the 22d Mass., and is now Medical Director of our Division. This put me right in town. He directed me to my regiment and came over to see me, shortly after. Knowing my transcendent abilities, he has put me on the "operating staff" of the division, which consists of five surgeons selected from the division and himself. All the amputations, etc., are performed by these, so I shall have a grand chance.

I found the gallant 27th consisted of seven companies, the other three being still in Ohio. There is no Colonel, the Lieut. Col. is in Ohio with the rest of the regiment. This part was under the command of the Major, whom I immediately sent to Hospital, at Annapolis, to have remittent fever. He has all the premonitory symptoms of a severe attack, and I do not expect to see him again with the regiment. He will probably either die, or be completely used up.

An Asst. Surgeon, a German named W——, had charge of the regiment, not a very brilliant man. He does not allow men to have anything but rheumatism or pneumonia. His treatment for them is one and the same, viz. Dover's Powder frequently repeated till death or recovery ensues. This may be a little exaggerated as it is the result of only one day's experience with him, but to-day he has classified several diseases under those two heads, and treated them as above. I shall make a slight, just a *very* slight, change in these matters. I



## IN THE ARMY

found the sick men lying under little shelter tents like this  about two feet high, on rubber blankets placed on the ground. Two I sent to Hospital with the Major, and then had the Hospital tent pitched, with good bunks of hay and put the rest in there. So you see I have had a busy day, and am tired. In addition to this, I have purchased a horse, probably for one hundred and fifty dollars, though I haven't quite settled on the price. If he isn't foundered, or spavined, or ring-boned, and has not got the heaves or spring-halt, I am certain he will turn out a bargain.

We are ordered to move to-morrow to the front with six days' rations. Still I do not think these regiments will be put into the coming battle, they are so raw, and little drilled. But nous verrons.

Don't feel anxious about me, as I bought the horse on purpose to run with if necessary.

*(May 1 to June 1, 1864)*

When Dr. Weld joined his regiment, the 27th U. S. Colored Troops, at Manassas Junction, the Ninth Corps had been engaged in guarding the railroad from Manassas Junction to Rappahannock Station from May 1st to 3rd. The Army of the Potomac, commanded by Major-General George G. Meade, lay between the Rapidan and the Rappahannock and faced the Army of Northern Virginia, commanded by Gen. R. E. Lee, which lay in its intrenchments along the Rapidan from Barnett's Ford to the vicinity of Morton's Ford, a distance of eighteen or twenty miles.

The greater part of the country between Fredericksburg and Richmond was covered with a forest in which the undergrowth was usually dense and impenetrable, hence it was well named the Wilderness. It was exceedingly difficult to handle large bodies of men in country of this nature.

A movement to turn Lee's flank was projected and carried out on the 4th of May and continued through the 5th. The Army, with all its great trains, crossed the River Rapidan on canvas and wooden bridges and successfully accomplished the movement along the Carpathin and Pamunkey roads. The following paragraph is quoted from





## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

Brigadier-General Andrew A. Humphrey's "The Virginia Campaign of '64 and '65":

"At 1.15 P. M. of the 4th, General Grant telegraphed from Germanna Ford to General Burnside to make a forced march until he reached there. His first Division, General Stevenson, had then arrived at Brandy Station, and his Fourth\* Brigade had marched that morning from Manassas Junction, more than forty miles distant from Germanna Ford. General Stevenson's division crossed the Rapidan at Germanna Ford on the morning of the 5th. General Ferrero's division (Fourth) crossed on the morning of the 6th." The heads of the infantry columns early in the day of the 5th reached a halting place at Chancellorsville and the Wilderness Tavern.

According to a brief itinerary found among Dr. Weld's papers, the 27th reached the vicinity of Warrenton Junction on the 4th, crossed the North Fork of the Rappahannock on the 5th and camped a few miles beyond. On the 6th it crossed the Rapidan at Germanna Ford and camped on the south bank of the river.

From the 5th to 7th the Battle of the Wilderness was in progress. It was fought under great difficulties in the tangled forest, which took fire in many places and about 200 of the wounded perished in the flame and smoke. Severe engagements took place about Spottsylvania Court House from May 8th to 18th. The total loss of killed, wounded and missing on the Union side in these two battles was estimated at 64,198.† The greater part of the marching was done at night and the contact between the two armies was so close that constant vigilance was required. This incessant watchfulness and consequent loss of sleep was a very great strain and severely taxed the endurance of both officers and men.

The movement to the North Anna River followed with various engagements between the opposing forces. The 27th U. S. C. T. had the duty of guarding the trains, and as is shown by the letter written

\* The Fourth Division's First Brigade comprised the 27th, 30th, 39th, and 43rd United States Colored Troops.

† Phisterer, *Statistical Records of the Armies of the United States of America* (Charles Scribners' Sons, 1883).



## IN THE ARMY

by Dr. Weld on May 25th near Bowling Green, the troops were constantly kept on the move.

During this long march from May 3rd until its arrival at Petersburg on June 19th, the 27th and its three companion colored regiments found their duty of guarding the supply train filled with incident and with danger. On June 10th the Union cavalry was driven into Old Church by rebel cavalry, but the latter was repulsed and driven back by their infantry pickets. The brigade went in support of a cavalry reconnaissance on the 11th, in the direction of Bethesda Church and Shady Grove Churchyard. This reconnaissance was successful and there was no infantry loss. Heavy rains, heat, sunstroke, dust, thirst and fatigue—each added its share of discomfort. Occasionally an amusing incident would enliven the march; for instance, a conscientious picket, in his anxiety to do his duty on night watch, fired at an imaginary man driving a mule, who refused to halt at his command. As the regiment neared Petersburg, the men found life made uncertain by the passing of bullets, the “bees with wet wings,” in unpleasant proximity to them, or through their tents, and by the frequent bursting of shells in their ranks.

Adjutant Jones, in recording this march, made the following entry in his diary: “Through all the days of darkness and gloom, there were two officers who were confident, cheerful, and looked at the bright side—Surgeon Weld and I. The Doc. and I were sure that all would be well.”

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*Near Milford, Va., May 25, 1864.*

MY DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—At last I have received a letter from you, much to my relief. It was one dated the 15th inst., and directed from Annapolis, from which I see you did not get my note from Annapolis Junction, and indeed had not received any of my numerous scrawls. I doubt not that our mails are kept back for military reasons. We have only had two mails for three weeks. In one of them, I got a capital letter from George M., by the other came three others forwarded, for which accept my thanks.

This place is some 25 miles on the road to Richmond from





## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

Fredericksburg, leaving about 40 more to go. We have guarded the trains all the way, and have not yet been in a regular fight. We have simply had our pickets driven in, with a few scattering shots occasionally, or something of the kind. I believe, however, from the spirit the men show at every prospect of fighting that they will do well.

We have been moving continually ever since the 4th, when we left Manassas. We seldom stay in one spot a day, generally only a few hours.

I am endeavoring to write to Uncle Dr., and when I get a chance at a pen and ink, add to it. Hope it will be done some time. I am still well as I could desire, and am happy to know you are better. I write on a piece of rough board, so excuse everything.

The rebs are steadily falling back, fighting hard. I saw a Lieutenant of Steve's on the 23rd. Steve was all right then.

The Battle of Cold Harbor took place on June 3rd, and was a very fierce engagement which resulted in severe losses to the Union in killed and wounded. Some important positions were gained but the attempt to drive Lee's army across the Chickahominy failed. It was now determined to execute a secret flank movement and accordingly, withdrawing on the 12th under cover of darkness, the Army began the famous march from Cold Harbor to the James River, the object of which was to reach the rear of the enemy at Richmond, destroy the lines of supply to that Confederate depot, and take up a position near Petersburg. This great feat of transferring to a new base an army of about 120,000 infantry, artillery and cavalry, with an enormous baggage train, was triumphantly achieved and redounded greatly to the credit of General Grant who had planned and ordered it. Only a few skirmishers were lost in this arduous march of fifty miles, and by midnight of the 16th the entire army was over the James River, which it crossed at Wilcox's Landing.

Vigorous assaults upon the rebel intrenchments at Petersburg were made and slight gains in position resulted. Movements against the railroads accomplished the destruction of about thirty miles of the Lynchburg R. R., the same distance on the Danville R. R., and the



## IN THE ARMY

Weldon R. R. was also partly destroyed. In these raids upon the railroads many of the men were in the saddle, or engaged in the work of destruction for nine days and nights, and were so exhausted that they fell asleep even while under fire. Many were killed or captured.

From June 3rd to July 19th not a drop of rain fell, and the fine, thick dust rose in such clouds, when the troops were in motion, that it caused great suffering. Fortunately the surface soil was porous, and a stratum of clay below it held an abundance of water to which the troops sunk wells whenever they halted on the march.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*Near Petersburg, Va., July 1st, 1864.*

MY DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—Since writing you, I have been off with the regiment after some supposed rebel cavalry for two or three days. Said cavalry did not appear, however, so I have returned to Hospital.

Our prospects of spending the "glorious Fourth" in Richmond are less brilliant than the eye of hope pictured them. The man who betted ten to one on that happy consummation got badly sold, and his posterity will undoubtedly lose the benefit of all the money he has at stake. We make no apparent advance, while our cavalry raids are destroying the railroads. This latter business is tremendously expensive. Kautz lost fifteen hundred men and two batteries on his last raid. We need more men. A new draft is necessary immediately. At the same time, while we do not advance, we hold a splendid position, and the rebel supplies are surely diminishing. Their receipts are precarious, their consumption regular and certain.

I saw Tom\* yesterday, and expect him over here to-day. He is now Inspector-General on Gen. Griffin's staff. His regiment is reduced to seventy men, and is under the command of Major Burt, while Col. Tilton commands the Brigade.

Negro troops are in high repute here, and are almost universally welcome. Even the copperhead element, which is very small indeed, is willing that the poor blacks should shield them from bullets. Our Division has been increased by two regiments, the 28th and 29th

\* Gen. Thomas Sherwin.





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

U. S. C. T. It now comprises besides them, the 27th, 30th, 31st, 19th, 23rd, 39th, and 43rd regiments of Colored Troops. The 28th made a gallant charge down a road four hundred yards and re-took a barricade out of which the rebels had just driven some white troops. They lost only three killed and ten wounded. This was four or five days ago.

I have discovered in Col. Thomas, Commanding our 2d Brigade, a connection of William's Carrie. He is a Portland man, a Captain in the regular army, and married a Goddard. He has been to Ponkapog with the Pickerings etc., in a party which included Roddy, and has a distinct recollection of him as the "fat boy." He asked me to dinner the other day, and really had something good to eat. He is very funny and amusing. Steve I haven't seen for three days, as I have been away, but all was right then. I am going over to-day to see him, if I can get away. We are tied down pretty close here, as wounded may come in at any minute, and need attention. I presume Saily is with you now. Give her my warmest love. Shall write to her in a day or two.

I am well as ever, and have stopped growing thin, because all the fat is gone. It is hot as blazes here, and where our lines pass over sand, it is almost insupportable. Our men are suffering terribly from the heat.

Your papers were rec'd. and appreciated. Please do so some more.

The protection of the men, when engaged in besieging a fortified position of the enemy or when defending their lines, in a more or less permanent location, from the enemy's attack, was effected by digging a series of rifle pits, each of which was large enough to hold from one to three sharpshooters. In this way the line of fire was formed.

While firing the men stood on a surface three feet wide, which was called the "banquette." When they wished to load they stepped down into the ditch which ran back of the rifle-pits. To protect the men from a flank fire, high, thick mounds of earth called "traverses," capable of resisting artillery fire, were thrown up at right angles to the pits, thus dividing them into sections of about 20 ft. each. A deep ditch was dug parallel to the rifle pits and connected with each section. In these defences the men could move about with comparative safety.

Whenever regiments were stationed for any length of time in one



## IN THE ARMY

locality the officers took advantage of this to make their quarters more permanent in character. In many cases their shelters were quite ambitious in architecture, and took the form of huts, or log cabins, some of which even boasted fireplaces with chimneys. The latter were not always built according to city standards, but, even when made of a barrel, served their purpose quite well.

Sometimes the white officers established schools for negroes, and in one case built a regular schoolhouse. The officers instructed the men in reading and writing.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*Near Petersburg, Va., July 14th, 1864.*

MY DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—Yesterday I was rejoiced to receive yours of the 3d inst., but disgusted to read in it “that you seldom heard from me.” Is it possible that my valuable epistles are sometimes lost, or do you think once a week is seldom? I always write as often as that, and often do not wait for the week to elapse before writing again. My record this month to you and your address is, July 1st, you; 2d, Uncle Dr.; 3d, Saidy; 8th, you; 12th, Saidy; 14th, you.

I find I forgot to enclose the V I mentioned in my last, and will try to remember it this time. Nor must I forget to thank you for two or three bunches of papers, which came most welcome to hand. They bring me nearer home.

I saw Steve in the front line last night. He is well and cheerful, and had just received a letter from Hannah, in which she said that Saidy had reached home, and was looking well, which I was glad to hear. Give her my best love. I suppose she is now in Bangor.

The plan of shutting up the house is an excellent one, and will give you much-needed rest and change. But what makes me feel uneasy is the fact that you may not be as well as I suppose. Do tell me if you are not so, as I shall feel more anxious, if you keep silent. Do not forget in your next, to give me a true account of your health. I am sorry you have lost Uncle Dr.’s ministrations.

Tom Sherwin I saw day before yesterday, and had a long ride with him. We both had to go to City Point on business, (official) and we





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

enjoyed it highly. He is looking pretty well, but his ankle has never healed, and gives him a great deal of trouble, tho' he never complains. This you need not repeat to anybody, as his mother might hear of it, and would worry.

I am very glad to hear of Uncle Dr.'s continued improvement. Please give him my love. I shall try to write him again in a day or two. Sickness is increasing very fast, and I have a great deal to do now, both at the regiment, and in the Hospital. Nothing is going on here ostensibly, except the massing of troops on the left. Our mine all fell through for want of proper support.

I can hardly realize your being so dissipated on the Fourth. I was very quiet all day.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*Near Petersburg, Va., July 18th, 1864.*

MY DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—Since my last, I have been almost all the time with the regiment. I am now again at the Hospital, and have just amputated a thumb, being the seventh hand-operation in succession which I have performed, all those coming round in my turn. I am getting rather tired of it, and hope for more variety in future.

It is not generally believed here that the Maryland raid will amount to anything. One division of the Sixth Corps has gone up to Washington. Our position here has not been altered the last week. A mine is in progress under a neighboring hill, and our division is ordered to be in readiness to charge, as soon as the explosion takes place. The hill is held by the rebels, and has a large fort on it. I hope the attempt will succeed. It is not worth while to mention this.

I inclose (\$5.00) five dollars to pay for the \$3.00 of stamps I sent for, and for the letters to Europe you have sent for me. Please write me how much it all amounts to, and what the postage is each time. I don't want you to pay for them. Please send me papers. I received some from you, which seemed home-like and welcome enough.

You mention its being hot at home. I can readily believe it. We have not had a drop of rain for three weeks. I think not for four, and the whole country is like an oven. Sunstrokes among the soldiers are common, and they suffer very much from the heat.



## IN THE ARMY

I shall apply for leave of absence in the fall, if I do not resign, to be at Saily's wedding. Is she with you now? I wrote to her a week ago on that supposition, directing to Jamaica Plain.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*Near Petersburg, Va., July 22d, 1864.*

MY DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—Congratulate me on getting nearly to the end of this horribly stamped paper. It has been an eye-sore to me for two years and I thank the Fates I have but two or three sheets left.

No new developments have taken place since my last, our forces are busily intrenching all along the line, building strong forts, etc. Still, notwithstanding the apparent quiet, I should not be surprised at an active movement any moment. As the slang of the day goes, "You can't almost always tell."

I see Tom and Steve very often, have an occasional operation to perform, and plenty of practice, am well, and rejoice that "I nightly pitch my moving tent a day's march nearer home."

Yours of the 10th announcing Saily's return came duly to hand. I have imagined you up at Northboro and elsewhere having a good rest.

A kind Providence has sent us two days' rain, and the dust is laid for a time. We are now half-a-mile back from our other position, the shells were so annoying. We are now with the other Hospitals, in the woods, much cooler than before. I am glad the Hundred-day men turn out so well, and hope they will send them down fast. The new five-hundred thousand men ought to be attended to also. All the signs are encouraging here. Rebel deserters are constant and numerous, while we lose almost none now from that source. They all state that they are on short rations, one-quarter-of-a-pound of bacon a day, etc.

If I can only see Richmond taken by the middle of September, I will come home for good. Then I must go down to S. C., and put that thing\* in running order, and fasten on to the crop, which will then be

\* Dr. Weld refers in the above to the Salem cotton plantation which he bought at Beaufort, S. C. The man whom he placed in charge of it later proved to be dishonest, as is shown by further references to the property. Dr. Weld sold it after the war.





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

ripe. After that I shall be prepared to sit behind my shingle, and cure all the halt, lame and blind of Jamaica Plain. I hope you have sent me the stamps 'ere this.

The Paymaster is coming round, we are told, shortly, and will receive a warm welcome. I long to see his dear old face. I am glad you are going about and enjoying yourself this hot weather, and hope you will find cool places. Saidy must be having a grand time, too. I had a letter from Mr. Carret a day or two ago written in very good spirits. We have had a new company sent out to our regiment, making eight companies in all.

In the latter part of June, Gen. Burnside authorized the making of a mine under the enemy's works. It was planned and constructed by the 48th Pennsylvania 2nd Div., 9th A. C., a regiment composed chiefly of Pennsylvania miners, under the command of Col. Pleasants, a skilful mining engineer. The main gallery was 511 feet long, the two lateral galleries 37 and 38 feet. There were eight magazines, each of which was charged with one thousand pounds of powder. It was to have been sprung at 3.30 A. M., on the morning of July 30th, but owing to a defective fuse the firing was delayed until 4.40 A. M. Immediately after the explosion the order for the assault was given, but owing to the fact that the parapets and abatis of the 9th Corps intrenchments had not been prepared for the passage of the troops according to instructions, the men could pass out only by twos and threes.

After some delay, caused by the narrowness of the exits from the Union lines, the First and Second and Third Divisions of white troops of the Ninth Corps advanced upon the enemy but, unfortunately, crowded into the crater, where they were at the mercy of the Confederate fire when it began again. General Stephen M. Weld, Dr. Weld's cousin, of the 56th Mass. Vols., succeeded in getting his men out of the crater into the works on the right where he endeavored to re-form them. The colored troops were now ordered forward, and at once proved their ability and courage.

"I well remember," writes Major Matthew R. Mitchell of the 27th U. S. C. T., "the 27th marching in double quick up that approach



## IN THE ARMY

to the crater and through it, stepping over dead and wounded, and taking a position on the right of the crater."

The 43rd U. S. C. T. led off farther to the right. With great bravery the officers and men of the 43rd charged the enemy's fully manned intrenchments, which they took and there captured 200 prisoners, who exceeded in number the men remaining in their regiment. They also captured a stand of rebel colors and re-took a standard of Union colors which had that morning been taken from a regiment of white troops. After sending the prisoners to the rear, the officers of the 43rd re-formed their men, then unhesitatingly mounted the parapet of the second line of the enemy's works, and called to their men to come on. In some cases they were followed by a few of their men, but many of these brave officers were wounded and one was killed where they stood exposed thus to the terrible fire. A few reached the 2nd line but were soon driven back. A brigade of the enemy charged the Union ranks and all organization was destroyed in the backward rush of these soldiers who had gained the ground between the first and the second line of the enemy's defences. It was here that Gen. Weld was captured. His arms were pinned to his sides in the closely packed struggling crowd, and he could do nothing to help himself or to restore order. He, with many others, including about 200 negroes, were taken prisoners. It was about 2 P. M., when this final charge of the enemy took place. The Union troops then fell back to their intrenchments and all offensive operations ceased.

After the battle charges of incompetency on the part of some of the commanding officers were made and it was said that the failure of the attack was due to them. Although some of these charges were undoubtedly true, others were probably caused by jealousy, or by misapprehension of the exact state of affairs on the part of those who made the accusations.

In regard to the making of the mine, Major Mitchell says: "General Meade did not approve of the plan but ridiculed it, saying that it was simply clap-trap, and would not be a success. This was the first break in the scheme. The second break came when, as late as July 29th, the evening before the explosion, General Meade countermanded the





## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

order of Burnside to have the colored division lead in the attack and ordered that the white troops should lead. The white troops had no special drilling or instruction for the charge. This change of plan at this late hour was a great disappointment to General Burnside, and to the officers and men of the colored division, who had drilled for weeks in preparation.

"Again, as to the order of the attack arranged by General Burnside, which was to move down to the right and to the left of the crater of the mine for the purpose of driving the rebels from their intrenchments, so as to remove the danger of flank attacks, General Meade made another change and directed that the troops should push at once to the crest of Cemetery Hill. The result of this plan was that the white troops, in passing the crater and over the debris left by the explosion, were more or less disorganized. The rebels, soon recovering from the shock of the explosion, commenced an enfilading fire from right and left, and killed and wounded many of the Federal troops. The colored division, after some delay, was ordered to follow the white troops."

Later it was generally conceded that had the colored troops been allowed to *lead* the assault, as had at first been planned, it would have been a success.

"I remember Dr. Weld very well," continues Major Mitchell, "I esteemed him highly and remember him particularly for his kind services rendered me in dressing my gunshot wound in the face on the 1st of August, 1864, after the Battle of the Mine. He took care of me at the Field Hospital tent until I was sent to the New York Hospital. I returned to the regiment late in the following September. When I returned he was very much surprised and told me that he did not expect to see me back again and exclaimed, 'I would just give \$500 if I could have that scar of yours on my face!'"

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*Before Petersburg, Va., Aug. 1st, 1864.*

MY DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—I commenced a letter to you three days ago, the morning of the battle, but was interrupted by the arrival of wounded, and this is my first leisure moment since.



## IN THE ARMY

Last night at ten-o'clock, I got off for a moment, and went down to the 1st Division Hospital, and found Steve's Asst. Surgeon, who told me he was safe and a prisoner. I had previously sent out messenger after messenger, but could learn nothing except that he was missing. This morning I dispatched my boy to Tom Sherwin to telegraph it instantly to the Boylston Ins. Office, which he did immediately. I feel very badly, and at the same time, greatly relieved. It might have been ten times worse. Our losses were tremendous, and he might have been killed, or terribly wounded, and left for two days in the broiling sun between the lines, as hundreds of poor fellows were. So we must rejoice comparatively.

Dr. Prince, our Med. Director, met a rebel Major this morning during the truce, who said he had just seen Steve, and added that he was one of the most gallant fellows he ever knew. He was captured, while leading on his men, and in the repulse was left alone among the rebels, and had to surrender. We have more reason than ever to feel proud of him. I did not know of the truce in time to send him any word. And if I had, I could not have done anything, for I was not allowed to leave a minute, but was operating all the time. I know of no prospect of another truce, but shall take measures to be informed, if there is one, and shall send him all the money I can raise.

I saw him the night but one before, and he was in fine health and spirits. Tell Uncle Stephen and his family not to be anxious or feel disappointed. I have seen enough these last three days to make me profoundly grateful it is no worse. Tom Sherwin and myself will be on the look-out to take advantage of every opportunity to send him money, letters, or anything he needs. It is not worth while for Uncle to attempt to send any money down, at any rate, for the present, as I can raise fifty to a hundred dollars, which is all it is of any use to send. It is a precarious channel, and that amount of green-backs will go a good way in rebeldom. Lipp has a bad wound in the hip, the result being doubtful.

I am writing between operations, as the wounded now come in only at intervals, and we get little respites between. I got up at five-o'clock the morning of the battle, and commenced operations at eight, when





## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

the first load of wounded came in. I never left the operating table, except for a hasty meal at dinner and supper, till half-past-one the next morning—making seventeen hours and a half of incessant cutting and sawing. I then slept till five, having to get up once to consult on the case of a wounded officer. At five came a hasty breakfast, and I operated all day till ten in the evening making seventeen hours more. That made three and a half hours' sleep in forty-one hours, and thirty-four hours and a half of the hardest kind of work. You can imagine what a back I have. Last night I got a good sleep till six this morning and worked hard till one-o'clock to-day, when eases began to slacken up, and I have had a little leisure at intervals this afternoon. I hope to-morrow I can get permission to leave the Hospital, and I will go over and get Steve's traps, and take care of them. I will write any particulars I may obtain. I have attended to about two hundred wounded, and performed thirty-five or forty "capital" operations,—that is, leg and arm amputations, at all possible spots,—besides as many more resections\*—that is, like Horton's arm.

The wounds were most of them very severe. The poor fellows stood them like heroes. I took out half the upper jaw of one poor boy, without chloroform, and he just sat right up, and never uttered a word or a groan during the whole operation, which took half an hour, as it was all smashed to pieces. It was impossible to give chloroform or aether, as he would swallow the blood and choke. But I won't linger on these horrors, as they will only give you pain to no purpose.

You know already the result. I know it was owing to want of concert among the authorities, from what proceeding I will not say, tho' I am sure I know. Everything went splendidly at first. Three hundred rebels were buried in a moment, as I learned from one of the eight men who were captured in the fort. They were the 18th and 22nd S. C. regiment, I am happy to say. Those regiments are played out. Our boys charged, and got possession of a part of the rebel's first line. But no other part of the army made any attack, and so the rebels concentrated against the 9th corps. They fired on them in front and on both sides, and after a while, they had to give it up. Forty thousand men

\* The operation of cutting out a portion, as of bone or nerve.



## IN THE ARMY

lay in reserve and looked on, while about twelve thousand were struggling against tremendous odds.

Am interrupted and must stop. Will continue to-morrow.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*Before Petersburg, Va., Aug. 13th, 1864.*

MY DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—Yours of the 19th inst., arrived to-day, four days from home. You don't know what a glow it gives me to look at that little sheet of paper, and think that four days ago it was in dear old Jamaica Plain. How I long to be there myself, and wonder when that devoutly wished for consummation will come to pass.

I was never made for a rolling-stone, though no one enjoys respectable travelling more. But travelling for Uncle Sam is not an unmixed pleasure, and reminds me of the rose which is *not* without its thorn. My temporary banishments only make home more dear to me. I look forward with delightful anticipations to the time when I shall lie concealed in the back-parlor, vainly watching all the morning for the rush of patients toward my modest sign. I imagine my delight at the appearance of a small Irish boy calling me to a charity-case just as the dinner bell has rung, and fancy the air of important anxiety with which I shall hurry after him, as if life or death depended on my speed. But I am recalled to the present by the arrival of a wounded darkey, with his arm in a sling.

I wrote to Uncle Stephen yesterday in answer to a letter inquiring after Steve. As to sending him anything from here, I am extremely sorry that it seems to be impossible. It can only be done by flag of truce, and officers of high rank tell me they see no prospect of one for the present. If one is sent I shall make an effort to send Steve some money, but the only way now is by the mail, as I have already told you. The flannel shirts might lie here three months with no opportunity to forward them. A box might perhaps be sent by the regular channel at Fortress Monroe. Gov. Andrew will know more about that than I do, but here at the front there is no chance.

You need feel no anxiety about my health, for I quickly recovered from the fatigue incident on the battle, and am now all right.





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

Everything looks bright about putting down the rebellion, and I still hope to be able to leave the service with a clear conscience and a little pocket money before Christmas. The third lot of postage-stamps were not in the letter, but I suppose you forgot to send them. Give my love to Uncle Dr., and say I shall write again at once.

I was not with my regiment in the battle, and probably shall not be very soon, as there are now so few surgeons in the Division that they will not allow me to leave the Hospital.

From now on to March, 1865, portions of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James moved to the right and to the left, extending their line of intrenchments in both directions and thus caused a corresponding extension on the part of Confederates. As Lee's lines grew longer they grew weaker, for he had few fresh troops to draw upon for their defense. Thus one of the objects of the Union movements was accomplished.

Several sharp engagements took place in August between the Union and Confederate forces stationed in the vicinity of Petersburg. On August 18th the Ninth Corps extended its left to unite with General Warren and relieve the Fifth Corps on the Weldon Railroad, near the Globe Tavern. Three divisions of the Ninth under Generals Willeox, White and Potter were sent to the left to co-operate with General Warren in the destruction of the Weldon Railroad, which was an important line of supply to the Confederates. By the night of the 24th the road from the Globe Tavern to Molone's Crossroad had been destroyed, when the Confederates prevented its further destruction by attacking General Warren's forces. The large number of raw recruits which now composed new Union regiments, or which formed a large majority in even old ones, made the discipline difficult to maintain. In some cases the officers could not speak English. In several instances it was found impossible to make these raw recruits move forward to meet the enemy or even return its fire. The result of this lack of discipline was disastrous and the Union troops were ordered to withdraw to protect their only line of communication with the rear. The work of intrenching the newly acquired front and rear was



## IN THE ARMY

vigorously carried on during September. During this month some changes were made in the Ninth Army Corps. The 1st division was consolidated with the 2nd,—2nd was called 1st, the 3rd called 2nd and the 4th became 3rd.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*Before Petersburg, Va., Aug. 21st, 1864.*

MY DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—We complain no more of drought. It rains all the time now, and dust has given place to mud, a most delightful change. It has already occurred to us, however, that even mud, charming as it is, may after a while become a little monotonous. I am well and jolly. Capt. Walcott, of Gen. Ferrero's staff, goes home with his regiment this week, the 21st Mass., and will leave with Uncle Gardner something I have sent home.

We have had several minor successes here lately, and one substantial one, viz. obtaining possession of the Weldon R. R. You may be sure that a grand success awaits us here finally. Our army is much larger than Lee's, and he can ill afford even an engagement where the losses are equal. I saw a lot of 200 prisoners yesterday picked up by the 5th Corps, in their late advance on the Railroad. I have not heard directly from Tom since their engagement, but should have heard if he had been hurt.

Steve I hear nothing of, and am not likely to, as no communication is allowed between the lines. I think of him a great deal, and miss him more than I can tell, our frequent meetings were so pleasant. I hope he will be exchanged at Charleston, as there is some prospect of another exchange there soon. At any rate we should be thankful that he is spared the rest of this fighting. "Every cloud has its silver lining." Tell Uncle Stephen that down here he is generally considered to be rather in luck, than otherwise.

I am sorry to hear of the illness of my two old schoolmates, Frank Evans and Spaulding, especially the former. They would have done better to enlist long ago. It is really a painful lesson to us not to place too much reliance on earthly blessings. I suppose poor Frank Spaulding is dead by this time, but Evans I hope will recover.

It is a great comfort to me to have you feel now that I did right in





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

coming away again. I can't express how unpleasant it was to be conscious that everyone regarded me as acting either wrongly or foolishly.\* It made my leaving home by far the most trying and sorrowful thing I ever entered upon. But I hope that all will finally believe it was right, as I did firmly then, and do now.

You must not be premature in blaming Burnside. He may be the one in fault, but it is not yet decided, and opinions here differ. We are all going to move down to the left today, that is, our corps, to support the 5th corps on the Railroad. We lost Gen. Hayes taken prisoner, and some men, but the advantage of holding the R. R., would have compensated for a much heavier loss.

The fate of the monitor *Tecumseh* is terrible. It's just what I used to think of at Charleston. If a torpedo destroys a monitor when she is closed up for action, not a dozen men can escape. I am glad I am not in one now.

I sent yesterday some photographs taken here lately. The damp weather has moistened some of them. Let the man near the P. O. fix them. One is for you, one for Aunt Minot and one for Saidy.

The tent in the picture is the operating one. A table each side for operations, and one at the other end for instruments. The tables are posts driven into the ground and strips of board nailed across. The bottle is *not* a bottle of rum.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*Before Petersburg, Va., Aug. 24th, 1864.*

MY DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—I am in receipt of your and Saidy's letters from Northboro, carrying my mind directly to those cool and pleasant scenes. How you must have enjoyed it! And I am grateful for your constant remembrance of my little inconveniences and social deprivations, which you are more apt to exaggerate than to underrate. What a jolly time we will have, when we get all settled!

The postage-stamps, (third consignment), came to hand this last time, for which I thank you. I can easily imagine how ludicrous Mr. A.'s reading of my letter must have sounded. I wonder what they thought

\* He was never very strong and they feared for his health.



## IN THE ARMY

of it in the village. But my letters are written in such unfavorable circumstances that they are hardly fit for general circulation.

As to Gen. Burnside, he had to go on leave of absence during the Court of Inquiry, as it would have been very unpleasant to continue on duty at such a time. The fact is, he and Meade quarrel incessantly. The latter has insulted Burnside in the grossest manner several times. Burnside may be to blame too, but those are the facts of the case, whatever the cause. They will never be in the same army again. Which was in fault on the 30th ultimo, I do not know. Opinions differ among men better informed by many times than I am. Don't repeat this; it is not proper to write it in the first place.

Prices are dreadful. I am so thankful I have enough clothes to last me for the present. My stock will last me two years at present prices. My best uniform coat is as yet almost untouched, and my old navy coat is still in fair condition.

When I come home, I can only live by the strictest economy, I see, if I can even get along at all. Have you yet decided how to proceed this winter? If I get home, it seems to me that we might manage to run the machine together, in a quiet way. The date of my appearance in Jamaica Plain is extremely problematical at present. Who takes Dr. Stedman's place? How do Drs. Faulkner and Guild get on? Please give my respects to them.

We are now on the extreme left of the line, ripping up the Weldon R. R., and filling in the cuts, etc., for 20 miles. We have had considerable successes the last week. The rebels have been repulsed in three or four charges with a very heavy loss.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*Before Petersburg, Va., Sept. 7th, 1864.*

MY DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—Always on the jump for the last month. Grant does not allow much rest, but it is "forward and back and cross over," then "all hands round" continually. I guess we can stand it as long as he can.

That receipt which George will ask you for is in my little black





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

trunk, in a bundle of papers marked "Salem" that being the name of the plantation. It is a receipt for \$300.00. I intend to put the whole thing into Mr. Noyes' hands, and instruct him to proceed to the "full extent of the law" if he can find any down there. I do not feel the slightest anxiety as to the future. I merely feel annoyance that I was cheated out of last year's crop, and may be out of this.

I hope military matters will progress this fall so that I shall feel free to resign in the winter. The only question then will be a pecuniary one, viz. whether I can support myself at home. You and I ought to be able to live pretty economically. You would be surprised at my economy here. I don't spend five dollars a month beyond my food, and hope to get a good lot laid up.

Our successes here on the Weldon R. R. have been great. They say the rebs are building a connection across from it to the Danville R. R. below where we hold it. But we will get the D. R. R., too before long, I think. Tom was in the thickest of that fight, but was not hit. His regiment is down at City Point, doing guard duty, and was not engaged. His time is up on the 8th October, and he will undoubtedly stay at home for a while, at least. If any one has earned a good right to do so, it is he. I saw him a week ago.

I received your letter inclosing Uncle Doctor's and both were very welcome. I am glad to look forward to the prospect of the old house being reopened. I hate to think of the window in the parlor-corner being dark. How often have I rejoiced to see it bright, showing that I should find you up to welcome me home, and have a little talk before going to bed. The evenings in that parlor are among my pleasantest recollections. I am well and jolly, good-bye.

While riding from camp one day on an errand of importance, Dr. Weld reached the edge of some woods whence he could see across a wide, open space which was commanded by the guns of the enemy. Setting spurs to his horse he raced over the ground and reached the shelter of the opposite woods unharmed, in spite of a few scattering shots. Needless to say, he chose another way back to camp.



## IN THE ARMY

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*Before Petersburg, Va., Sept. 18th, 1864.*

MY DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—I am now very busy all the time. My duties are to attend all the officers of the Division sick in Hospital, in the first place. Then I have to keep an eye on my regiment to see that all goes on right there. Then I have reached the high honor of being President of an Examining Board of Surgeons, to examine men disabled from active service, with reference to discharge, or transfer to the Invalid Corps. This takes every afternoon till dark. I have to ride away directly after dinner, some three miles or more, and don't get back till after dark. So you see I am really very busy. Tom's quarters are only a mile from the place where the Board meets, so I occasionally ride over afterwards and see him. That makes me so late home tho', that it won't do very often. He has but twenty days more to serve.

I see no signs of a move, yet, and presume we are still waiting for more men. The rebs came in behind us two days ago, and carried off the whole army herd of cattle, over four thousand head, costing the Government nearly a half-a-million dollars, of which your share will be about two cents. It is a dreadful loss, as it will feed Lee's army two months, and is worse for the progress of the cause than half-a-dozen defeats like the 30th of July.

I have been trading horses, and strange to say, every one says I made a good trade. I exchanged my brown horse for a sorrel mare, a little heavier, and an elegant trotter, and twenty-five dollars to boot. The trade was not a direct one, but I sold the horse for one hundred and fifty, and paid one hundred twenty-five for the mare. The reason I did so, was that it was prudent to have as little money in horseflesh as possible down here, for there are many risks about it. Then all my friends say that the mare is worth more than the horse was. Horses are rather low here now, as many officers are going out of the service with their regiments, and have to sell them at any rate. We have a new Lieut. Colonel J. W. Donnellon, of Cincinnati, who seems to be a nice fellow, and a good officer. He bought my horse. The mare belonged to Capt. Walcott.

I am glad you have opened the house, as I am sure you will be happier





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

this winter. All winter is too long to be unsettled. Expenses will probably be large, but prices ought to go down a little, as gold does. I hope to be at home with you, if things look propitious in the pecuniary line.

We are now having a good time as to the comforts of life. You must not imagine that I suffer any hardships at present. We have a good tent, plenty to eat, soft bread nearly all the time, condensed milk, and a variety of meat, pork, beef, mackerel and cod fish. We also have potatoes most of the time, so you see we live like lords. I hardly smoke at all now, having insensibly lost my taste for it for the time being. I don't know how long it will last.

How is Saidy coming on with her dresses? and all the other "fixings." In eighteen days she will be married. I can't be there now. Perhaps the regiment may be ordered out that way, and I can go and see her. My Assistant-Surgeon comes from Cincinnati, and will call on her this fall, if he gets a leave.

Since I commenced this letter, an officer has come in, who says that we recaptured nearly all our cattle, and some prisoners besides. Let us hope it is true.

The political world looks brighter and brighter. Lincoln's election is beyond a doubt.

The Battle of Hatcher's Run took place on October 27th and 28th. Adj. A. G. Jones of Dr. Weld's regiment writes the following account of the participation of the 27th U. S. C. T. in that engagement:

"In regard to the affair at Hatcher's Run—there was quite a large force engaged in the movement but I speak only of the 27th. The movement of our troops to the left of line at Petersburg, Oct. 27th and 28th, '64, resulted in the Battle of Hatcher's Run.

"The object was to find a weak spot in the rebel lines, break through and get possession of a railroad running from Richmond to Petersburg. If the movement had been successful it would have caused, in all probability, the downfall of Petersburg and hastened the evacuation of Richmond. On the morning of the 27th of October '64, we left our trenches in front of Petersburg and joined a large body of other troops, after marching several miles, formed line of battle and moved



## IN THE ARMY

into a dense forest. We were soon under fire, being greeted by solid shot and exploding shell, which came bursting through the trees, but did not do much damage as they were too high.

"Early in the action Col. Blackman was struck by a piece of spent shell with sufficient force to knock him off his horse. He was immediately sent to rear and turned over to the tender mercy of Drs. Weld and Niedermeyer, who found his wound was slight, a bruise or contusion, from which he quickly recovered, but it got him a 30-day leave of absence and a Brevet as Brig. Genl. Later on Lieut. Col. Donnellon was also wounded more severely, but we pressed on. During the afternoon a peculiar incident happened. Sergeant Smith Co. F. (Capt. Hempstead Co.) was struck by a bullet and knocked over. I guess the poor fellow thought he was a goner sure. Upon examination it was found that the bullet struck a testament which he carried in his pocket but did not go entirely through, thus saving his life.

"The action in other portions of the line was much severer than in our front for which we were thankful.

"That night we camped in line of battle; still in the woods, raining hard; gathered up everything that would help stop a bullet and formed a sort of breastwork; settled down for the night. Some time after midnight we were aroused from our fitful dreams of home and loved ones by the dreaded 'rebel yell.' Jumping to arms we found some of the men in our vicinity, breaking for the rear. Private Henry Clay belabored them right and left with his musket, yelling: 'Stand to the works, boys, and we will lick the whole d—— rebel army!' After a volley or two it quieted down for the night.

"On the 28th there was some further skirmishing without much damage being done. During the day were ordered about face and returned again to our work in front of Petersburg from which we concluded that the rebel lines were too strong."

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*Before Petersburg, Va., Oct. 7th, 1864.*

MY DEAR AUNT:—I thought of Saisy and you all day yesterday, and presume everything went off well. I stood my forced absence much





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

better than I expected, and kept in reasonably good spirits all through. Saily is now probably at Trenton. I wrote her a long letter yesterday. You feel relieved now it is through, and we should all be glad it is over.

I had hard luck a day or two ago. My boy washed some clothes and ingeniously hung them on a line where he couldn't see them. When he went to get them, I was minus two fine flannel shirts, two handkerchiefs and a pair of socks, at least twelve dollars out. "Such, however, is life," and it is ill mourning over spilt milk or lost shirts. I will not tell you how many shirts I have left, but simply remark that the loss amounted to two-thirds of my entire stock.

You recollect that I bought a sorrel mare a short time ago for one hundred twenty-five dollars. This morning a man came round and offered me fifty more, and, though I hated to part with her, I thought I ought to do it. I still have two horses, as Dr. Perkins, of Tom's regiment, left a horse with me to sell for him for \$125, and I think I shall take him myself. The colt I confiscated some time ago is not large enough for a saddle-horse, but is very useful as a pack-horse, etc.

I sent you some money and a box by Tom Sherwin. You can imagine how thankful I was to see him off safe. He has been in four battles since his regiment left the front, when he might have been in safety with them, doing guard duty at City Point. He had his horse shot under him in the last advance. The bullet went right through the saddle just where the leg usually hangs, and he must have made some unusual movement at that very instant which momentarily displaced his leg. It seems a miracle to look at the saddle. He saved his leg and perhaps his life, by the fortunate change of position. You will see him soon.

I was very sorry to hear from Saily that Aunt Isabella hurt her knee again. Is it the same one? I trust the trouble proved to be only temporary. Please give her my love and tell her I am very much obliged for her kind thoughtfulness about the cake. The proper direction is SURGEON F. M. WELD, 27th U. S. C. Troops, 3rd Div.—9th A. C., Army of Potomac. By Adams Express.

The unanimity here is perfectly astonishing to me. McClellan's army vote will be ridiculously small, and he will carry only New Jersey and Kentucky, I think.



## IN THE ARMY

On October 31, 1864, Dr. Weld was ordered on detached duty and was appointed as President of Examining Board for discharge of invalid soldiers.

The year of the presidential campaign of 1864 was one of great strain and uncertainty. The conflict between the North and the South continued unabated, with great losses on each side; politicians and plotters were in revolt against Lincoln and cried for a change.

The Democrats nominated General George B. McClellan as their presidential candidate, while the choice of the Republicans was for the re-nomination of Lincoln. When he issued a call on July 18 for 500,000 more men, many believed that he would kill his chances for re-election in a country so long harassed by war, yet on November 8, the votes of 116,887 soldiers in the field were added to the great number of Republican ballots which assured the continuance of the President in office.\*

Lincoln and Andrew Johnson,—the latter was nominated instead of Vice-President Hamlin—received the electoral votes of all the states that voted, excepting New Jersey, Delaware and Kentucky. Thus, with the exception of Delaware, Dr. Weld was correct in his estimate regarding the probable support given to McClellan.

Thanksgiving Day occurred that year on November 24th. On Saturday the 28th, the troops were marched to Broadway Landing on the Appomattox River, near Bermuda Hundred. At this time the Sanitary Commission sent to the Union soldiers a generous supply of roast turkey, apples, cake, etc. Adj. Jones, of the 27th U. S. C. T., gives a good pen picture of the occasion. The tempting viands stood in open boxes and barrels before the eyes of the hungry soldiers, who were waiting for the distribution, when suddenly an unwelcome call to arms was sounded.

"Those within reach made a grab," writes Adj. Jones. "We poor officers were supposed to frown upon such unsoldierlike conduct and get the men in line. We did our duty nobly. Nevertheless, later I found a big red apple in one pocket, and a turkey leg in another!"

\* Morse, Abraham Lincoln (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1893), Vol. II, pp. 290-292.





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

*Dr. Weld describes this occasion in the following fragment of a letter:*

. . . Two days after, though, I got a piece of cold turkey in my fingers on the march, which I relished heartily, and thanked the patriotic ladies who were so kind. I was peculiarly unfortunate. Almost every private soldier had much more besides, pies and cakes, which did not fall to my share. If I get home this winter, I hope you will make some mince-pies.

My prize-money is unfortunate, but I do not worry about it. As to the Fernandina plan, I do not know. The climate is pleasant and healthy, but the social banishment will be complete.\*

Sherman's and Thomas' successes encourage us greatly. I think the war cannot last a year. Then we all can sit down under our own vines and fig trees and have a good time earning our livings by the sweat of our brows.

Your letters and papers come regularly and are the source of great pleasure to me.

During December, the Twenty-fifth Army Corps was organized from the colored troops of the Army of the James, to which Ferrero's division of the Ninth Corps was added, which included Dr. Weld's regiment, the 27th U. S. C. T.

The winter of 1864-65 was unusually severe, which made picket duty a great hardship. On account of their insufficient clothing and scanty rations the Confederate soldiers suffered more from exposure than the Union troops.

All the Southern ports, with one exception, had been successfully blockaded. Wilmington, N. C., alone remained open, and, on account of its great importance as a depot of supplies for the South, it was absolutely necessary to the success of the Union cause that this port also should be closed. The city was located on the Cape Fear River several miles from its mouth.

On a peninsula, washed on one side by the river, on the other by the ocean, stood an immense fortress named Fort Fisher, which assisted

\* This refers to a suggested plan for a change of climate for Dr. Weld. It was not carried out.



## IN THE ARMY

blockade runners on their way to Wilmington. Battery Buchanan, sixty feet high, with two heavy guns which had a plunging fire on the channel, occupied the point of the peninsula. From this battery for a mile along the sea coast, then on a line running at a right angle across the peninsula there were batteries with heavy guns. These batteries were connected by earthworks for infantry.

"The embankments," says General Delevan Bates, commander of the 30th U. S. C. T., in an interesting account of the two attacks on Fort Fisher, "were made of heavy timbers covered with sand twenty feet high and twenty-five feet thick at the base. In place of embrasures, chambers covered with bomb proofs were built for the cannon, of which there were 169 heavy guns along the line. One of these was an Armstrong 150-pound rifled gun which was presented to the Confederacy by its maker, Sir William Armstrong, of England.

It was this stronghold which the Union determined to reduce. On December 20th, 1864, Admiral Porter in command of the fleet, and General Butler, leading 8,000 soldiers, made the first attempt to take Fort Fisher. The expedition was a total failure. As Admiral Porter and some of the army officers were of the opinion that, in spite of its apparent impregnability, it was possible to capture the fortress, General Grant accordingly ordered a second attack to be made. Again he placed Admiral Porter in command of the Naval forces, which consisted of 60 men-of-war and gun boats, but in place of General Butler, General Alfred H. Terry led the troops.

*In Dr. Weld's army diary and letters we read his vivid account of the difficulties and dangers which this second expedition encountered, and the success it achieved.*

ARMY DIARY KEPT BY  
SURGEON FRANCIS MINOT WELD  
DURING THE CIVIL WAR  
FROM JAN. 1 TO JULY 21, 1865

*January 1.*—At camp 25th A. C. near Fort Harrison, Va. Just moved out of quarters of 4th which we occupied during their absence





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

on Butler's expedition.\* Snow on ground, very cold. In tents. Dined & slept with Col. Hutchings at Corps. Hdqrs.

*January 2.*—Building a house. Very cold. Dined & slept with Col. H. Was yesterday introduced to Med. Dir. Conone who asked me if I would like to assist him at Corp. Hdqrs. I thought I should.

*January 3.*—Received orders to march at 11, in light marching order. Started at 1 P. M. To Bermuda Hundred. Sent back our horses, no shelter tents, slept in the snow.

*January 4.*—Staid in bivouac all day. Cold. Lay down in snow again at night. At 2 A. M. marched to landing. Gen. Blackman & five companies & myself went aboard the *Eliza Hancox*. The rest of the regiment on another steamer the *Montauk* sister to *Idaho*.

*January 5.*—Went down James River 12 miles, then were transferred to *Idaho*—a fine new propeller 525 tons. Reached Fortress Monroe at 11 A. M. Officers of boat pleasant. We are to board at \$2.50 per diem. Have but 75 cts. Never mind. Eat first, pay, when I can. This morning passed wreck of *Congress* & *Florida* near Newport News. Passed Jamestown on N. bank—a few shanties there, two or three. A low swampy tract, apparently with few attractions for settlers.

*January 7.*—Arrived at Fort Monroe at 11 A. M. Rest of day lay quiet off Fortress Monroe. Rip-raps & Point Sewall in sight. Cannot get ashore. At 5 A. M., on the 6th steamed out past Cape Henry. Gale came up, all sick but me. I felt rather squeamish, but didn't lose a meal. Omitted smoking temporarily. Opened order off Cape Hatteras. "Rendezvous 10 miles off Beaufort, N. C."

*January 8.*—Passed Cape Hatteras at noon. Sea very rough. Lay to for 24 hours. Read "Monroe Edwards". Men very sea sick. Ross & Manly on their backs. Carter is with Dr. N. on the *Montauk*, Alfred is behind with the horses. Tom Leslie at home on 15 days' furlough.

\* Probably the expedition which Gen. Butler commanded in first attack on Fort Fisher.



## IN THE ARMY

*January 9.*—Came to rendezvous at 11 A. M. A few transports in sight. Inside the harbor can be seen the numberless masts of the naval fleet. A heavy gale is coming up.

*January 10.*—Went inside early in morning on account of weather. Passed *Wabash*, *Colorado*, *Minnesota* & many others, also 2 or 3 monitors. Went up to wharf and coaled. Went aboard the *McClellan* flagship with General Blackman. Was introduced to General Terry, an ideal Yankee, long and lean 6 ft. 3 or 4 inches. We coaled off Morehead City Wharf.

*January 11.*—Took some sick ashore, 3 men up to hospital. Met my classmate Nelson, a Government draughtsman at Newbern, also Everett, 2nd Lieut. in the 2nd Mass. H. A. and ordinance office. Has his wife at Beaufort and goes over every night. Lost Ross and had to come off without him. Got aboard just as the *Idaho* was getting under weigh. Went outside of harbor.

*January 12.*—Got started for Fort Fisher, the Navy in three lines of battle transports following. Day bright, sea smooth. Splendid sight. Steamed down the coast all day and lay to in evening for some five miles above Fort Fisher. Everything is propitious.

*January 13.*—Commenced landing 4 miles above Fort Fisher about 8 A. M. Sea smooth but quite a surf. Sea covered with hundreds of boats all pulling for shore. A line of gun-boats headed by *Brooklyn* have shelled the beach. By 3 P. M., about all ashore. Several boats upset. No one drowned. Got wet to knees landing. Marched down beach at 4 P. M. Turned off to right at two miles from Fort. Crossed the peninsula to river thro' an awful swamp in dark. At 10 P. M. reached river. Threw up breastworks facing Wilmington against Bragg forces. Navy shelled Fort Fisher all day, also on 14th. We lay quiet strengthening breastworks. Force 10,000. 4,000 black, rest white.

*January 15.*—At 3 P. M. Ames' Div. advanced in 3 lines of battle. Saw the flag raised on first traverse of fort, then over 3 others. Firing tremendous. At dark we were ordered down. We lay at gate of fort





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

on ground. Lost 6 men, then sent out of range, no room for us. At 9¾ the last rebs ran. The 27th and a white brigade pursued them down the beach to Battery Buchanan. It was now bright moonlight. General Whiting & 650 men & the fort surrendered to Adj. Jones\* of this regiment. On 16th lay quiet picking up relics, etc. Wrote to Saily. Naval officers came ashore and visited the fort. Froze to an amputating case.

*January 17.*—My twenty-fifth birthday. Last one I entered Tybee & visited Ned Sherwin in *Dai Ching*. Wrote to Saily & Aunt Margie. Mrs. Erale's cousin, Houghton, came ashore from *Maratanza*. Also officers from *Kansas*, among them Potts, the old chief of the *Montauk*.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*Fort Buchanan, N. C., January 17th, 1865.*

MY DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—I tried to write you yesterday, but was so busy that I could not. I am twenty-five years old to-day, have lived a quarter of a century. Day before yesterday I stood a good chance of not completing the period.

Everything here is glorious, except the unfortunate explosion in Fort Fisher after we had captured it. That was the result of a careless hound's carrying a lighted candle into a magazine, I believe, and the loss is estimated at three hundred—may turn out less.

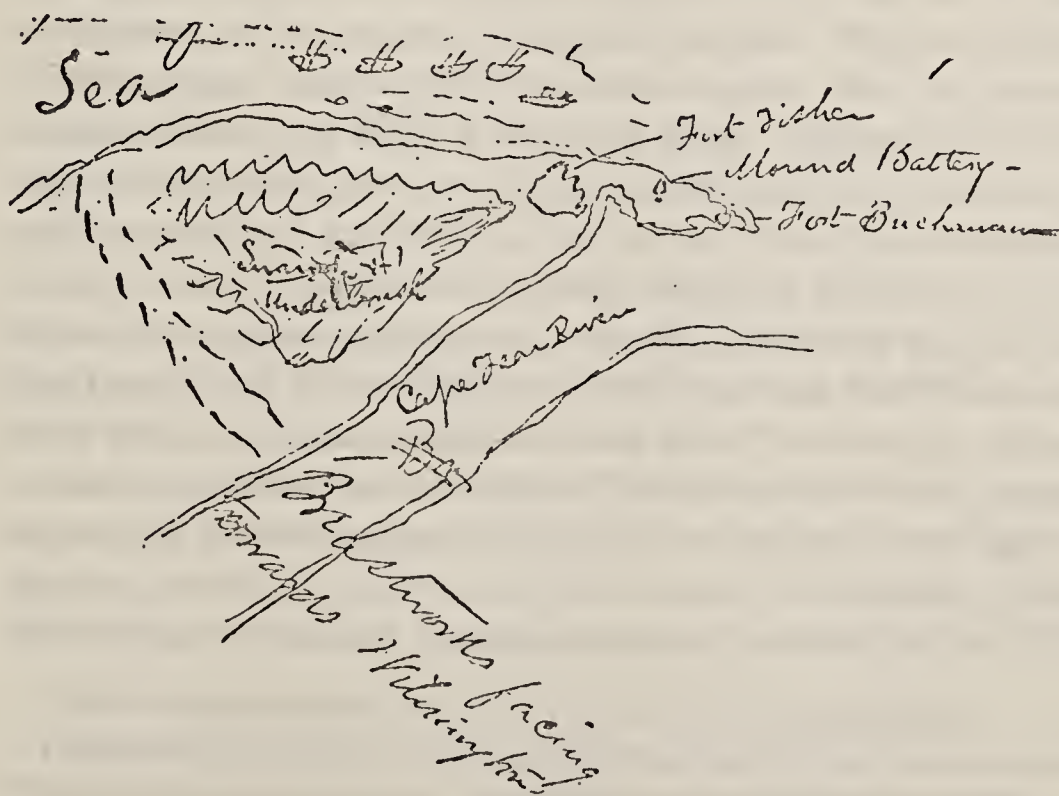
We had a storm after leaving Fort Monroe, of course, and some were driven back, some delayed, and everything was put back a couple of days. We were one day lying head to the gale for twenty-four hours, steaming but making no headway. We left Beaufort, where we rendezvoused, on the morning of the twelfth, and anchored off Fort Fisher at night. Next morning the gunboats shelled the beach vigorously, and the rebs spiked the only gun they had, and left it. We then landed in navy-boats, four miles above Fisher, the surf running pretty high, and almost everyone got a ducking. I only got in up to my knees, but poor Dr. Niedermeyer got wet to his shoulders. Several came near getting drowned, but I believe no one was lost. After we had collected and formed, the colored division took the lead, our brigade in advance, and marched down the beach towards the Fort, which the navy was

\* In charge of skirmish line.



## IN THE ARMY

shelling vigorously. It looked as if we were going to charge right up, and I acknowledge I felt pretty ticklish, but at two miles distance, we filed right into the woods, and marched right across the peninsula. It was dark by this time, and the march was through a swamp, called "impassable" by the *New York News*. It was well nigh so, and we floundered and stumbled along, covered with mud. We came out on the river by about nine o'clock, and immediately threw up such breast-works as we could, without shovel or spades. This was to protect us against Bragg, who was a mile and a half nearer Wilmington, and from whom an attack was momentarily expected. His pickets were right in front of us. As soon as we got a decent protection, which was at twelve o'clock, we were ordered to fall back half a mile, and throw up some more, and that took us till morning. Then we had two pretty good lines. All that day we lay quiet, the navy still shelling the fort, and our troops continuing to land. At noon of the fifteenth, I went down the beach, and saw the assault on Fort Fisher. Let me give you a rough idea of the position.







FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

The naval brigade charged down the sea-beach, and the troops down the river-bank. The former\* were repulsed, as that side was stronger, and they (the sailors and marines) had no muskets, but were armed with cutlasses and carbines. Our troops moved in three lines of battle at double-quick, and this fort and the mound battery raked them with a heavy fire of grape and canister. The attack was about three o'clock, and by five, we had about half the fort. Then a musketry fight was carried on, we gradually gaining till a quarter before ten, when they evacuated the last merlon,† and retreated to the mound and this place. At four o'clock our regiment was ordered down. As I had already been down there, the Colonel asked me to show the way, as there was a good deal of underbrush and bushes which made the way uncertain. I thus had the honor of leading the regiment right into the fort. By the time we got there, it was dark, and the mound etc., had stopped raking the line of advance, as they could no longer see the state of affairs in the fort, and might hit their own men. I was thankful enough, I assure you. The musketry was pretty heavy, but when we reported to Gen. Ames, he said there was no room for us to act to advantage in the fort, and so we were ordered to lie down on the causeway in front of the gate. This we did with great readiness, together with the white regiment. Here we suffered somewhat from the shells of the navy, which exploded about from eight to fifteen feet above us. The whites alongside lost more than we did however, from the nature of the ground. About nine o'clock we received orders to fall back out of range and await further orders. We did so, and at quarter before ten, a cheering proclaimed that the fort had surrendered. We were then sent back, went thro Fort Fisher, and went down the beach towards the other forts. We found the Mound evacuated, and went on in two lines of battle, the first a white brigade, the second was our regiment. The first line deployed to the right of the fort, and we to the left, and while the first was forming for the final charge, our skirmish rushed forward and captured the fort, Maj.

\* The two thousand sailors and marines were repulsed with great slaughter.

† There were nine merlons, or huge traverses of sand running back for about 30 feet between the chambers of the guns. In these traverses the rebels fought like demons.



## IN THE ARMY

Gen. Whiting and three hundred prisoners, without firing a gun. The long suspense was over, for we were momentarily expecting the guns to open on us all the way down. It was now bright moonlight, and the scene was really an exciting one. Gen. Whiting, (the Horton's cousin), was severely wounded. In the morning we found two rebel surgeons in a bomb-proof, with some wounded, whom I had to get off to Hospital. I was very busy all day, and wrote to Saily at night, and tried to write to you, but I was so used up I had to go to sleep. Our whole loss was, in round numbers, three hundred killed and wounded, in the navy, ditto in the army, in the assault, and three hundred by the explosion. I believe the total is more likely to fall below this than to exceed it. The rebels lost about seven hundred killed and wounded and thirteen hundred prisoners. These numbers are approximate only, but nearly correct. The whole garrison was about two thousand.

Please direct as before, "27th U. S. C. T., 3rd Div., 25th A. C." Our division has been changed owing to our movements, we have had no mail for two weeks. Hope to get one soon. Do not send me any more money till I write again. I suppose some is on the way.

"When one of the magazines of Fort Fisher exploded the next day," said Adj. Jones, in a letter written home at that time, "Surgeon Weld, who was standing near by, had a narrow escape." Later, while reconnoitering alone outside the Fort, Dr. Weld came suddenly upon four armed Confederates. Seeing that there was not a moment to lose in hesitation, he drew his sword and rushed upon them shouting, "Surrender!" The rebels immediately threw down their arms, evidently thinking that he had a regiment at his back, and they allowed him to march them, single-handed, into the Union ranks.

The success of the second expedition to Fort Fisher caused great rejoicing in the Union ranks and Lieut. Gen. U. S. Grant ordered a salute of 100 guns to be fired by each army in honor of their great triumph, which was accordingly done at noon on January 17, 1865. The Corps Commanders were requested to endeavor to let the enemy know of the fall of Fort Fisher by assault, and the Union outposts were told to call across the news to the Confederate sentinels.





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

*January 18.*—All quiet. Resting after our exertions.

*January 19.*—Left Battery Buchanan at 8 A. M. Marched back to "North Line" of defences. Yesterday I went all over Fort Fisher. Got relies.

*January 20.*—Raining no shelter. Existed—no more.

*January 21.*—Rainy—cold—continued to exist.

*January 22.*—Rather pleasant, still not adapted for living out of doors. Rebel hard-tack. Liverpool bread made with ground bone and full of worms—fills up however.

*January 23.*—Cold, stormy.

*January 24.*—Like 23.

"After the capture of Fort Fisher," says Lieut. Jones in an article published in the *National Tribune*, Washington, about 1897, "our Division was stretched from ocean to river behind earth works facing toward Wilmington. The 'Johnnies' in our immediate front were active and vigilant. In fact, we lost all respect for them. They seemed to take no rest, and were intent upon making life miserable. Fort Anderson on the opposite bank of the river became especially obnoxious to us. One day while a lot of us—officers and men—were lying upon the ground in the rear of our guns, Fort Anderson opened up with its big guns. One shell struck the ground immediately in front of a row of men burying itself and exploding directly under them. Strange as it may seem, none of them were seriously injured although lifted several feet into the air."

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*North Line of Defences, near Fort Fisher, N. C., Jan. 24th, 1865.*

MY DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—It is now just three weeks since we left the lines before Richmond. In twelve days Fort Fisher was taken, —pretty good time, an exploit which will put Porter up a good deal, and raise Terry to eminence at once, from being almost unknown outside of the army.



My dear Aunt.

Long 31<sup>st</sup>

I am well & jolly, and we are in <sup>the</sup> ~~stagnant~~ <sup>thorres</sup> ~~stagnant~~.

Our boats have not yet arrived, & till they come, we cannot move. No mail has yet arrived - and we are all very anxious to have one.

It is twenty-eight days since we have had a mail - & only <sup>three</sup> ~~two~~ papers have been since the 3<sup>d</sup> instant. There is no news here, of course. Deserters come thus every day, mostly Georgians. They say their men are discouraged - and will not fight much longer.

Enclose some letters I picked up to show you that they have had hard times in the South -

With much love to all  
I am very affly  
Yours





## IN THE ARMY

Our horses and tents, valises, etc., have been sent for, as well as reinforcements, and not till they arrive shall we move. Then I doubt not we shall advance on Wilmington, which will certainly fall, and thence all anticipate a march through N. C., towards Richmond, in conjunction with Sherman. I think the latter may have already taken Charleston, or is besieging it, at any rate. From two to four weeks may elapse before we go on. Our present force here is only eight thousand effective men, and we are not strong enough to advance beyond the reach of the gunboats.

On examining Fort F., it seems a perfect miracle that it was taken with so little loss. The garrison is now found to have been twenty-five hundred men, and it was taken by less than five thousand. One man with such advantages of position is worth twenty assailants, and, without the help of the navy, fifty thousand men could scarcely have taken it by assault. In front of the fort were numerous torpedoes, divided into three groups. One group, the sailors, charged over on the sea-beach. Another, the land-forces advanced over, on the river-side. A third was in front of the middle, between the two others. Each was attached to a galvanic battery in the fort. The wires to the first two were broken by the bombardment, the wires to the other were entire. They would have annihilated our assaulting columns, had they remained in order. Is that not providential?

On the 19th inst., we were relieved at Battery Buchanan, and ordered up here to our old place at the breast-works fronting Hoke's Division. They are about three miles from Fort Fisher and run directly across the peninsula.

I sent you yesterday a box containing some curiosities, bits of shell, etc. The red bunting is a piece of the flag of Fort Fisher, the white comes from a flag in this fort. Preserve them carefully. Please pay the express from my money in your hands. What is left after all I have written you about, please send me in sums of ten dollars a letter. Direct "27th U. S. C. T., 3rd Division, 25th A. C., via Washington." I inclose a slip recapitulating what I have directed about the money. How I long to hear from you. It is over three weeks since we have had a mail. Excuse appearances, as I have no advantages for writing.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

There is no prospect of getting a leave of absence. The rebels have destroyed Fort Caswell and the magazines, etc., were exploding all night. We may move on to Wilmington, as they have sent for more troops, I think we shall. No more blockade running will be done at this little place.

*No entries January 25, 26 and 27.*

*January 28.*—Fort Fisher had 17 traverses on the land side, many with bomb proofs under them and some dozen guns in detached batteries on the sea-side. After the explosion, there were 200 or 300 mangled bodies to be seen, mostly rebels who were dead or wounded before the explosion. Our own loss was about 125 by the explosion, principally from the 169th N. Y. The rebel garrison was 2500. 150 were killed, 400 wounded, rest taken prisoners.

*No entry January 30.*

*January 31.*—The month since the 19th has been mostly cold and rainy, occasionally a slight freeze, no snow. Have had no shelter except half a dozen boards. No mail, no baggage. Too cold to work out of doors. Hence lousy and dirty. Have "seen happier days." Visited Ft. Fisher several times. Saw "Aunt Strong gun", mahogany carriage, slides common. It is rifled—150 pounder, marked "Sir W. C. Armstrong & Co., New Castle-upon-Tyne No. 19." Also a "pepper-box" gun, throwing 122 bullets at a pop, besides Whitworth's, Blakely's, Brookes, etc. There were some 25 guns dismounted or disabled.

*February 1.*—Weather unpleasant, no mail.

*February 2.*—Have been acquainted with officers of Battery E 3rd—U. S. Artillery, pleasant men. Lieut. Smith used to be in Holbrooks store, Summer St. Lieut. Blatchford has been much in Boston & towns near by.

*No entries February 3, 4, 5 and 6.*

*February 7.*—Attended child, cold, a slight fever—at house within picket line. 31 people, all women and children, except one old man, in a little house with 3 small rooms.

*No entries February 8 and 9.*





## IN THE ARMY

*February 10.*—Attended girl of 15 at same house with Pneumonia. Dovers powder and cold wet cloths to chest.

*February 11.*—Moved up the river 2 miles. 2nd brigade made a very handsome charge and drove rebs out of entrenched picket line. Our loss was about 60 killed and wounded, firing was very lively. Fort Anderson enfiladed our line towards night, firing a few shells and wounding five or six men.

*February 12.*—Threw up works. Enemy's line very strong in front. First letter from Aunt Margie since January 2. Contained ten dollars.

*No entries February 13 and 14.*

*February 15.*—Letter from Tom Sherwin, encouraging account of matters in Beaufort, S. C., where he went to attend to my business.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*Near Fort Fisher, N. C., Feb'y 15th, '65.*

MY DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—Much to my delight, a mail has at last arrived, bringing yours of the 29th Jan. and 5th inst., the latter inclosing ten dollars, very welcome. We have not been paid since September, and every one is very hard up. We are a mile and a half nearer Wilmington than the last time I wrote. On the 11th, we made an advance, drove the rebels back with some heavy skirmishing to their entrenched picket-line. The 2d Brigade of our Division (all darkies) then made a very pretty charge, and carried the line, taking a number of prisoners. Our whole loss was about one hundred. My regiment lost but six. I was with it, of course, (as Dr. Niedermeyer is ordered to Hospital on account of an old wound in his knee, which gives considerable trouble) and they were cool and steady. I thought we were going to charge the main line, but it turned out to be so heavy, that it would be a very bloody affair, so we held right up to a couple of hundred yards of it, and Schofield is expected to flank them from Masonboro Inlet, a few miles up the coast. It is hoped that he may come in behind, and catch a good crowd of them. Schofield has, it is supposed, ten or fifteen thousand of his corps here. I feel sure we shall get Wilmington soon.



## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

I feel anxious about Ned Sherwin, but think the paper account is very favorable. I am very happy to hear of Uncle Dr.'s improvement, and must write him on thick paper as I have no other. I wish I *could* keep a journal, and if I had a little pocket note-book might make some headway, but it is a very difficult matter in the field. Steve goes back to Annapolis to-day, you say. I hope he will be able to leave the service, for he has done enough, risked enough and suffered enough to earn a right to a safe and comfortable home.

How hard it was for the poor sufferers at Papanti's, who had nothing to eat, absolutely, but tea, chocolate, and cake. Let me see, when have I had any cake, or chocolate, or soft bread?

I am glad Aunt Anna is so gay, and that Lucy has such parties. She enjoys them more now than she ever will in a few years later.

Gen. Schofield captured Fort Anderson on the night of the 18th, which made the rebel line of the Union side untenable. Pickets coming in on the 19th reported that the enemy had evacuated that front, upon which information the Union columns were soon in pursuit.

"During the afternoon," says Adj. Jones, "our advance came up with their rear guard, skirmishing was at once in order and kept up until night. In the morning we found the 'Johnnies' had again left us without saying good-bye. Again we pushed on and came up with them when a lively and vigorous skirmish took place, artillery being used on both sides. The 1st, 5th and 27th Colored were sufferers, losing about 50 men. The rebels held their ground but only to leave during the night of the 21st."

*No entries February 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 and 21.*

*February 22.*—Enemy's line is evacuated in front and at 9 A. M. we advanced,—passed through Wilmington at noon, first Abbot's brigade then Myrick's battery, then our division. Blacks were wild with delight. Saw a few Union flags. Darkies gave us water, bread, ham, tobacco, etc. They cried and sung and prayed, shouted, "Glory to God! Thank God! You are our deliverers," etc. One old woman gave





## IN THE ARMY

me a drink saying, "Drink master, Glory to God, D—m the rebels." I answered, "You will never have any more masters."

We marched right thro' the town and pursued the rebs to North-East Station on Wilmington and Manchester Railway—trying to save the railroad bridge, we had a heavy skirmish at the river, and the bridge was burned. We secured their pontoon, however. They cut it on this side, and it swung across. Next day we went over and got it.

The Union men were ragged, some of them shoeless, and they had been living on parched corn for a day and a half.

*No entries February 23 and 24.*

*February 25.*—The paroled prisoners are coming in bare-footed, emaciated, dirty, lousy, sick, worse than I ever imagined. Their rations for 3 months, seldom varied, has been a pint of cornmeal a day, no meat, no coffee, nothing else.

*No entry February 26.*

*February 27.*—The first letter from Saidy since January 2. Glad enough to get it. Lieut. Col. Donnellon came up with [illegible] regiment.

*February 28.*—Old mail came. Had about fifteen letters and many papers, also a beautiful smoking cap from Saidy. Col. Donnellon paid me one hundred and fifty dollars for a horse I sold him last September. Paid various debts and sent some money to Dr. Niedermeyer.

*No entries March 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6.*

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*North East Station, N. C., March 6th, '65.*

MY DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—Here we still are, and our tents and baggage arrived four days ago, also *not* our horses, I am sorry to say. But we have had a good rest, and all hands have been very busy doing up back work, reports, muster-rolls, etc. I have examined a lot of men for discharge, sent some to hospital, etc. Our back mail is also at



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

hand, and I was glad enough to get it. I received a letter from Saidy on the 28th ult., the first in eight weeks, and since then have got all the prior ones. She sent me a very pretty smoking-cap for a birthday present. Please continue sending the papers. I get them frequently, and think they all come straight.

I heard very little discussion among the soldiers about the Savannah supplies. They did not seem to care much about it.

Your suggestion that I should "run down to Beaufort, and see about my place" is quite pleasant. Unfortunately I could as soon get permission to go to Boston as to Beaufort. I have not even been to Wilmington since we have been here. Army officers don't *run* just where they please, but where their betters order them. Please excuse this hasty serawl.

*No entries March 7, 8 and 9.*

*March 10.*—Sent up an application for 24 hours' leave to visit Wilmington.

*March 11.*—Permission not arrived, so rode up to Headquarters and got it. Rode to town with Lieutenant Blatchford, 3rd U. S. A. and the Quartermaster and Adjutant. Went to Tucker's Hospital with Adjutant and Lieutenant Howard. Had a gay time. Met Edward Kidder and sister trying to get a man released from Dr. Niedermeyer. Settled it. Took tea and spent the night with Kidders.

*March 12.*—Went to church with Kidders in Presbyterian church. An army chaplain preached, a few ladies present. Miss Kidder would not go. She is Secesh. All the rest of family, Union. Pretty intelligent, plays and sings well. We sang a few hymns. After dinner returned to hospital, and came out home at 7 P. M.

*March 13.*—Nothing of note. Spent part of evening at Myrick's Battery—played Euchre. Sent four men to Hospital.

*March 14.*—Spent evening playing cribbage at 1st U. S. C. T. with Lieutenant Colonel Rich, Major Perkins and Dr. Weist. Stayed till midnight. Doctor and I beat them badly. Sent nine to Hospital.





## IN THE ARMY

*March 15.*—We received orders to march at 1 P. M. Did not go, however. Shall have a wagon and take along trunk and pannier. Expect to go to Goldsboro. Wrote to Edward Kidder and sent him a package to take home for me.

About this time deserters coming into the Union lines reported that the rebels had one-third of their men on picket line and, if stretched along their works, other two-thirds would be 6-8 feet apart on the main line.

*March 16*—Sent off 35 men to Hospital, not sick much, but dead beats, by order "C. J. P. Brig. Gen." Examined 4 recruits sent by Jones from Washington. Rejected two. Colonel took Caesar and I took Christmas Goss for a servant. Both look rather promising.

*March 17.*—March 15 miles yesterday, crossing N. E. Branch on the rebel pontoon and following railroad. Heavy marching. Struck the old clay again. Rained like guns an hour before coming into camp, which we did at 9 P. M. Slightly wet. Colonel, Adjutant and I slept in one shelter tent.

In describing some of the hardships of army life, Dr. Weld related the following incident: He and another officer were riding along together. The rain had begun and dripped from the visors of their caps, pelted down upon their shoulders and ran along the flanks of their horses. A gray, lowering sky gave little hope of clearing; the heavy mud clung to the hoofs of the animals, which plodded along steadily with drooping heads. The two riders gazed about them at the dreary landscape and occasionally exchanged a few words. Behind them tramped the colored troops with their white officers; ahead of them marched another division of the army. Surgeon Weld fell to wondering when the next halt would be called. With the exception of the possibility of a dry shelter, there was not much to look forward to at that evening's bivouac, for rations had been scanty of late, often unappetizing. Suddenly he brought his horse to a standstill and leaped



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

to the ground. In the mud by the side of the road he had seen a piece of hard tack. Just as he was about to stoop to pick it up, he perceived that the other officer had also dismounted with the same object in view. Each man withdrew a step or two, yet with his eyes fixed longingly upon the morsel of food. "After you, sir," said Surgeon Weld with a smile, touching his cap. "No, no, it's yours, Doc." laughed the other. After an earnest but good natured altercation, they finally mounted their horses and rode on, each officer devouring his half of the soggy hard tack.

*March 18.*—Marched 10 miles yesterday, 9 today. Delayed by teams. The roads today were splendid. Horse is footsore, so I walked half of yesterday and nearly all today. Got a mule last night, but Terry's provost-marshal took him away. Had chicken for supper. Country poor and thinly settled. A house every two miles or so.

*March 19.*—Marched 20 miles today. Splendid roads. No enemy. During afternoon heard heavy firing in front. Passed through Keenansville (?) a "right smart" of a village, perhaps 20 houses. People Secesh. Picked up several mules. Got one from Dr. Coudrey (37th U. S. C. T.) which I expect to keep. Horse better. Rode nearly all day.

*March 20.*—Were rear-guard of the army to-day. Very tedious. Kept marching and halting all day and night, not stopping till 8 A. M., next day. Horse nearly played out. Took a snack with Dr. Dixon, a true-blue Union man. His cotton gin-house and serew were burnt, I am sorry to say, by an ambulance driver before we came up.

*March 21.*—Passed thro' Mt. Olive, a little village and station on the R. R., at 6 A. M. Marched till 8 A. M. Then rested two hours and started again after the train. Found Blair's Corps had marched towards Goldsboro. Some distant cannonading during day. 'Tis said that Slocum (20th Corps) was driven back on the 19th, but reinforced afterwards and victorious. Got a boy called Edward.

*March 22.*—Our brigade is left to guard trains of whole army. We





## IN THE ARMY

are four or five miles from Mt. Olive on the Fayetteville road. Marched again at 11 A. M., after the trains. Halted every mile or so, all day. At night the regiment was divided, and I lost it in the dark. Got clear to the right of the army, 8 miles out of the way. Lieutenant Brown was with me and our men, camped at 1 A. M.

*March 23.*—Reached regiment to-day. Staid in camp all day. Very dusty. 20th Corps came by including 2nd and 33rd Massachusetts. Saw George Thompson and Bill Perkins. Charley Morse was wounded slightly in arm two days ago.

*March 24.*—Quiet all day in camp in edge of woods  $\frac{1}{8}$  of mile from yesterday's camp. Had an alarm last night. Enemy reported crossing river on pontoon two miles up. Put fires out and stood at arms for two hours. Turned out to be only some cavalry.

*March 25.*—Started for Faison's Station on Wilmington and Manchester R. R., at 7 A. M. Said to be 22 miles. Reached at 7 P. M. Having been delayed all the morning by train passing thro' mud-holes. Spent two hours at pretty Quakeresses', three of them.

*March 26.*—Camped in dusty, windy field all day. At night moved into a beautiful wood. Wrote to Aunt Margie. Received letter from her and Miss Carret on 23rd. Sent two men to Hospital.

*March 27.*—Wrote to Saidy. Sent one man to Hospital. Moved into fine place for camp in woods. Have orders to prepare for a 2 months active field campaign.

*March 28.*—Built a log-house. 11 months ago to-day since I left home to join this regiment.

*March 29.*—3 years ago to-day I left home first to enter the service. Offered Dr. Allen of the 5th U. S. C. T. \$50 for his horse. He did not see it. Letter from Colbourn announcing \$254.45 prize money. Also from M. M. W. and S. S. W.

*March 30.*—Rainy, but have fine log house.



## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

*March 31.*—All quiet waiting for clothes to arrive. This station is on the Wilmington and Weldon R. R. 26 miles from Goldsboro. We occupy the left of the grand army. Sherman the centre at Goldsboro and Schofield the right, at Kinston. We have 12,000, Sherman 60,000, and Schofield 20,000 to 25,000. We understand that we merely halt to clothe the army, and renew supplies of ammunition, etc. My colt is improving fast and is already a tolerable saddle horse.

The country here is rather desolate, tho' a great improvement on the pine swamps nearer the coast. Corn is about the only crop as the Confederate States Government would not allow any cotton planting this last year. Typho-malarial fever is affecting quite a number. I take a Quinine pill daily. Wilmington is very sickly; three doctors have died there since we left.

*April 1.*—Dr. A. H. Cowdry of the 37th and myself go to ride regularly and enjoy it. He is a very good fellow and now my brigade surgeon. I was brigade-surgeon till he came, but he ranks me. I am very glad to be free from the care and slight responsibility attached to it.

*April 2.*—Yesterday I vaccinated some five or six. To-day I took a long ride with Lieutenant Scott of the 3rd U. S. Artillery. Called at several houses and saw sundry fair females. Beautiful day and very pleasant ride.

*April 3.*—Rode round with Dr. Cowdry to-day. Got some fresh medicines. Expended \$9.50 in clothing, Eddie, \$5.50 for Christmas. (The colored boy.)

*April 4.*—Bought a pair of pants for Eddie, \$4.75. Rode over to the Hospital. Several officers quite sick with typho-malarial fever. We are now the 10th A. C. A division from 19th Corps is first Division. General Ames is the 2nd and we are the 3rd. Had a dispute to-day. Refused to obey an order from Surgeon L. Barnes 6th U. S. C. T., whom Paine has put on his staff to act as Surgeon-in-Chief of the Division. Dr. B., is my junior, and I contended that he must issue orders: "the commanding General directs," and not in his own name. P. (Brig. G. C. J. Paine) sent for me and tried to bluff me out of it,





## IN THE ARMY

but I held on. He got very angry, and said finally, "You may go to your quarters sir!" in what was intended for an imposing and terrifying manner.

*April 5.*—Last night I had a chill and high fever which lasted thro' the day. R. Quinn. Sulp. gr. xtd. An order came this morning relieving me temporarily from duty "for refusal to attend to part of my duties as Surgeon of a Regiment." Assistant Surgeon Hardy, 37th U. S. C.T. takes charge.

*April 6.*—Rather better to-day. Took a cup of soup and one of coffee during day. Quin. Sulph. continued. Dr. Hardy held sick-call, etc. Feel very little anxiety as I am sure I am right. C. J. P. is a tyrant, but has no hold on me this time. Heard that Richmond was taken. Myrick's Battery fired national salute. Great cheering all along the lines.

*April 7.*—Better to-day. Quin. Sulph. continued. Nothing heard from Paine. Two years ago to-day Dupont attacked the Forts at Charleston with the *New Ironsides*, 7 monitors and the *Keokuk* and I was in the *Nantucket*.

*April 8.*—Better. Quin. Sulph. 15 gr. Still relieved from duty.

*Sunday, April 9.*—Gave Christmas leave to go to Wilmington. Hope he won't come back. Received an order releasing me from arrest. Have never been in arrest. Am very much better, but have considerable pain in head and limbs. Rode for the first time since the 5th. Sent six to Hospital. Expect to march in morning.

*April 10.*—Marched at 7 A. M. Cloudy, cool, roads hard, splendid day for marching. Gen. Blackman rejoined regiment to-day, having had six weeks' leave of absence. He is to have a brigade somewhere in the 10th A. C. Marched 16 miles, stopping at 4 P. M. at . . . .  
Quin. Sulph. gr. xv.

*April 11.*—Started at 9 A. M., following train, our brigade being rear-guard. Roads dreadful. Did not get into camp till 3.30 A. M.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

Marched 10 miles. Camped 3 miles west of Bentonville. Passed thro' field of the fight of 14th Corps, some days since. The trees were well cut up with shot and shell. Slight chill at evening. Quin. Sulph.

*April 12.*—Henry Moore, Co. G, accidentally wounded. Anniversary of firing on Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861. Marched 20 miles to . . . . At noon received Gen. Sherman's dispatch "Surrender of Gen. Lee's army April 9th near Appomattox Court House. Glory to God and our country and all honor to our brave companions in arms, towards whom we are marching. A little more labor, a little more labor on our part and the great race is won and our government stands regenerated after its four long years of bloody war." W. T. Sherman, Maj. Gen.

*April 13.*—Had advance to-day. Marched (omitted) miles. Camped in a field. The country is now much more broken. Saw some good old rocks to-day. Appear at last to have left the miserable swamp country. Our camp was about fourteen miles from Raleigh. Hear that Kilpatrick entered R—— yesterday. Quin. Sulph. gr. xv. Headache at night.

*April 14.*—Marched as rear guard to train at about 10 A. M. Encamped a mile from Raleigh. The 14th, 15th, 17th and 20th Corps and Kilpatrick's cavalry have already passed thro' the city. The 23rd and 10th are still here. We expect to march thro' in the morning and be reviewed en route by Gen. Sherman. Quin. Sulph. gr. xx.

*April 15.*—Rained heavily in forenoon. Rode to Raleigh with Dr. Cowdrey in afternoon. Called on Mr. Holden of the *Standard*. Found him very agreeable. He told us of his getting mobbed, of his hiding at various times, etc. The city is very pretty.

*April 16.*—Moved camp about quarter of a mile to higher ground. Our orders to move thro' the city yesterday were countermanded on account of Johnston's opening negotiations for surrender it is said. He will come down in a few days, I do not doubt.





## IN THE ARMY

*April 17.* Rode to town with Dr. Cowdrey. Heard the dreadful news of the murder of President Lincoln. Could not believe it at first, but it is official. The worst enemy of the South could have done no greater harm. The rebel will get little mercy now, I earnestly hope.

*The untimely death of Lincoln by the hand of an assassin, on April 14, was an appalling blow to the whole country. As we see by Dr. Weld's diary, the news of the tragedy did not reach some sections of the army until three days after its occurrence.*

*April 18.*—Lay in camp all day. Have an elegant house of poplar logs, best I ever had, the twelfth this winter. Gen. Sherman issued an order announcing the President's murder. Raleigh papers and public meetings condemn it in the strongest terms.

*April 19.*—Anniversary of Bunker Hill '75, and Baltimore '61. Still quiet in camp. Raleigh is genuine Union. An order came announcing that Gen. Sherman would review the Corps to-morrow. Also that Johnston had surrendered and the war was over. We shall probably stay in North Carolina for the present. The white troops will soon go home.

*April 20.*—Marched to town and the Corps was reviewed by Gen. Sherman and many others, Howard, Slocum, Geary, Schurz, Terry, Schofield, etc. Gen. Sherman stood on horseback at the gate of the Capitol grounds and the rest in a semi-circle behind him. I raised my cap and he saluted me. Dr. Niedermeyer reported to the regiment, to my surprise.

*April 21.*—Were marched to a new camping-ground two miles east of the city to wait till Sherman hears from Washington as to whether his agreement with Johnston is approved. J's army is encamped to the west of Raleigh.

*April 22.*—Had a fine board-house built yesterday, best I ever had. Just in time, as I was taken sick at night and had a heavy chill to-day. Quin. Sulph., as usual. Lay in bed all day.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

*Sunday, April 23.*—Better. Still abed till afternoon. Quin. Sulph. Ross got a lot of cotton and made me a good bed, a great improvement on boards.

*April 24.*—Feel pretty well to-day. Quin. Sulph. gr. IX in three doses. Grant came to town this morning. Rumors that Sherman and Johnston's agreement is rejected at Washington, and that we shall attack Johnston. Ordered to be ready to move at 10 A. M.

*April 25.*—Rode to Raleigh with Dr. Cowdrey. Went to top of State House and all over it. View very pretty. State geological cabinet is handsome and interesting. Many specimens of gold have been stolen by the soldiers. Dined at Hospital with Dr. Niedermeyer. Orders to march at 6 A. M. Doubt if we shall go, as we are not needed, even if Sherman attacks Johnston. Grant was here yesterday and is said to be about to-day.

*April 26.*—A year ago to-day I was at home and received my orders to this regiment. Am still malarious. Quin. Sulph. gr. IX. Wrote a couple of letters. Sickness is increasing very much in the regiment. It is four months since they have had any vegetables worth mentioning. All are scorbutic, . . . Did not march after all.

*April 27.*—Rode to town to-day. Spent afternoon at Hospital with Dr. Niedermeyer. Took supper there . . . We expect to go to the sea-coast to guard forts, etc.

*April 28.*—Rode to town again. The Hospital is moved to an old rebel one, the Pettigrew Hospital. Had some excellent ale. Spent evening with Drs. Weist and Merrill at Gen. Terry's Headquarters. Played cribbage. Reached camp at 11 A. M. A year ago to-day I left home to join this regiment.

*April 29.*—Marched at 7 A. M. Beautiful day. Marched 18 miles, towards Goldsboro, where our division is to go. The 2nd Div. remains at Raleigh. The 1st., goes to South Carolina or Georgia. Had a pleasant day's ride beside B. B.\* Gen. J. W. Ames whose regiment marched next behind ours.

\* Brevet Brigadier General, an honorary title.





## IN THE ARMY

*Sunday, April 30.*—Marched at 6 A. M. Made 12 miles. Forded river Neuse at Smithfield. Quite a little village, beautiful trees, poor houses. River 4 to 5 feet deep. Saw at Smithfield the prettiest girl I have seen in the South.

*May 1.*—Marched at 11 A. M. Made 16 miles. We were rear-guard with the train. Splendid day again. Came into camp at 6 P. M. a mile from Goldsboro. Country looks pretty well, but the everlasting pines which disappeared near Raleigh, now are seen everywhere.

*May 2.*—Rode to town with Dr. Cowdrey. Found Dr. Weist organizing a Hospital at the Young Ladies' Seminary. Sherman's army left some hundred and twenty-five very sick here. The town is rather pretty, but very dirty. Many paroled rebels are around.

*May 3.*—A year ago to-day I reported to the regiment at Manassas Junction. I rode to town to-day, and prescribed for some hundred and odd sick, some measles and some small-pox. Had a nice soup for dinner.

*May 4.*—Again rode to the Hospital to prescribe for the sick. Can be ordered there if I choose. Dr. Weist offers me the opportunity. Don't know what to do about it.

*May 5.*—Colonel wouldn't let me go to-day being afraid I should bring small-pox into the regiment! Dr. Niedermeyer came down from Goldsboro yesterday and went to Wilmington with a lot of sick. Got five letters.

*May 6.*—Lay quiet on my back to-day. Feel better. Take a Quinine pill every day. Have concluded to go to Hospital.

*Sunday, May 7.*—Rode over to Hospital again and prescribed for patients. Nothing new.

*May 8.*—Rode to Hospital and prescribed. Dr. Niedermeyer returned from Wilmington. Had a long talk with a Virginia rebel. Is pretty sensible and thinks they are thoroughly whipped.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

*May 9.*—Moved to Hospital to-day. Have a nice warm room. Hope I shall get better. . . . Going thro' my wards exhausts me to faintness.

*May 10.*—Staid quietly at Hospital. Feel somewhat better than I have done lately. Wrote to Tom S. Sent letter to Saidy by Capt. Thropp, who goes home to Cincinnati on leave of absence.

*May 11.*—All quiet. Have considerable to do. Many very sick men.

*May 12.*—Am a little better. Drink ale freely, and also Tarragona wine. Both seem to benefit me.

*May 13.*—Nothing new. Have to work very hard.

*May 14.*—A rebel officer from Louisiana and a rebel sergeant came to-day, both wounded. The officer knows Oliver Lauve.

*May 15.*—Feel miserable still. . . . I have no malarial trouble now, which is a great blessing.

*May 16.*—Dr. Hardy, Asst. Surg. 37th U. S. C. T., reported to-day to Hospital for duty, which will relieve us a great deal.

*May 17.*—Dr. Westerling, Asst. Surg. 30th U. S. C. T., a Swede, reported here to-day to attend to out-patients. He is a splendid singer and well educated.

*May 18.*—Went to New Berne to-day with two rebels and left them at the Foster General Hospital. Supper with Dr. Cougill, in charge. Found my class-mate Nelson at Sanitary Commission rooms. Took me and did for me.

*May 19.*—Met Ned Parkinson, W. and Gordon Amory and Captain Hoppin. Had a gay evening with them. Got a lot of shirts and drawers, etc., from the Sanitary Commission for the Hospital. Took a long ride in the country surrounding New Berne. Had a splendid time.

*May 20.*—Played billiards, rode, etc.





## IN THE ARMY

*Sunday, May 21.*—Came back to Goldsboro with regret, per 11 A. M. train. Was paid five months pay yesterday, \$788.46. Have still due March, April and this month.

*May 22.*—Numbers increasing in Hospital. Have about 80 men to prescribe for.

*May 23.*—Feel better than before I went to New Berne.

*May 24.*—Sick largely increasing. The Scorbutic Diathesis prevails strongly. The troops have been shamefully neglected, having had no vegetables for 5 months.

*May 25.*—Ride out every evening, which is pleasant and beneficial. Have got back to where I was a week ago in point of health i. e. very poorly.

*May 26.*—Sick abed. Chill, applied for leave of absence on Dr. Weist's certificate.

*May 27.*—Little better. Still abed. My certificate went up from Division Headquarters approved. Dr. Barnes also wrote a note to medical Division thereanent.

*May 28.*—Abed, but better. Take Quinine freely.

*May 29.*—Up and around but able to do nothing. Medical Director telegraphed "could I come to Raleigh and appear before board." Weist answered, "Not any." Medical Director answered "I have approved the application and Dr. Weld will probably get it tomorrow."

*May 30.*—Better. Went thro' the wards to-day, with chair to sit on. Leave did not arrive.

*May 31.*—Better. Attended to all three of my wards, ninety men. Hard work. Leave not here yet. Have been very poorly the past month and suffered much. Shall resign after I get home.

*June 1.*—Dr. Weist went to New Berne to-day, leaving me in charge of the Hospital. Leave has not yet arrived.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

*June 2.*—Dr. Weist returned this afternoon. Feel a little better. Leave has not yet arrived.

*June 3.*—"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Dr. Weist telegraphed again to Medical Director about my leave which has not yet come.

*Sunday, June 4.*—No leave. That is all my song. I am feeling rather better. Gen. Paine's Headquarters moved to New Berne to-day.

*June 5.*—Still no leave. Telegraphed to L. Barnes of New Berne to telegraph me when my leave came. It will go there now.

*June 6.*—Telegraphed to Lt. Col. J. A. Campbell A. A. G. Army of the Ohio, at Raleigh, asking about my application.

*June 7.*—Received telegram from Col. Campbell "Your application for leave of absence returned to-day, not granted." Can't see how they went back on Medical Director's approval. When the papers get back, they may explain it.

*June 8.*—Take a ride every evening with Dr. Hardy, Asst.-Surgeon of the 37th U. S. C. T. He is now stationed here and is a very agreeable fellow.

*June 9.*—No news of my leave.

*June 10.*—Everything quiet. Play a game of billiards once in a while down town. But forty cents a game is more than I care to pay. I want to save enough to clear my plantation, if possible.

*Sunday, June 11.*—Quiet. No news of my everlasting papers.

*June 12.*—Still nothing from Raleigh. Ride every evening.

*June 13.*—Nothing new.

*June 14.*—Quiet.

*June 15.*—Still.

*June 16.*—The same.

*June 17.*—We are discharging men fast now. Hope to get them cleared out, and to go to New Berne in a week.





## IN THE ARMY

*Sunday, June 18.*—Sent my resignation down to New Berne by Dr. Weist. Am disgusted. In afternoon my papers returned from Raleigh disapproved by Medical Director Shippen "as 30 days' leave would not benefit so chronic a trouble."

*June 19.*—Dr. Shippen kindly advised my resignation. I was so disgusted that I telegraphed to Capt. Carter, A. A. G. at Gen. Paine's to stop my resignation. I then made out another application for leave of absence and sent it in on the 20th saying that I had been 3 years in service and had only received 3 days' leave of absence and concluding "I respectfully submit that such constant and faithful service deserves recognition and the favor of a leave of absence, even if recovery is doubtful." I expect nothing from it, however.

*June 21.*—Yesterday I received a box from Frank thro' Capt. Thropp who has been home on leave. It contained three boxes of sardines and a quart of lemon syrup, a pint of ginger, and a letter case from Saidy.

*June 22.*—Dr. Hardy returned to his regiment to-day. I miss him very much. He was a good fellow. Received a light felt hat (\$4.00) and pants (\$11.00) from Wilmington from Dr. Niedermeyer.

*June 23.*—All quiet.

*June 24.*—Nothing new. Have got all the men off but about one hundred. When their papers arrive from Raleigh, we shall ship them and then go to New Berne.

*Sunday, June 25.*—Wrote to Dr. Shippen, Medical Director of Army of the Ohio, stating my case. I expect nothing, and so cannot be much disappointed.

*June 26.*—My application came back to go via Regimental Headquarters. More delay. Sent it down to Wilmington at once.

*June 27.*—Moved from Goldsboro to New Berne, taking some 20 men with us. Found Post Hospital at New Berne a very pleasant place. Kinston, on the way is also a delightful spot.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

From June 30th, 1865, Dr. Weld was ordered on detached duty to the District Hospital at New Berne, N. C.

*No entries June 28, 29 and 30; July 1, 2 and 3.*

*July 4.*—Hot. Went aboard the *Iosco*, double ender in the river. Capt. Thornton, formerly of *Kearsage* commanded her. Pleasant time. Met Buckhout, old shipmate on *Nantucket*.

*No entries July 5, 6, 7 and 8.*

*Sunday, July 9.*—Capt. Thornton and Dr. Baneroft came out to see us. Spent evening. Capt. Thornton told us all about the *Alabama* fight.

*No entry July 10.*

*July 11.*—Sent in application for leave of absence to attend celebration at Harvard College. Ordered to duty at this Hospital.

*No further entries until:*

*July 21.*—Arrived at Jamaica Plain at 7 A. M. Went up to Uncle William's and saw Aunt Margie. Dressed and drove Alice, Carrie and Edie over to Cambridge to Commemoration. Had splendid time. Up to Dedham in evening. Saw Ned.

TO MISS MARGARET WELD

*North East Station, W. & W. R. R., N. C., July 26, '65.*

MY DEAR AUNT MARGIE:—We are still awaiting the transfer of the prisoners by Bragg. So much delay has occurred that I almost fear he is deceiving Gen. Terry, and does not mean to give them up. Lt. Col. Donnellon, who was wounded at Petersburg on the 27th October, has just returned to the regiment, and paid me for the horse I sold him last September, so I shall not need any more money at present. Please send me one hundred stamps, and let me know how much is left in your hands. I have not heard a word from Saidy for nearly two months. Many thanks for the papers, which are most welcome.

P. S.—I inclose a rebel 50 dollar note, which please preserve. It went for 1.25 before we took Wilmington.





## CHAPTER V

### PROFESSIONAL AND HOME LIFE

AFTER the close of the war, Dr. Weld was on garrison duty, in charge of the district hospital at New Berne, North Carolina, until he was mustered out September 21st, 1865. On October 1, 1865, he took up his profession in Jamaica Plain, where he and his uncle, Dr. C. Minot Weld, whom he loved dearly, practiced together. We can imagine the old and the young physician driving about, attending, as they often did, the same cases. They were much alike in their sweet, cheery natures, and many an anxious household was happier after having seen them and felt their helpful and sympathetic interest. The older man lived in a square house with a mansard roof next to the Unitarian Church on Center Street. His office was on the north side of the house looking toward the church in a quiet room filled with the musty, alluring fragrance of old books, and with the faint, suggestive odor of medicine. Here Uncle Doctor and his favorite nephew must have had frequent consultations over puzzling cases. Uncle Doctor was a strong adherent to the School of Homeopathy, while Dr. Weld was inclined to Allopathy. Finding his belief in Allopathy growing stronger and stronger, Dr. Weld finally decided to give up his profession, rather than grieve his uncle by practicing a system so diametrically opposed to Homeopathy.

In 1866 Dr. Weld moved to New York, where he engaged in business. Recalling with affection his Alma Mater, he gathered together all the Harvard men he could find in the city, some thirty in all, and monthly meetings were held. At first the men assembled in private houses; then at a Masonic room at Broadway and 12th Street, rent free, where they enjoyed stewed oysters and a pitcher of ale. The entrance fee and the yearly dues were each \$10. In 1867 the Club



## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

met at Delmonico's, 14th Street and Fifth Avenue, and progressed to chicken salad, sauterne, etc. For a short while, in 1868, as its numbers increased, the Club hired two rooms over a shop at 933 Broadway, between 19th and 20th Streets, but the lack of refreshment privileges caused the return to Delmonico's in 1869. In 1871 there were 139 members, and the Club, later on, followed Delmonico's move to Fifth Avenue and 26th Street. There were 300 members in 1884, and for two years the Club met at the University Club Theatre, in the former Union League Club on Madison Square.

At these monthly meetings a short business session was followed by a light supper and an evening of jollity, with speeches, songs, etc. Dr. Weld was always present, an enthusiastic and inspiring officer, and famous for some of his musical productions. The annual formal dinner which was held at first at Delmonico's, and later, at the Waldorf, always had a large attendance.

About 1882, Dr. Weld said he would not be satisfied until the Club had 500 members. Some of the Club's progressive spirits obtained the names of all New York City Harvard men from their class secretaries, wrote to each one of this number, announced that he had been elected (!) a member of the Harvard Club, and asked for his \$10 fee. Their elections took place after the receipt of their checks, and the membership was soon doubled.

After several years of untiring efforts on the part of Dr. Weld and others, they finally projected the plan for the Club to have a house of its own. This was put through in 1886, with a membership of 400, which had increased to 600 in 1887, at which time the Club leased a large house at 11 West 22nd Street. Immediately back of it was Clark's restaurant, facing on 23rd Street, and, as the first floor extensions of the two buildings adjoined each other, a door was cut between so that the clubmen could pass directly into Clark's and obtain their meals. This ambitious move of renting a whole house was accomplished despite the strong objections of many conservative members. "A Harvard Club will never succeed in New York City!" "It is sure to fail!" were some of the encouraging remarks heard when the project was broached.





## PROFESSIONAL AND HOME LIFE

The meetings there, however, were so thronged and so enjoyable, that plans were soon under way to buy land and build a fine clubhouse. Two lots were purchased at 27 West 44th Street, a building 50 x 50, three stories high, was erected, in Colonial design, and at its completion in 1894 the Club moved into Harvard House. It now had a membership of 700. Innovations in Club life were the allowance of pipe smoking, and a dinner served for 45 cents.

When we consider that the Club in 1925 has about 5,700 members; that it occupies a building 200 x 100 ft., eight and ten stories high, in which are two halls, each 100 ft. in length; one of them, Harvard Hall, considered by its architect, Mr. McKim, and by all beholders, the finest University meeting hall in the world; that its property is assessed at \$1,400,000—it is astonishing to recall its somewhat strenuous and anxious beginnings, and gratifying to give full credit to those like Dr. Weld, whose energy, faith and courage triumphed over almost insuperable obstacles.

The establishment and success of the Harvard Club made it easy for the subsequent coming of Yale, Columbia, Princeton and other College Clubs.

When the Club was first established, in 1866, it was thought best to select one of the older graduates as President, and the choice, therefore, fell upon Mr. Samuel Osgood, of the Class of 1832. Following him in the presidential chair came Frederick A. Lane, John O. Stone, Henry W. Bellows, James C. Carter, William G. Choate, Joseph H. Choate, and John O. Sargent. As time passed, however, the younger element sought recognition for one of their number, and Dr. Weld was elected President in 1881, and remained in office for three years. He firmly refused re-election, as he believed that frequent changes in the presidential head would give the Club vitality and wide interests. He was Treasurer from 1868 to 1874—when he was indefatigable in seeking out resident Harvard men—and Secretary from 1874 to 1881. His portrait hangs today in the Harvard Club, at the north end of Harvard Hall.

In the year 1879 a movement was started to reorganize the former University Club in New York. Well-known graduates of Harvard,



## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

Yale, Columbia and Princeton met to consider methods of procedure and to nominate members in the revived organization, and Dr. Weld, as a leading spirit among Harvard graduates, played a prominent part. He was elected to the first Board of Governors, or Council, to represent his college. As the discussion of a scheme of action proceeded, a chorus of conservatives met the progressives with various objections. The fact that the University Club had already failed once, appeared to many positive proof that the project could never succeed. It was even suggested that it might be well in the beginning to take a small suite of rooms over some shops in East 17th Street, facing on Union Square. This was met with the counter proposal made by the younger men, amongst whom Dr. Weld was conspicuous, to rent the Caswell House on the southwest corner of 35th Street and Fifth Avenue at a rent of \$9,000, in order "to give the members something for their money." The conservatives considered it a very ill-advised undertaking, but the plan was carried through, the Caswell House was fitted up for a clubhouse, and meals were served outdoors in warm weather on an open portion of the lot. Thus a new University Club was founded on May 10, 1879, and prospered at once, by reason of the advantages it offered. On May 20 that year there were 502 members.

It is amusing as well as interesting to look back now to those pioneer efforts, to view the uncertain beginning of the Harvard Club and the enthusiasm that fostered it, and to consider the courage of the Council of the University Club that dared to assume the liability of a \$9,000 rent. Contrast with it the present success and membership of approximately 5,700 in 1925 of the Harvard Club and the continued popularity of the University Club, with a membership of 4,223, and more than \$3,470,000 worth of property. It was the prophetic vision of Dr. Weld and a few others, and their perfect confidence in the hearty co-operation of Harvard and University men, which established these two great undertakings on a firm and lasting basis.





## PROFESSIONAL AND HOME LIFE

*The following poem shows Dr. Weld in his humorous vein:*

Miss Lottie dear, do just look here,  
And you portrayed will see  
A forehead high and beaming eye  
Which all belong to me.

An epithet to suit my nose,  
And yet my feelings spare,  
I've struggled long in vain to find,  
And think it must be rare.

It has been called both snub and pug,  
But each, I'm sure, is wrong;  
I cannot think it is so short,  
I've carried it so long.

It matters not, "What's in a name?"  
'Tis often said the rose  
By any name would smell as well,  
And why should not my nose?

Then come the lips, the ruby lips,  
The "yellow cowslip" cheek,  
The mouth that ne'er neglects a chance  
To either eat or speak;

The chin that—well! about the chin,  
I don't know what to say,  
The chin, as chins go, is a chin,  
A good chin in its way.

So chin, mouth, cheek, lips, forehead, eye,  
With average stock of hair,  
Combine to form a countenance  
Too common to call fair.

But tho' in beauty 'tis by most  
So easily excelled,  
Look on it kindly. 'Tis a friend's;  
A true one—F. M. Weld.

*New York, June 29th, '70.*



## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

On April 11th, 1872, Dr. Weld married Fanny Elizabeth Bartholomew of Hartford, Connecticut. Dr. Weld brought his bride to New York City, where, for a while, they lived on 23rd Street. A little anecdote of those days, related by Mrs. Weld, gives a good idea of Dr. Weld's sympathetic nature. They found their rooms overrun by mice and Mrs. Weld, therefore, set a trap. When Dr. and Mrs. Weld returned one evening from the theatre, Mrs. Weld looked at the trap and saw that it held eleven mice.

"I will get rid of them as soon as I have taken off my hat," she remarked in a tone of satisfaction.

On her return to the trap she found it empty.

"Why, Frank," she exclaimed, "the mice have gone!"

"Well, you see," explained Dr. Weld apologetically, "we have been having such a good time this evening that I felt it was too bad to kill the poor mice, so I just opened the door and watched them run!"

Dr. and Mrs. Weld had three children. On August 20, 1873, his daughter, Sarah Swan, was born. The older son, Francis Minot, was born February 18, 1875, and a second boy, named Christopher Minot after Uncle Doctor, was born March 30, 1876.

By nature as well as by training, Dr. Weld was eminently fitted to be a physician and a surgeon. In 1876 he turned his thoughts once more to his old and much loved profession, as is evinced by the following letter written by Mr. Joseph Choate. Mr. Choate was a lawyer of international fame. He was appointed United States Ambassador to Great Britain 1899-1905, and became renowned in the field of diplomacy.

TO EDMUND DWIGHT, ESQ.

*New York, June 12, '76.*

DEAR SIR:—Having heard that Dr. Francis M. Weld of this City is an applicant for the position of Resident Physician at Massachusetts General Hospital, I desire to offer my testimony to his excellent personal character and fitness for the responsibilities of that position. Dr. Weld has been well known in New York for many years, and enjoys a very high reputation here for integrity and energy of character and devotion to good principles. He is especially well known and





## PROFESSIONAL AND HOME LIFE

esteemed among the Graduates of Harvard residing here, and has lost no opportunity to promote the interests of the College in this neighborhood, and I am sure that if the appointment rested with them, he would receive their unanimous and hearty approval.

As to his technical professional qualifications, I am of course not a judge, but so far as force of character, a high sense and standard of honor, and faithful devotion to the interests entrusted to him are elements of fitness, he is eminently fit and in this view I would urge his appointment with all my heart. I am, very respectfully,

Your obdt. servant, JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

About this time the New York Hospital erected on 15th Street, running through to 16th Street, a new building which was formally opened on March 31, 1877. Dr. Weld was appointed Medical Superintendent in charge, and while holding this position he and his family lived in the officers' quarters in the old Thorn Mansion on 16th Street. During the erection of the hospital, he started a training school for nurses, which was one of the first of its kind. Later in the year, Dr. Weld, desiring to be his own master, resigned his position and took up once more his private practice.

TO MRS. J. F. CARRET

*New York, Dec. 16th, 1877, 11 East 13th St.*

MY DEAR SISTER:—On your 38th—no 39th birthday, I send you my hearty love,—that love that has always existed between us the same—steady and unvarying, through so many years of change and chance. We have always been the same to each other.

28th. A long interruption. Since then Christmas has come and gone. We had a Christmas tree with Dr. Stimson next door. Fanny and Mrs. Stimson got it up together. It was in their house.

Mrs. Stimson is a delightful woman—about Fanny's age, and they are constant companions. It is a great source of happiness to me to have such companionship for Fanny. Mrs. S. is Dr. Parker's daughter, you know.

I am very happy and getting on well. I have considerable practice from Drs. Parker and Stimson—and also some from my friends and



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

some from chance. Then I have fourteen students whom I am instructing, and have plenty to do. The move down here was a wise one, I am convinced. Here I have a future, and am my own master. There it was very harassing and there was no future that could be any better.

We are getting on quite nicely in our house. It is very pleasant and Fanny enjoys the return to housekeeping. She unites with me in love to all. A Happy New Year!

At Commencement, 1874, the Class of '60 appointed Dr. Weld a member of a committee of three to raise funds to erect in Memorial Hall a memorial window to the members of the class who fell in the War of the Rebellion. The artist chosen was John Lafarge of New York. The terms of the contract specified that the window should be in place for Commencement Day, 1880, but it was not finished until Commencement of 1881.

The window is beautiful in both color and design. The main panel represents a battle-scene in which various warriors are struggling up a declivity through a chevaux-de-frise. Below this picture are small panels depicting scenes from the battle-field. The most interesting of these is one showing soldiers carrying upon a litter a wounded comrade.

The third successful movement with which Dr. Weld was intimately connected, and in which he was, in fact, a pioneer, was the proposition to elect non-resident graduates to the Board of Overseers of Harvard University. The Overseers had hitherto been chosen only among graduates living in New England. Gradually there arose among members of the Harvard Club of New York a strong feeling against this policy, and many began to insist that, as the University was drawing its students from all over the country in ever-increasing numbers, it would be fairer to have non-resident representatives from outside districts on the Board of Overseers. This change was finally achieved in 1881 and Mr. John O. Sargent, at that time President of the Club, was chosen as the first non-resident Overseer. He was succeeded by Dr. Weld in 1882, who remained on the Board for seven years. The principle of non-resident representation thus initiated has ever since formed a prominent feature in the organization of the Board of Overseers.





## PROFESSIONAL AND HOME LIFE

When Dr. Weld was elected to the Board of Overseers in June, 1882, it was for a one-year term, to fill a place vacant on account of a resignation, and he was re-elected in 1883 for a term of six years. At this time one of the daily newspapers printed the following commentary on the election of Overseers at Harvard:

"The following persons received the largest votes out of the 1,414 ballots cast for Overseers of Harvard University:

Francis M. Weld, Class of 1860.....	961
Solomon Lincoln, Class of 1857.....	922
William Amory, Class of 1823.....	847
Andrew P. Peabody, Class of 1826.....	811
Roger Wolcott, Class of 1870.....	367
Samuel M. Quincy, Class of 1852.....	365
William C. Endicott, Class of 1847.....	302
Frederick L. Ames, Class of 1854.....	238
Albert Stickney, Class of 1859.....	235
Nathaniel Thayer, Class of 1871.....	222

"There are five vacancies to be filled on Commencement Day. The vote given in the preliminary stage for Dr. Weld is the highest which has ever yet been cast by mail for a candidate for Overseer, and in it may be found substantial proof of the hearty acquiescence of the Massachusetts men in the innovation of having non-resident Overseers."

So deeply interested was Dr. Weld in the studies and pastimes of his children that he overlooked nothing that would be of service to them, or that would keep him in closest touch with their interests. In spite of his busy professional life in New York City, he found time to keep up his German and French by having a teacher drive about with him while he was calling upon his patients, and thus, by conversational instruction on his way from case to case, he kept abreast of the children's progress in the foreign languages. He made a rule that, in the morning they should speak German. In the afternoon only French was permitted, and not until five o'clock were they allowed to use their own language.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

Every Sunday evening Dr. Weld expected his children to recite prose and poetical selections in English, French and German, which he sometimes chose for them, and trained them in their delivery. Each child was obliged to have ready a new piece in one of the three languages and an old recitation in each of the other two languages. Each week they alternated in their selections so that the one who gave a new English poem would recite a new one in French the next week, and the following week a new one in German. All old selections were kept in readiness in case they should be called for. Sunday was the day on which many of Dr. and Mrs. Weld's numerous friends were wont to drop in for supper, or to spend the evening, and thus the children received the excellent training of speaking before a varying audience.

The children considered a trip with their father and mother to High Bridge, or to Central Park on Sunday afternoon the greatest possible treat, and when Dr. Weld entered their playroom with the words, "Nun Kinder, sollen wir nach Hohe Brücke gehen?" they would greet him with cries of delight. Dr. Weld took great pleasure in being with his children. I remember driving about with him on his calls when I was a small child, and treasure the memory of my pride and happiness in being chosen as his companion.

Christmas was the event of the year in which Dr. Weld took the greatest delight. His generous nature delighted in making others happy, and the annual tree party on Christmas night gave him the opportunity of extending to his many friends the good cheer of this beautiful festival. He had the faculty of making even strangers feel at ease with him, and none could resist his winning manner nor his cordial interest in their welfare.

TO MRS. J. F. CARRET

*New York, 11 East 13th Str., Dec. 21st, 1879.*

MY DEAR SISTER:—Sweet will be my slumber tonight at the thought of having put an end to the outrageous neglect of you of which I have been guilty. There is no excuse except that I always have so much on hand to do that I am like the dog's tail—always behind.





## PROFESSIONAL AND HOME LIFE

It is a real shame that I missed seeing you and having the good talk I anticipated the day before Commencement. On the latter day I had so much to do with the election of Dr. Bellows, our Class Memorial window, and our Class meeting, that there was no time to spare. Perhaps you may have heard that I was elected Class Secretary to succeed poor Perkins, who died last year.

The children are all very well, as is also Fanny. We have our good German governess still and the children talk German quite glibly. I never speak to them except in German and do not reply to any question asked in English. If they want an answer they must put their question in German. Fanny also talks a good deal of German to them. They like it very much. It is regarded as a kind of game or play, and it is really astonishing to see how much they talk. They seem to understand everything said to them as well as in English. Saidy's proficiency is quite remarkable. She is not satisfied, however, with German alone, but is very anxious to have a French teacher also. In three or four years, when the German is well grounded, I shall begin French in the same way. Thus, when they are grown up they will have three languages at command, and their capacity for intelligent enjoyment of life and for association on the best footing with cultivated people will be of the highest.

There is no reason why, in later years, children should have to waste valuable time in learning what they can pick up in childhood without effort. All their picture books are German. I allow no English books at all. And yet they talk English very well, as well, to say the least, as other children of their age. Another great advantage is that they have a perfect accent. They speak with a better accent than I can attain to, though I have spent much time and study upon it.

Our governess is a highly educated lady, quiet and unassuming, single, about thirty years old, and I hope, unselfishly, will never get married. The children are very fond of her and she seems quite happy with them. Her favorite is Minot, evidently, though she does not show it in the least to the children. He is certainly the jolliest kid I know of. His broad face has a perpetual grin upon it and he laughs every time you look at him.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

It is certainly a shame that our children should grow up without knowing each other. You and Frank don't even know our children, though we know yours. I don't suppose you will know them till the boys get to Harvard. They will be in the Class of 1898\* a little ahead of Jack. I shall see that they do not haze him. I was quite astonished to see how tall Anna had grown last summer. She is going to be quite a tall girl apparently. I think our children will be of good height. The Bartholomews are all tall. Fanny's brother George is six feet one. Still, I don't care so much about my children being tall. What I chiefly hope for is that they may be as good as their father. This, you will say, is unreasonable, and perhaps it is too much to expect, but as long as I live my example cannot fail to have a powerful influence upon them. What advantages children have nowadays!

I hope your house changes turned out all right, and that Frank got through his Ticknor proof without breaking down. I am full of work, having classes of students every day in the week. If I did not have such a tremendous load to carry, to keep up the necessary style here, I should be quite easy. As it is I have no great accumulation at any time. My practice is ever on the increase and I quite enjoy it.

I inclose five dollars for remembrances to the children. Please use it as you think best. How I wish I could make it more, and also aid you.

The annual dinners of the Harvard Club began to assume importance in advancing the interests of education, for on these festive occasions the speakers were usually distinguished men whose attainments won for them country-wide reputation, or even, in some cases, international fame. Their brilliant speeches at these dinners drew attention, through the press, to the influence of educational institutions.

*At the 15th annual dinner given February 21, 1881, Dr. Weld, the newly-elected President, called the gathering to order and spoke as follows:*

"BROTHERS AND GUESTS OF HARVARD,—On an occasion like this I am reminded of the words of the enthusiastic old Irish gentleman at a similar gathering, 'After all, the best part of the day is the night.'

\* They entered the class of 1897, and graduated *magna cum laude*.





## PROFESSIONAL AND HOME LIFE

(Laughter and applause.) I am requested to exhibit to you a little gavel\* (cheers) that has been presented to me in the belief that it would prove an efficient means of correction, should any speaker this evening display a tendency to bring his remarks to a premature close. I am free to say, however, that I regard that contingency as a somewhat remote one. In looking over this beautiful volume,† of which a copy is laid before each of us, I recognize the names of over two hundred gentlemen, every one of whom is capable of making an excellent President of the Harvard Club. (Applause.) Now it is evident that, if we are ever to get around, we cannot spare more than one year to a man. I therefore take this early opportunity of mounting the same platform as that occupied by my brother Hayes,‡ and announcing myself as a one-term President.

“Now we come to the noble science of astronomy. I always admired it, although Professor Lovering sometimes said I did not fully understand it. He would probably say of my admiration for his favorite science, ‘Omne ignotum pro mirifico’.§ I therefore purpose to conduct this dinner on strictly astronomical principles. According to the Copernican System six hours are allotted every year in the month of February to this celebration. Of those six hours three are already fled; and by a simple arithmetical process, familiar, doubtless, to many among you, I ascertain that there are three hours remaining. It has been estimated that each one of those hours contains not more than sixty minutes; and, advancing into the region of applied mathematics, I arrive at the result that we cannot, with any degree of confidence, rely on having more than one hundred and eighty minutes in all. (Laughter.) What, then, shall we do with these precious minutes? I have drawn up a ‘tabular view’ of exercises. Twenty minutes are allotted to the President of the Harvard Club (applause), as the highest dignitary present (laughter and applause); and fifteen minutes to the President of the University (applause) as perhaps coming next in

\* Exhibiting a large oak gavel lettered “Weight fourteen pounds.”

† Catalogue of the Harvard Club.

‡ President of the United States.

§ “Whatever is unknown is thought to be magnificent.”



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

importance. To him, however, in his character of guest and representative of the University, a grace of ten minutes has been allowed, provided he is convinced he can improve the time; but this last limit he is distinctly to understand that he is in no wise to exceed. Of course you cannot expect us two to talk all the evening; there have therefore been provided a number of persons of inferior importance, whose names I will read, and who will be allotted ten minutes each. These are the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, President Henry H. Anderson of the University Club, Professor William W. Goodwin, Judge E. Rockwood Hoar, Lewis C. Ledyard, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Charles C. Beaman, Jr., Professor Richard T. Greener, James C. Carter, Colonel Edward F. Stokes, and, finally, Joseph H. Choate, who will discourse on the Harvard 'Annex.' As no one is to speak after him, he will be allowed to talk as long as anybody will listen (laughter); and judging from past experience, I think that will be a good while. There will also be songs and music. The account, then, stands as follows: the two Presidents, forty-five minutes; other speakers, one hundred minutes; songs and music, thirty minutes; and twenty minutes for 'special repairs by general average.' That amounts to one hundred and ninety-five minutes. We are thus fifteen minutes short. How is this deficit to be made up? Plainly by a general and generous subscription from all the speakers. I will head the list myself with a subscription of ten minutes (laughter), and the other speakers will be credited with their subscriptions as made. It is a remarkable coincidence that every one of the gentlemen you are to hear this evening including the present speaker, has been accused at one time or another of undue loquacity. For myself I deny the allegation as wholly unfounded. For the others, I can only say that it affords me peculiar pleasure to give them a chance to demonstrate the falsity of this accusation by the more than Spartan brevity of their remarks.

"Now we have to listen to that one of the ten thousand sons of Harvard to whom has been given the will, the ability and the opportunity to do most to swell the tide of her prosperity, and spread her renown,—President Eliot." (Great applause.)

President Eliot began by remarking that it was the first time that





## PROFESSIONAL AND HOME LIFE

he had had the pleasure of being presided over, at a College festival, by a man a good deal younger than himself. (Laughter.) "But, Mr. President," he continued, "I am very glad to salute in your person, the soldier Class of 1860 (cheers), the class of which seventeen members gave their lives to the country in the Civil War."

After Dr. Eliot had given an interesting address on the resources and the prospects of Harvard College, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew spoke on "Harvard and Yale" and Mr. Henry H. Anderson spoke for the University Club, of which he was President.

President Weld then began the declamation of an ode of Anacreon,\*

Ἑρασμὶν πέλεια,  
Πόθεν, πόθεν πέτασαι;

during which arose loud cries of "Translate!" "Pony!" At the end of the ode, he remarked, "Εὐρηκα Professor Goodwin," and in this manner introduced the Professor of Greek at Harvard. To this introduction Professor Goodwin responded in part:

"The Greek revival has reached even this distant city, as you see by the example of your President. You have heard his eloquent remarks. You will perhaps hardly believe me when I say that in his letter of invitation to me he actually wrote a long Greek sentence, not borrowed from Demosthenes or Euripides but one that he made up himself. He undertook to use the perfect participle of *γυμνασιαρχέω* in the genitive plural and made it *γεγυμνασιαρχηκύντων*. Please don't laugh at that. It was all right! What I want to show you is what a capital President you have chosen, and if you and he will all pronounce that word slowly to-night before you retire, you may go to sleep with an easy conscience." (Laughter.) . . .

Later in his speech, Professor Goodwin remarked that he agreed with one of his friends who said that he had seen the rise and fall of so many systems of Greek metres that he no longer took much stock in any new ones. At the close of Professor Goodwin's speech, President Weld rose and said:

"The Professor's admission of the erroneous way in which Greek

\* See Appendix, page 240, for translation of Ode.



## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

was taught when I was in College explains an incident in my college life that has often puzzled me. My proficiency in Greek compelled the recognition of the Faculty to such an extent that I was selected to take part in a Greek dialogue. My friend and I were to translate the letter scene in *Pickwick* into Greek, and as a matter of form we took it to Professor Goodwin to look it over before we delivered it. We waited two days. On the third day we received a note requesting us to come and see him. We went to his room, and he said, with a saddened air: 'I would not have believed it possible that two members of the Junior class, who have been studying Greek here for three years, could commit so many errors in so short a space.' (Laughter.) I began by endeavoring to correct it, but I found that it would be useless, and so I was obliged to rewrite it entirely." (Laughter.)

President Weld then read some verses of his own composition in which he parodied Wordsworth's poem "We Are Seven." As a contemporaneous newspaper expressed it, this parody "appeared to compare President Eliot to Wordsworth's divinely obstinate little maid." Seven was the number of the Harvard Trustees or Corporation, of which President Eliot was the head and he was humorously supposed to comprise within himself all that was known to men and undergraduates regarding the Board of Harvard College.

### "WE ARE SEVEN"

I met a tall, dark-whiskered man,  
Whom students seldom meet,  
I doffed my cap and humbly laid  
This question at his feet.

"The Corporation, Lord," said I,  
"How many may they be?"  
"Why, seven," the Prex he did reply,  
And wickedly winked he.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."  
He answered, "Seven are we,  
And two of us in Quincy dwell,  
And two have gone to sea.





## PROFESSIONAL AND HOME LIFE

"In Boston two"—"Hold, hold," I cried,  
"If six away you've driven,  
How many are you?" He replied,  
"I tell you we are seven."

"But if then six are never heard,  
And you alone are nigh,  
It seems much like E pluribus  
Unum, my Lord," quoth I.

"Unum," he cried, "You num-skull, peace.  
I tell you, seven are we,  
And two of us in Quincy dwell,  
And two have gone to sea."

"But they are gone, those six are gone,  
They never come here even."  
He would not give himself away,  
But still persistently did say,  
"I tell you we are seven."

When he introduced Professor Greener, President Weld spoke as follows:

"Harvard stands alone, I believe, among the prominent universities, in having graduated an Indian, and also a gentleman of African descent. It was my purpose to have both of these as our guests to-night; but I found, on turning to the Quinquennial Catalogue, that the former was graduated in 1665, and this obstacle in the way of securing his presence seemed to me insurmountable. But I am happy to say the other gentleman is with us here to-night in the person of Professor Richard T. Greener,\* formerly of the University of South Carolina, whom I now introduce to you."

Among other subjects, Mr. Greener spoke of Harvard's impartiality in abolishing all distinctions founded upon color, blood and rank.

"When, in my adopted State, I stood on the battered ramparts of Wagner, and recalled the fair-haired son of Harvard who died there with his brave black troops of Massachusetts, . . . I thanked God, with patriotic pleasure, that the first contingent of negro troops

\* The first representative of his race to receive a diploma at Harvard College.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

from the North should have been led to death and fame by an alumnus of Harvard. . . .”

At the close of Mr. Greener's speech President Weld introduced the next speaker.

“A peculiarly happy opportunity now presents itself,” he remarked. “We have a chance of welcoming a native South Carolinian and a member of my own class,—once an earnest and hearty foe, and now an earnest and hearty friend. There is no one whom we shall always more gladly greet in our class reunions than Colonel Edward F. Stokes of South Carolina.”

Colonel Stokes spoke of the “*nationalness*” of Harvard University and said it was that quality of Harvard which had brought him from South Carolina to the fraternal festivity of the occasion.

“We have been struggling since 1865 to get back into the Union, after trying for five years to get out of it; and there are few things which tend so effectually to unite the East and West, the North and the South, as the fraternity of college association. When I sat down to this banquet this evening I realized that you were brothers of mine, and that, notwithstanding the fact that of the Class of 1860 a part died on the bloody fields for the Constitution and the Union as they felt it, yet, as one of those who struggled against you in battle, I feel to-night that we are one . . . Our honored President has said that we represent the Class of 1860,—‘the *soldier* class.’ I am glad that it has shown its valor upon the field of battle, and I rejoice that the distinguished and accomplished gentleman who has been chosen to preside over the Harvard Club of New York, and who now leads us in the joys of this magnificent banquet, is none other than a beloved member of the Class of 1860.” (Applause.)

When Dr. Weld was an overseer of Harvard College in 1883, the Corporation and Board of Overseers were called upon to decide whether or not they would confer upon General Butler, Governor of Massachusetts, the degree of LL.D. The question became a matter of general discussion before it came before either body for official action, and public interest was very keen. So frequently had this honor been





## PROFESSIONAL AND HOME LIFE

conferred upon the Governor of the State that many regarded it as an unbroken custom, or at least one not easily to be set aside. Others declined to consider the custom thus binding or morally obligatory in all cases. Those in favor of the conferring held that the giving of the degree was simply a tribute to the office and that as General Butler had been elected Governor, the Governing Boards should not, by withholding the degree, presume indirectly, but none the less clearly, to criticise the choice of the people of the Commonwealth. Those opposed to honoring the Governor argued that his record in the Civil War had been far from creditable, while his political life had been stained by acts decidedly discreditable. They contended that the very wording of the degree presupposed the recipient to be morally and intellectually worthy.

When at last the nomination was sent down by the Corporation to the Overseers, the Board gave to it four hours of unusually earnest debate and finally voted not to concur. This refusal was conclusive. The vote of the members stood as follows:

*Yeas:* President Eliot, Treasurer E. W. Hooper, Stephen Salisbury, LL.D.; James E. Cabot, A.B., LL. B.; Alexander McKenzie, D. D.; LeBaron Russell, A. M., LL. B.; Francis E. Parker, A. B., LL. D.; Theodore Lyman, A. M., M. D.; Morrill Wyman, A. M., M. D.; Charles Francis Adams, Jr., A. B., and Leverett Saltonstall, A. M.—11.

*Nays:* Francis M. Weld, A. M., M. D.; Solomon Lincoln, A. M., LL. B.; Charles R. Codman, A. M., LL. B.; Richard M. Hodges, A. M., M. D.; Edwin P. Seaver, A. M.; John Fiske, A. M., LL. B.; Henry Lee, A. M.; John O. Sargent, A. M.; R. M. Morse, A. B.; E. R. Hoar, LL. D.; H. P. Kidder, W. G. Russell, LL. B.; Moorfield Story, A. M.; John T. Morse, A. B.; Amos A. Lawrence, A. M.—15.

There was one pair. Robert D. Smith, *yea*, and Rev. James Freeman Clarke, *nay*.

The remaining members of the Board of Overseers, who were not present or paired at the meeting were: John Lowell, A. M., LL. B.; Edward Everett Hale, D. D.; Samuel A. Green, A. M., M. D., and William G. Russell, LL. B., LL. D.



## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

This decision of Harvard College aroused a stormy controversy throughout the country.

"There was evidence," said the *New York Graphic* in part, "that the aged children who are known as the faculty of the college were what is known as up in arms about it; that is to say, they were agitated in the manner that octogenarians who live outside of the world are apt to be agitated and were working their venerable bones over the matter as if it were something at which the whole of mankind were gazing upon with open-eyed expectancy."

The *New York Sun* called the *Graphic* to account for two mistakes in the editorial from which the above extract is taken.

"The first mistake it makes," said the *Sun*, "is merely a matter of fact. It assumes that the honorary degrees conferred by Harvard College are conferred by the faculty, 'the aged children who are known as the faculty' as the *Graphic* calls them. Now, we have no desire to say that the members of the Harvard Faculty are not of a certain age, or even older, but we cannot allow our esteemed and pictorial contemporary to labor under the delusion that the faculty gives or withholds honorary degrees. These are conferred by the Corporation, whose choice has to be ratified by the Overseers, who are of various ages. Some of them, such as Dr. FRANCIS MINOT WELD of this city, are not unduly aged."

"Harvard has put the laugh on itself more than on any one else," remarked one newspaper. "An insult to 134,000 voters!" cried the *Boston Globe*.

Another newspaper gave the following report of the opinion of an anonymous Harvard graduate regarding the controversy.

"The unreasonableness of the Overseers' action may be seen by a little contrast of men and votes. Rev. James Freeman Clarke, paired to vote against conferring the degree, has long been an antagonist of the Governor's. No man in Massachusetts represents more thoroughly than Theodore Lyman the high-toned opposition to so-called 'Butlerism.' Governor Butler represents the popular element, Mr. Lyman the aristocratic, yet Mr. Lyman voted to confer the degree. He could see that it was not a question of politics, or even if it were





## PROFESSIONAL AND HOME LIFE

that, to reserve the honor was a most unfortunate way of dealing with the problem. The same comparison might be made between Judge Hoar and President Eliot, between Francis Minot Weld and C. F. Adams, Jr."

On the other hand the *Boston Journal* observed that "the decision of the Overseers of Harvard University not to confer the degree of Doctor of Laws upon Governor Butler attests an honorable willingness to break a bad precedent, rather than to turn into ridicule the highest honors which the college has to bestow."

Dr. Weld's prominence in the New York Harvard Club distinguished him as one of the best-known men in the city. It was natural, therefore, that the promoters of any new project for the welfare or extension of Harvard University should turn to Dr. Weld for assistance in enlisting the sympathy and financial interest of New York men in forwarding the proposed undertaking. The following letter from Alexander Agassiz is a good illustration of the kind of appeal with which he became familiar.

Mr. Agassiz was the brilliant and only son of the famous naturalist, Louis Agassiz, and assisted his father in the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard.

TO DR. FRANCIS M. WELD

*Castle Hill, Newport, June 19, '81.*

MY DEAR SIR:—I am sorry to have been obliged to pass through N. Y. on my way North and not to have been able to keep my promise of meeting you and talking over Cambridge matters. Illness in my family and friends, who had charge of my affairs during my absence, compelled my immediate return. I had at once also to go to Lake Superior. I am more and more convinced that something *must* be done for Cambridge. As soon as the present schemes now under way are fully done with we can then work for the University as a whole. The Medical School is now *done*. They raised the 1,000,000 they needed in 3 weeks. The Bot. Garden is still hanging fire somewhat, we still want 25,000 for that, and finally we want 60,000 for the Equipt. of the Physical Lab. the sum of 115,000 having been given on condition that



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

75,000 more still be raised if then we have as yet only 15,000. Do you think there would be any chance in N. Y. by proper application and instruction to get anything? There are such large fortunes there that perhaps some of the people who don't know what to do with their money could spare us a little. Following are objects from which they may pick:

Botanic Garden . . . . .	25,000
Physical Laby . . . . .	60,000
Observatory . . . . .	300,000
Library . . . . .	500,000
Salaries of Professors . . . . .	1,000,000
(for increase)	
Physiological Laby . . . . .	100,000

I should like to have any suggestion you can think of as to best mode of attacking New York.

Yours very truly, A. AGASSIZ.

In the years preceding 1884 the girls who graduated from the Harvard Annex, now known as Radcliffe College, received no document to prove that they had pursued a course of studies at that institution. Now, however, it was proposed to give a certificate to the graduating students and at once there arose much discussion as to whether it should be a certificate or a diploma.

The following speech by Dr. Weld which was undoubtedly given at a Harvard Club Dinner, probably in the year 1884, has reference to the above-mentioned controversy.

"I doubt not, Mr. President and Gentlemen, that you will share my regret that the lateness of the hour prevents my giving an exhaustive review of the present condition and future prospects of the various departments of the University.

"As it is, I shall merely hazard a few words on a couple of topics of immediate interest.

"No man will go further than I in the desire to extend the facilities for education to woman and to open to her all lines of occupation, to increase her capacity for self-help and self-support. At the same





Then that perhaps some  
 of the people who don't  
 know what to do with the  
 money, could spare us a  
 little. Fitting an object  
 for which they may seek  
 Bodmer fund 25000-  
 Physical Labr. 60000-  
 Observing 30000-  
 Library 50000-  
 Salaries & Office 100000-  
 (for material)  
 Physiological Labr. 100000-  
 I should like to have any  
 suggestion you can think  
 of as to best mode of attack  
 etc. Truly Yrs Agassiz



## PROFESSIONAL AND HOME LIFE

time I am no radical on this point, and do not go so far as some men do, who would like to have women support them also.

"But I would be glad indeed to see all lines of occupation opened to them and I am proud to say that today my own profession welcomes woman with open arms.

"I consider the Harvard Annex the best thing we have and I trust it may grow until it equals the male department in size and importance. I hope to see the day when its graduates will not be sent away with a certificate which says in effect, 'This girl knows a good deal, but does not know as much as the boys.' Rather let us give them the full diploma of the college entitling them to all those rights, honors and privileges which have secured such success in life for all of us.

"But when it is proposed that the young men and women shall attend together the same lessons and lectures, I say, No! There is nothing to be gained by this, except that it is more economical. I do not believe that there is a man here who would like to send his daughter to Cambridge and have her sit for hours daily by the side of such an unlicked and graceless cub as he himself was in college. No! Let us have an affiliated college like Girton in England but no herding in together."

In this connection it is interesting to note that the first classes of the Harvard Annex, by which name Radcliffe College for women was at first known, were begun in 1879, and held at the house of Dr. Weld's sister, Mrs. J. F. Carret, 6 Appian Way, Cambridge, Mass. Radcliffe College was named for Anne Radcliffe, who, in 1894, was the first woman to give an endowment to Harvard College.

*The following letter to his children describes his trip abroad.*

*Paris, 18 Aug., 1884.*

MES CHER ENFANTS:—Maman et moi nous nous sommes bien amusées dans cette ville, la plus jolie du monde. Aber wir werden keine Gelegenheit haben nach Deutschland zu gehen. Es nimmt zu viel Zeit and costs too much Geld. Tomorrow at ten o'clock we shall leave Paris, and expect to be in London at 6.45 tomorrow evening.





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

Then we mean to go to Oxford in England. You can find it on the map. There we shall see one of the great English Universities. Ask Mademoiselle what the other one is, and then you can tell me when I come home. Next we hope to go to Stratford-on Avon where the great Shakespeare lies buried, and shall look at the house where he was born and also at his tomb. When you get a little older you can read his works.

After that again we shall go to Scotland, to Edinburgh and Glasgow and so back to Liverpool, where we expect to take the steamship *America* for home. She is very fast. We shall start on the 27th of August and shall probably reach New York on the 3rd of September. Here we have seen the palaces of the Louvre, the Palais Royal, the Luxembourg, the great palace built by Louis Fourteenth, called the Great, at Versailles, the ruins of the Palace of St. Cloud and many other interesting things. We will tell you all about them when we meet.

Dear mamma is packing our trunk, now, and sends much love to you all in which unites your loving father.

To—Miss Saily S. Weld, and Masters Francis M. Weld, and C. Minot Weld.

P. S.—Jimmy and Freddy\* will come with us on the steamer.

TO MRS. J. F. CARRET

*New York, 24 Sept., '84.*

MY OWN DEAR SISTER:—I was very glad to get your loving letter of yesterday. I meant constantly to write to you when abroad, but as constantly failed. Fanny returns very much improved, and I hope will derive permanent benefit therefrom.

We had wretched weather on both passages, but lovely weather there. We were ashore just a month and it rained but two days, and then so slightly as not to interfere with our plans at all. We went on *The Queen* and landed at Plymouth, a very interesting old place, the home of Sir Francis Drake, Sir John Hawkins, and others of those old, murdering sea-freebooters in whom England gloried under the

\* The children's cousins, James and Frederick Bartholomew.



## PROFESSIONAL AND HOME LIFE

Virgin Queen. Thence to Bath, Salisbury, Stonehenge, the most interesting thing of all, and to London. We spent a fortnight in that neighborhood and five days in Paris. Then we went to Oxford, Woodstock, Stratford, Edinburgh, the Trossachs, and Glasgow and so back to Liverpool, returning on the *America*.

Fanny and the kids are now in Hartford, and I suppose will come down in some ten days.

At the beginning of the winter season of 1886, Dr. Weld accepted an offer to act as resident physician at the Piney Woods Hotel in Thomasville, Georgia, a well-known health resort. On January 12, 1887, he and his family sailed from New York for Savannah, and thence went by train to Thomasville. The road ran through monotonous miles of tall pine forests, which were varied occasionally by small clearings, in which were seen negro cabins and their motley population of negroes, pickaninnies, chickens and pigs. At one point in this railroad journey, Dr. Weld suddenly exclaimed, "There is Fort Blank!" The children stared through the car window with excited interest, expecting to see an impressive, high-walled fort. Great was their disappointment when they saw only a few low mounds, the grass-grown remains of the earthworks of the old fort, the sight of which, no doubt, recalled to Dr. Weld vivid memories of the Civil War.

Dr. Weld found his time fully taken up in caring for the sick in Thomasville. His office in the hotel was a pleasant room, made homelike by many books, which beloved companions he always insisted should accompany him wherever he went. On cool days a bright fire gave forth a cheerful glow, and scented the room with the delightful resinous fragrance of the burning pine logs. On the wall over the fireplace was fastened a branch from which hung a huge grey hornet's nest.

The children continued their studies with their governess, and during their play time they enjoyed games in the woods or, riding the easy southern saddle horses, followed the pine-carpeted roads which radiated for miles in every direction from the charming flower embowered village.

After returning from the South, Dr. Weld bought a small house with a garden in Jamaica Plain, and here, among the familiar sur-





FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

roundings of his boyhood, the harmonious family life continued for several years.

*The following letters show Dr. Weld's profound interest in his children's pursuits and pleasures.*

TO MR. C. MINOT WELD

*New York, March 7, '93.*

MY DEAR MINOT:—Your two letters are before me, and have full attention. It was useless to telegraph, as I could not have embraced the subject in that way.

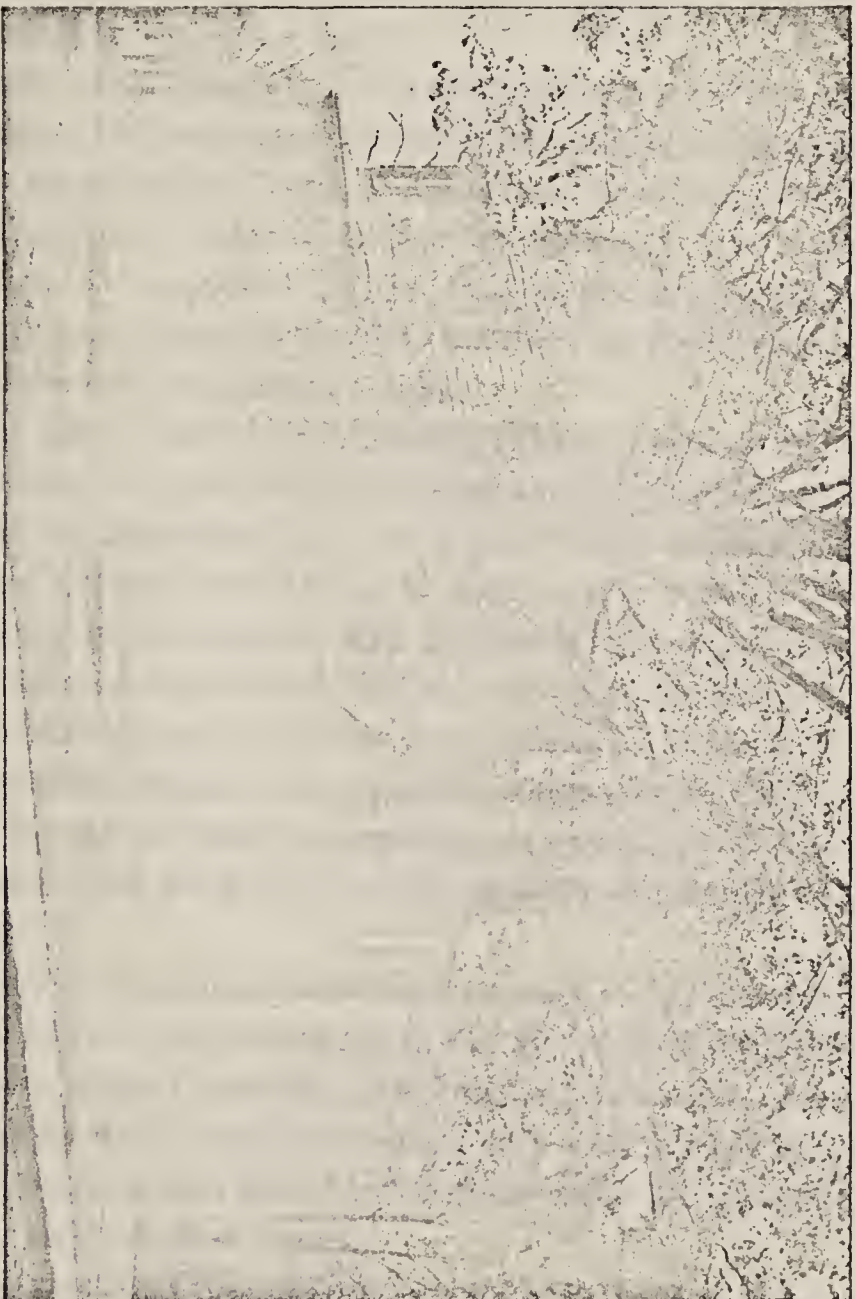
I am heartily sorry not to be at home to talk the matter over with you. This is only because in that case I could talk over the different subjects to be spoken upon and give you hints as to the way to call the men up. But the toast-master suggestion is quite out of the ordinary run. When there is one, he is generally elected, not appointed by the President. And when such an officer is named at all it is generally, nowadays, because the President is a figure-head, and not supposed to be competent to do anything but sit at the head of the table, grin, look pleasant, and try to look intelligent.

There is no toast-master, and never has been, at Commencement or Harvard Club dinners, or any others I have ever attended. I never saw a toast-master, though I have attended, probably, a hundred or more public dinners where there has been speaking. I should tell the boys what I have said, and say that they can have a toast-master if they wish, but that it is very unusual.

The ordinary routine is this—When the last course has been eaten, the President rises, and gives the first toast, and calls on the one agreed upon to respond. At a Harvard dinner, this is Fair Harvard, after which "Fair Harvard" is sung, and then the respondent speaks. In your case it would be "The Roxbury Latin School, founded by our fathers in 16— (whatever the year is), the mother of many generations of illustrious sons—semper floreat—. I call on Mr.—— to respond."

Then the man speaks. When he is through, call for nine cheers for the school. I should say that before you mention the name of the





Photograph 1914  
By S. S. W. Blake

*Dr. Weld's Jamaica Plain Home*





## PROFESSIONAL AND HOME LIFE

respondent, you should say, "All up, and drink her health and prosperity." Then all stand up and take their glasses, and touch their lips to them. On the whole, I should call for the cheers of the school then. Then say, "I call on Mr. John Jones to respond." Then all take their seats and the speaker speaks.

Then a half dozen words will do for each introduction of succeeding speakers. For instance, if the Football team is to be spoken of, say something like this, "Though not always victorious, we all know that they have never failed to do their best." In each case, make any brief allusion that may occur to you. For '93, you can say that it was the largest class that ever entered, but that its great quantity did not interfere with its excellent quality.

For the Tripod—"That though its name indicates but three legs, it has been a regular centipede in the number of its supporters."

For the Debating Club—"It is said '*Poeta nascitur, non fit*,' but we can be thankful this is not so with the orator. From Demosthenes speaking on the seashore with pebbles in his mouth, down to (here mention some member of the Club, the worst speaker in it), we learn the lesson that practice makes perfect. I call on so-and-so."

Any such things are always readily taken and appreciated.

If you do not think of anything, say simply, "The next toast is so-and-so and we shall have the pleasure of listening to Mr. Wm. Smith."

There is somewhere in the house a copy of the *Harvard Magazine*, which has a full report of one of the Harvard Club Dinners of New York, at which I presided. Look that up and read it, and it will give you some ideas. When you call up each man, all can rise, and raise their glasses to their lips as before. You will be astonished to find how easy it is, if you dash right in.

Again, tell each speaker that he can tell you the terms in which he would like to be introduced. Consult with each one on this point, and make up the terms of introduction between you.

Make out a list of notes, with the order of toasts and speakers, and have the toasts written out in full so that your memory will be refreshed.



FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

After the last one is through, say, "Now let us finish this happy meeting, boys, by singing 'Auld Lang Syne'." Then all must join hands in a circle and swing their hands up and down in rhythm with the singing. Sing it slowly the first time, then once again more quickly, then once as fast as possible, and that is the end. You can make a grand success without any trouble whatever.

Have some boy who can sing well arranged upon to start and lead the singing. This is a grand chance for you to make a great hit.

TO MR. W. S. PURRINGTON  
Union Club, Boston, 8 Park Street

*Dec. 3, '93.*

SWEET WILLIAM:—Many thanks for yours of the 28 Nov.

You will see that my baby Minot made the only touch-down that the Harvard Freshmen accomplished at Yale. He is a rattler, and, as I look at his sweet and pleasant face, I cannot realize his facing these two-hundred pounders, and throwing them over his head. And I do not at all approve of the whole business, but what can I do?

He is only seventeen, and weighs only a hundred and sixty-one pounds. Yet I saw him meet in full tilt a man twenty-five years old, who was put down on the card at two hundred six. I closed my eyes and opened them to see Minot on top. You can easily conceive, for you have both sense and sentiment, how mixed are my feelings. I am proud of his skill and courage, and yet think the whole thing cross-eyed. You may have noticed that he made the only touch-down, or score, of the Harvard Freshmen yesterday at New Haven.\* His mother and I are thankful that the thing is over for this year. He came home at midnight, covered with bruises.

Think of that little boy, as he used to say his pieces Sunday night in his little dresses! Oh! damn!

We shall never be as happy again.

Dr. Weld never lost his sense of humor, that delightful quality of some dispositions which not only lightens difficulties for its possessor,

\* As already mentioned. How far shall we credit this repetition to paternal weakness and how far to the cerebral degeneration and consequent forgetfulness of old age?





## PROFESSIONAL AND HOME LIFE

but which sometimes may serve even as a subtle weapon of defence. Illustrating this characteristic of his temperament, Dr. Weld's sister relates the following anecdote:

One day while on his way to the Jamaica Plain Station, he was accosted by a stranger with the question, "Isn't this Mr. S?" "No, I am not Mr. S," replied Dr. Weld courteously. "Oh-h," stammered the inquirer, somewhat non-plussed, "I—I thought you *must* be he because they told me that he was short and stout." To which Dr. Weld instantly rejoined pleasantly, "Ah, but you see I am tall and thin!"

Dr. Weld received the degree of M. A. from Harvard College in 1871. He was a member of the Institute of 1770, one of the college Societies, and in 1888 he was elected an honorary member of the Hasty Pudding Club. He was secretary of the class of 1860, his office dating from the year 1879, when he was chosen to succeed Perkins who had recently died. Spaulding, the first secretary of the class, resigned his position in 1867 and was followed by Perkins.

In New York, Dr. Weld was a member of the Harvard and University Clubs,—his prominence in which has been described—the Century Club, the University Athletic Club, of which he was an original member, the Union League and the Players' Club, and at one time a member of the Mendelssohn Club.

The Boston clubs to which he belonged were the Union, Algonquin and Country Clubs. In both cities he took part in the meetings of the Loyal Legion.

During a large part of his term of service in the army Dr. Weld held the positions of Brigade and Division Surgeon. The arduous work which devolved upon him in this official capacity, as well as the exposure incident to camp life, permanently impaired his constitution. After his return to Jamaica Plain from the South, his health began to fail and after a short illness he died of pneumonia on December 31st, 1893. The services were held with all the honors of the Loyal Legion. The American flag was draped over the casket, by which stood a guard of honor. The National and Loyal Legion, Union Jack, Infantry and Massachusetts flags were displayed and at the conclusion of the service a bugler sounded "Taps."



## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

It is pleasant to recall the tribute to his memory given at the dinner of the Class of 1860 on June 28th, 1895, when Mr. Henry S. Russell addressed the men present as follows:

"I will call upon our Chaplain Humphreys to speak a few words as a tribute to the memory of our beloved secretary, Frankie Weld."

Chaplain Humphreys, in response, said that they had met with a sad loss in the death of Dr. Weld. He spoke of the warmth of his devotion to the interests of his class, the welfare of which he had made it his meat and drink to promote.

"He was indefatigable and very successful in collecting news from his classmates far and near. In the social gatherings of his class he was always a bright radiation of wit and jollity. Everywhere he was a stimulator of good fellowship and an inspiration to happy thoughts, hopeful spirits and strong purposes."

Despite all his anxiety about the war and other cares, Dr. Weld always kept his light-hearted spirit—like a sunbeam. Clever and genial, he was a shining center in a circle of brilliant and devoted friends. Distinguished in his profession, he was also much beloved by the poor and obscure with whom it brought him in contact. His strong, affectionate nature found deep satisfaction in untiring devotion to his family, and in loyal service to his country.

"I am very much pleased to hear," wrote the Honorable Joseph H. Choate, "that you are writing a sketch of the life of your father, of whom I was always very fond." A close friend of his said: "Sometimes I have tried to think what made Frank different from other men. I know it was his constant activity in thought and deed for others. It extended from courtesy of manner and word, up to far reaching schemes to be fulfilled, if he ever had the power. No one person had any idea of how many kind and generous things he did."

Thus from various sources—old friends, old letters, old diaries—has emerged a clear delineation which, with compelling charm, has confirmed our appreciation and enlarged our knowledge of Dr. Weld's character.

The creative power which such a life has exerted on the activities of the past, will live beneficently in the achievements of the future.

*The End*





## APPENDIX

### HARVARD UNIVERSITY CALENDAR FOR THE ACADEMICAL YEAR 1856-57

*Note 1—See page 71*

1856

Aug. 28.	First Term begins	Thursday morning
Oct. 21.	First Public Exhibition	Third Tuesday in Oct.
Nov. 5.	Medical Lectures begin	First Wednesday in Nov.

*First Recess, from the Tuesday evening before Thanksgiving to the  
following Sunday evening.*

1857

Jan. 14.	First Term ends	Wednesday evening
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#### WINTER VACATION, SIX WEEKS

Feb. 26.	Second Term begins	Thursday morning
Mar. 11.	Commencement at Medical College	Wednesday
May 5.	Second Public Exhibition	First Tuesday in May
May 13.	Dudleian Lecture	Second Wednesday in May

*Second Recess, from Tuesday evening, May 26, to Sunday evening,  
May 31.*

June 19.	Seniors' Class Day	Friday
July 13-14.	Examination for admission	Monday and Tuesday
July 14.	Visitation of Divinity School	Tuesday
Third Wednesday in July, July 15		Commencement

#### SUMMER VACATION, SEVEN WEEKS

Sept. 3.	First Term begins	Thursday morning
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## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

*Note 2—See page 95*

A description of the monitors will make clear why they were unsafe, as well as uncomfortable. I quote from "*The Atlantic Coast*," by Rear Admiral Daniel Ammen.

"Afloat, in appearance they were not inaptly likened to a cheese-box on a plank. The hull itself, even if freed from the overhang, could not as a model have any pretension to speed. The dimensions of the *Passaic*, the first vessel built of the improved class, were as follows: Apparent length of vessel 200 feet; beam 45 feet. This was sustained by an iron hull with nearly a flat floor, 16 feet shorter at the bow, and 25 feet shorter at the stern than the deck measurement, and on a cross section at the turret, 37 feet 8 inches wide. The usual draught was something over 11 feet, and displacement 844 tons. The thickness of the mass of wood firmly bolted together that surrounded the hull proper was 5 feet and was plated externally with five 1-inch iron plates. The turret had a thickness of eleven 1 inch plates, with a height of nine feet, and an interior diameter of 20 feet. It was designed to revolve at will by suitable machinery; had iron beams on top to support a light iron cover, and was surmounted by a small cylindrical tower (pilot-house) composed of eight 1 inch plates, some 7 feet in height and 8 feet in diameter. Within this pilot-house was the wheel, and in battle, the commanding officer, the pilot, and the helmsman. It was capped by a circular plate of iron  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick. Small circular holes were originally cut through for vision, and afterward, as a necessity, they were chiselled out to give an angle to the view. The plates of the turret and of the pilot-house were held together by numerous bolts, with the heads on the outside and a nut within. The blow of a very heavy projectile would make the nuts fly with great force within the turret, and the rebound of the plates would then at times withdraw the bolts entirely, but more frequently they would stand out like the 'quills upon the fretful porcupine.'

"The hatchway over the windlass-room, another forward of the plates and calked on going to sea, and on going into action were put on, leaving no egress from below except through the turret. For ventilation, six holes of 8 inches diameter were cut through the deck forward





## APPENDIX

and four aft, and ventilating pipes 4 feet high were fitted with gaskets to keep out the water; beneath were bull's eyes that could be screwed up below to exclude the water when the pipes were taken off.

"Forward of the hull proper, in the 'overhang' was what was known as the 'anchor-well,' a cylinder into which a four-armed anchor could be hove up by means of a windlass bow, the chain passing in through a hawsehole less than two feet above the ordinary water level. The anchor-well had a removable plate over it, as also had what was known as a 'propeller-well,' some fifteen feet from the stern. The turret was nearly, if not quite, on the centre of the vessel, and the smoke-stack, made of eight 1-inch plates to a height of 6 feet above the deck, and then of the usual height with the ordinary thickness of iron, was 12 feet farther aft. The deck itself was of heavy wood and covered with two  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch plates of iron. When ready for sea and properly trimmed, the bow would usually be  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet, and the stern a foot less above the water level. With a perfectly clean bottom, a speed somewhat in excess of seven knots was attainable. Lying in the warm salt water of Southern ports soon caused the bottom to foul in the most extraordinary manner, and reduced the attainable speed to less than four knots.\*

"It is apparent to the reader that it would require only a foot or so of water in the hold to sink this vessel, and this danger was augmented by the insufficient water-way, which was the trough within the keel, having a chord of 16 inches, and a depth of  $3\frac{3}{4}$  inches, in the form of a lunette. When the vessel was nearly on an even keel this was a very insufficient conduit from the fore body of the vessel to the powerful centrifugal pumps placed in the after body, as we shall see presently in the sinking of the *Weehawken*.

"In a heavy sea the monitors were surprisingly easy in their movements. This was obtained at the cost of great strain on the fastenings of the 'overhang.' When the engines were stopped the vessel, quite unlike ordinary ones, would sheer one way or the other, and no amount of watching could prevent this. The gun machinery had not that

\* Oysters and grass grew on the hulls of the monitors.



## FRANCIS MINOT WELD, M. D.

reliability that it was supposed to possess. When under a fair steam-pressure they steered very well.

"Another fitment, however, was necessary to enable monitors to be habitable in that locality. This was the placement of high coamings around the hatchways, so as to allow the battle-plates to be left off, except when going into action, or when a heavy gale set in from seaward. Without this arrangement it would have been absolutely impossible to exist on board of them, as the water was usually swashing over the decks. Admiral Dahlgren did not exaggerate when he said: 'No one can form an idea of the atmosphere of these vessels after being closed up in action for a few hours in a hot climate.' "

In a report sent in May, 1863, to the Navy Department, in which the five officers commanding monitors near Charleston submitted their opinion regarding the qualities of that class of vessel, is the following paragraph:

"In relation to the qualities of the vessels, we would remark that they have been exaggerated into vessels capable of keeping the seas and making long voyages alone. Some of us have been in heavy gales in them, and, indeed, from the amount of water in them, have had grave apprehensions of their loss."

*Note 3—See page 149*

An Annual Prize was assigned, from the Foundation of Ward Nicholas Boylston, for the best Dissertation on Medical Subject, proposed by a committee appointed by the President and Fellows of the University. The prize was of the amount of one hundred and twenty dollars, and could be taken either in money, or in the form of a gold medal of that value.

*Note 4—See page 221*

The following translation of the ode of Anaereon which Dr. Weld quoted in the original Greek at the Harvard Club dinner is kindly supplied by Mr. John Torrey Morse, Sr.:

"Lovely dove, whence, oh whence fliest thou? Whence, gliding upon the air, dost thou exhale and shed such various perfumes? Who art thou?"





## APPENDIX

"What concern is that of yours? Anacreon sent me to the lad, Bathyllus, who lately was lord and tyrant over all. Cythera\* sold me, taking in payment a little love-song.† But I am servant to Anacreon; and now, as you see, I am carrying his letters, and he says that soon he will set me free. But I, even though he let me go, will abide with him, as his slave. For why indeed is it worth while for me to go flying over mountains and fields, and to perch upon trees, eating wild foods? Now, on the other hand, I eat bread, snatching it from the hands of Anacreon himself!"

\*Cythere (or, latinized, Cythera) was one of the names given to Aphrodite, (the Venus of the Greeks).

† *ὕμνος* (whence our word hymn) signifies a song expressive of admiration, or adoration, such as would be addressed to, and attract, Venus.



# INDEX

- ABOLITIONISTS, the work of, 83.
- AGASSIZ, ALEXANDER, 227.
- AGASSIZ, LOUIS, lectures in Jamaica Plain, 13, 14, 15; work in Cambridge, Mass., 13; professor at Harvard, 76.
- ALGONQUINS, Mass. tribe of Indians; Eliot Psalm Book in Algonquin, 40.
- AMMEN, Rear Admiral, quoted, Appendix 238.
- ANDREW, JOHN A., 81, 82.
- ARMS, Weld coat of arms, xiv.
- BARTLETT, J. GARDNER, authority on genealogy, quoted, xiv, xv.
- BALES, PETER, inventor of phonography, 53.
- BEARDSLEE, Com. of the Nantucket, 97, 98, 106, 112.
- BEAUMONT, CAPT., captain of the Nantucket, 128; relieved by Lt. Comdr. S. B. Luce, 137.
- BLACKMAN, ALBERT M., aboard Eliza Hancox, 180, 181; in battle of Hatcher's Run, 175; returns to his regiment, 197.
- BOARD OF OVERSEERS, members of Class of '60 on, 79; policy of non-resident members of, 214.
- BOND, W. S., 49.
- BREWER, NATHANIEL (Jr.), 40.
- BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, Welds in, xiii, xiv.
- BUNCE, F. M., anecdote of Dr. Weld, 141.
- BURNSIDE, AMBROSE E., authorizes mine, 162; Meade countermands his orders, 163; Court of Inquiry, 171.
- BUTLER, BENJAMIN, first expedition against Ft. Fisher, 179; Harvard refuses degree to, 224.
- CARRET, MRS. J. F., relates trials of slavery period, 83; letters to, 213, 216, 230.
- CHILD, FRANCIS J., professor at Harvard, 76.
- CHESHIRE, ENGLAND, Welds in, xiii, xiv, xv, xvi.
- CHESTER COUNTY, ENGLAND, Seat of Welds, xiii.
- CHOATE, JOSEPH H., president of Harvard Club, 209; letter of, 212.
- CLAY, HENRY, author of Omnibus Bill, 6.
- COLD HARBOR, battle of, 156.
- COLORADO, STATE OF, Weld motto on its seal, xiv.
- COLORIED TROOPS, Dr. Weld interested in, 149; number enlisted, 149; enlists in 27th U. S. C. T., 150; sentiment in North regarding colored troops, 150; act of Confederate States regarding the negro, 150; soldierly qualities of, 150; organization of 27th U. S. C. T., 151; 39th U. S. C. T., 152; 27th U. S. C. T., at Manassas Jet., 153, 154, 155; 27th, 30th, 39th, 43rd, U. S. C. T., 154; 27th U. S. C. T., at Warrenton Jet., 154; guard trains, 155; in high repute, 157; 27th and 43rd U. S. C. T. at Battle of Mine, 162, 163; 27th U. S. C. T. included in 25th Army Corps, 173; 1st, 5th, and 27th suffer from artillery fire, 190.
- CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, formation of, 84, 85.
- DAVIDSON, ROBERT, first inventor of electrically propelled car, 10.
- DETHICK, SIR GILBERT, confirms Arms to John Weld, xiv.
- DIARIES, Dr. Weld's Boyhood, 11-69; Log of Nantucket, 96-141; Army diary, 179-206.
- DONNELLON, J. W., commands 27th U. S. C. T. Troops, 173, 175.
- DUPONT, S. F., 104; delays at Charleston, 125; Welles' opinion of, 125.
- EATON, CHESTER COUNTY, ENGLAND, Weld seat, xiii.
- EDRIC SYLVATICUS, ancestor of Cheshire line, xiii.
- ELIOT, CHARLES W., tutor at Harvard, 76; poem "We Are Seven" reference to President Eliot, 222.
- ELIOT, JOHN, the Indian Apostle, 59; Fund for school left by, 39; the "Bay State Psalm Book" by, 40.
- ELIOT SCHOOL, the history of, 59.
- ESSEX, ENGLAND, Welds in County of, xiv, xv.
- ETHELNIC, Cheshire line of Welds traced to, xiii.
- FAIRFAX, D. M., captain of the Nantucket, 100; in reference to President Lincoln and attack on Ft. Sumter, 120.
- FELTON, CORNELIUS C., President of Harvard, 75; professor at Harvard, 76.
- FERRERO, EDWARD, Com. Fourth Division (colored), 152.
- FOOTE, ADMIRAL, relieves Dupont, 126.
- FORT FISHER, location of; description of, 178, 179; first expedition against, 179; attack on, 181-187; advantages of defence, 187; loss at; guns of, 188.
- FORT PILLOW, massacre at, 149-150.
- FORT SUMTER, fired on by Confederates; surrenders, 85; monitors bombard, 111 et seq.
- FORT WAGNER, Description of, monitors attack, 131.





# INDEX

- FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW, 83, 84.
- GAERISON, WILLIAM LLOYD, 83, 84.
- GENEALOGICAL CHARTS, xx.
- GOODWIN, W. W., tutor at Harvard, 76.
- GRAY, ASA, professor at Harvard, 76.
- HAGAR, MR., praises Dr. Weld, 26.
- HARVARD ANNEX, The, Dr. Weld's speech on, 228; first classes held at home of Mrs. Carret, 229.
- HARVARD CLUB OF NEW YORK, early gatherings, 207; various club quarters; plan for clubhouse, 208, 209; erection and size of Harvard House; size of Harvard Hall; membership of Harvard Club, 1924; property assessment, 1921; presidents of Harvard Club; Dr. Weld elected president; elected treasurer, elected secretary, 209. An annual dinner, 218. et seq.
- HATCHER'S RUN, battle of; account of, by Adj. Jones, 174, 175.
- HUMPHREYS, ANDREW A., quoted, 154.
- HUNTINGTON, FREDERICK D., professor at Harvard, 76.
- JAMAICA SCHOOL IN ROXBURY, now Eliot School, 39.
- JONES, ALBERT G., quoted, 155; describes Hatcher's Run, 174-175; an interrupted feast, 177; Gen. Whiting surrenders to, 182; Explosion at Fort Fisher, 185.
- JUPITER, The, capture of, 134.
- KEOKUK, The, model of, 97, 100, 109; description of, 111; sinking of, 112; destruction of, 117.
- LANE, GEORGE MARTIN, tutor at Harvard, 76.
- LEE, ROBERT E., surrenders, 193.
- LINCOLN, ABRAHAM, The Emancipation Proclamation, 84; inauguration of, calls for volunteers, 85; hesitates to order attack on Sumter, 120, 121; regarding retaliation, 150; re-nomination, 177; assassination, 199.
- LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL, professor at Harvard, 76.
- LUCE, S. B., Captain of the Nantucket, 137.
- LUCIAN, the Satirist, 51.
- LULWORTH, in County Dorset, England, purchased by Sir Humphrey, xiii.
- MATHER, RICHARD, 40.
- MAY, ADELINE, letter to, 80.
- MAY, SAMUEL, Abolitionist, 80.
- McKIM, CHARLES FOLLEN, architect of Harvard Club, 209.
- MERRIMAC, The, scuttled; raised and repaired, 94.
- MEDICAL DEPT., casualties in, 149.
- MINE, Battle of, 162-167; construction of mine, 162.
- MITCHELL, MATTHEW R., description of mine, etc., 163; anecdote of Dr. Weld, 164.
- MONITORS,—Nantucket (See Nautucket); Catskill, 100, 101, 104, 105, 106, 111, 115, 121, 122, 127, 131, 132; Patapsco, 100, 108, 111, 121, 135, 130; Weehawken, 100, 105, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 115; torpedo explosion under, 114; captures the Atlanta, 127, 128; Montauk, 100, 104, 103, 111, 115, 118, 121, 131, 137; Nahant, 100, 104, 105, 106, 111, 115, 116, 121, 131, 132; Passaic, 100, 111, 115, 119, 121; construction of monitors, Appendix 238.
- MORSE, JOHN TORNEY (Jr.), account of Dr. Weld, 71-74; Board of Overseers, Class of '00, 79.
- NANTUCKET, The, 95; sails from Charlestown, 95; bombardment of Sumter, 111 et seq.; Ericsson's opinion of, 116; captures S. S. Jupiter, 134; Dr. Weld detached from, 138.
- NEW IRONSIDES, The, 99, 100, 101, 109, 111, 113, 125.
- NEW YORK HOSPITAL, Erection of; Dr. Weld's appointment to; Training School for Nurses, 213.
- "NIL SINE NUMINE," motto of Cheshire Welds, xiv.
- OMNIBUS BILL, by Henry Clay, 6.
- OSGOOD, SAMUEL, Harvard '32, first president of Harvard Club, 209.
- PAOR, DR., invents electric locomotive, 10.
- PARIETAL COMMITTEE, report of (Class of '60), 78.
- PETERSBURG, assaults on, 156.
- PHISTERER, FREDERICK, quoted, 85, 154.
- PHONOGRAPHY, inventor of, 33.
- PIERCE, MILL, tutor at Harvard, 76.
- PLANTER, The, 110.
- PLEASANTS, COL., Com. 48th Pa., constructs mine, 162.
- POND PLAIN, old name of Jamaica Plain; inhabitants subscribe to Eliot School, 39.
- PORTER, DAVID D., commands naval forces at Fort Fisher, 179.
- PURRINGTON, W. A., letter to, 234.
- RADCLIFFE COLLEGE, 228.
- RUGOLES, JOHN, 59.
- SAXONS, in England, early records of, xiii.
- SHAW, ROBERT GOULD, Col. 54th Mass. Infantry, 86; comes aboard Nantucket, 130; death of, 131.
- SHERWIN, EDWARD, 190.
- SHERWIN, THOMAS, 159, 172, 189; Inspector General at Petersburg, 157; after Battle of Mine, 165, fortunate escape, 176.



# INDEX

- SMALL, ROBERT, pilot of the Planter, 110.
- SOPHOCLES, E. A., tutor at Harvard, 76.
- SUDBURY, Records in, xvi.
- TECUMSEH, MONITOR, sinking of, 170.
- TERRY, ALFRED H., commands at Ft. Fisher, 179; Dr. Weld meets, 181; Dr. Weld's praise of, 186.
- UNDERGROUND RAILROAD, The, 84.
- UNIVERSITY CLUB, re-organization of, 209, 210; rooms in Union Square; Caswell House rented; membership 1925; property 1925, 210.
- WARASH, The, 103, 104, 118; Dr. Weld ordered to, 188; reports to, 139; officers of, 141; leaves, 148.
- WALKER, REV. JAMES, President of Harvard, 75.
- WATSON, JOHN, 39.
- WEALDE, OR WOLDE, Anglo-Saxon form of Weld, xv.
- WELD, CHRISTOPHER MINOT, (Dr.), 86; letters to, 86-92, 111, 145, 148; in Jamaica Plain, 207.
- WELD, CHRISTOPHER MINOT, son, 212; letter to, 232; graduated *Magna Cum Laude*, 218.
- WELD, EBENEZER, Moderator of Eliot School, 40.
- WELD, ELEAZER, Lt. Col., xvii.
- WELD, FRANCIS MINOT, birth; boyhood, in Jamaica Plain, Mass., 3 et seq.; boyhood diary, 11-66; Mr. Hagar's praise of, 26; his books, 67, 68; entrance examinations for Harvard, 70; college life in his time, 74-77; is graduated, 80; is appointed Medical Cadet, U. S. A., 93; is ordered to West Virginia, 93; Assistant Surgeon U. S. A., 95; ordered to the Nantucket, 95; Log of the Nantucket, 96-139; resigns from navy; returns to Harvard Medical School; wins medical essay prize on graduation; interest in colored troops, 140; enlists in the 27th U. S. C. T., 150; arrives at Manassas Jet.; mustered in as surgeon, 151; cheerfulness, 155; Salem cotton plantation, 161; president of Examining Board of Surgeons, 173; Hatcher's Run, 174, 175; army diary, 179-205; leads regiment at Ft. Fisher, 184; captures rebels, 185; applies for leave of absence, 203; Post Hospital at New Berne; goes to Jamaica Plain, 203; at North East Station, 206; in charge New Berne District Hospital; is mustered out; practice in Jamaica Plain; moves to New York; gathers together Harvard men, 207; projects plan for clubhouse, 208; elected president; treasurer; secretary; his portrait in Harvard Hall, 209; leads in re-organization of University Club, 210; poem to a friend, 211; marriage; Mr. Choate's letter, 212; appointment to New York Hospital, 213; on memorial window committee, 214; advocates policy of non-resident Harvard Overseers, 214; on first non-resident Board, 215; interest in his children, 215, 216; elected class secretary, 217; Harvard Club Dinner 1881, 218-224; against conferring honorary degree to General Butler, 224 et seq.; letter from Alexander Agassiz, 227; speech on Harvard Annex, 228; in Thomasville, Georgia; home in Jamaica Plain, 231; letter to his son, 232; death of, 233.
- WELD, FRANCIS MINOT, son, 212; graduated *Magna Cum Laude*, 218.
- WELD, GEORGE WALKER, cousin, 78.
- WELD, HANNAH MINOT, (Mrs. Wm. G.), grandmother, 3; interest in politics; dominant character, 5.
- WELD, SIR HUMPHREY, adopted motto: *Nil Sine Numine*, xiv (See Table I, xx).
- WELD, HUMPHREY, bought Lulworth Castle, xiv.
- WELD, JOHN, Trustee of Eliot School, 39, 40.
- WELD, JOHN, Senior, 39.
- WELD, JOHN, of Eaton, England, xiv.
- WELD, JOSEPH, emigrates to N. E.; history of, xvi.
- WELD, MARGARET (Aunt Margie), 3; letters to, 93, 97, 98, 100, 101, 104, 105, 107, 109, 117, 118, 120, 122, 123, 126, 129, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 140, 142, 143, 144, 147, 151, 155, 157, 159, 160, 161, 164, 167, 169, 170, 171, 173, 175, 178, 182, 186, 189, 191, 203.
- WELD, SARAH SWAN, sister (Mrs. J. F. Carret), 3; letters to, 213, 216, 230.
- WELD, SARAH SWAN, daughter (Mrs. C. Chandler Blake), 212.
- WELD, SARAH SCHNER, mother (Mrs. Thomas Swan Weld), 3.
- WELD, STEPHEN MINOT, uncle, member of Governor's Council, 83.
- WELD, STEPHEN MINOT, cousin, on Board of Overseers at Harvard University, 79; commands 56th Mass. Vols.; at Battle of Mine, 162, captured at Battle of Mine, 163; prisoner, 165, 167, 169; returns to Annapolis, 190.
- WELD, REV. THOMAS; emigrates to New England, xvi; trial of Anne Hutchinson, xvii; assists Apostle Eliot with Bay State Psalm Book, 40; first pastor of First Church of Roxbury, 40.
- WELD, THOMAS SWAN, father, 3.
- WELD, WILLIAM GORNON, history of, xviii.
- WELDE, JOHN DE, xv.
- WELDE, THOMAS DE, xv.
- WELDE, WILLIAM DE, Sheriff of London, xiii, xv.
- WILDERNESS, fight in; Union losses in, 153.
- WILMINGTON, N. C., depot of supplies for South, 178; surrender of, 190.
- WILMOT PROVISIO, 8.













